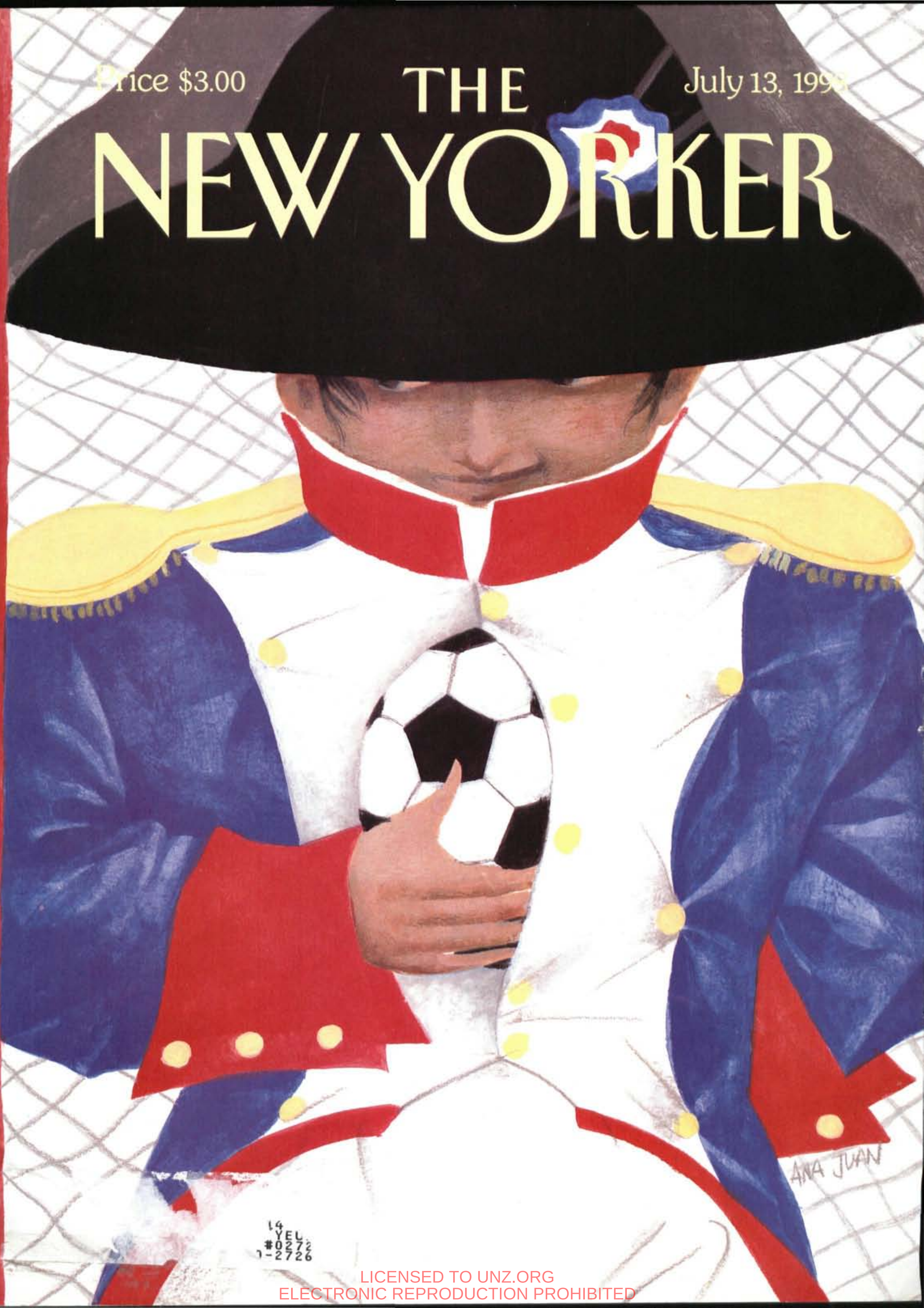
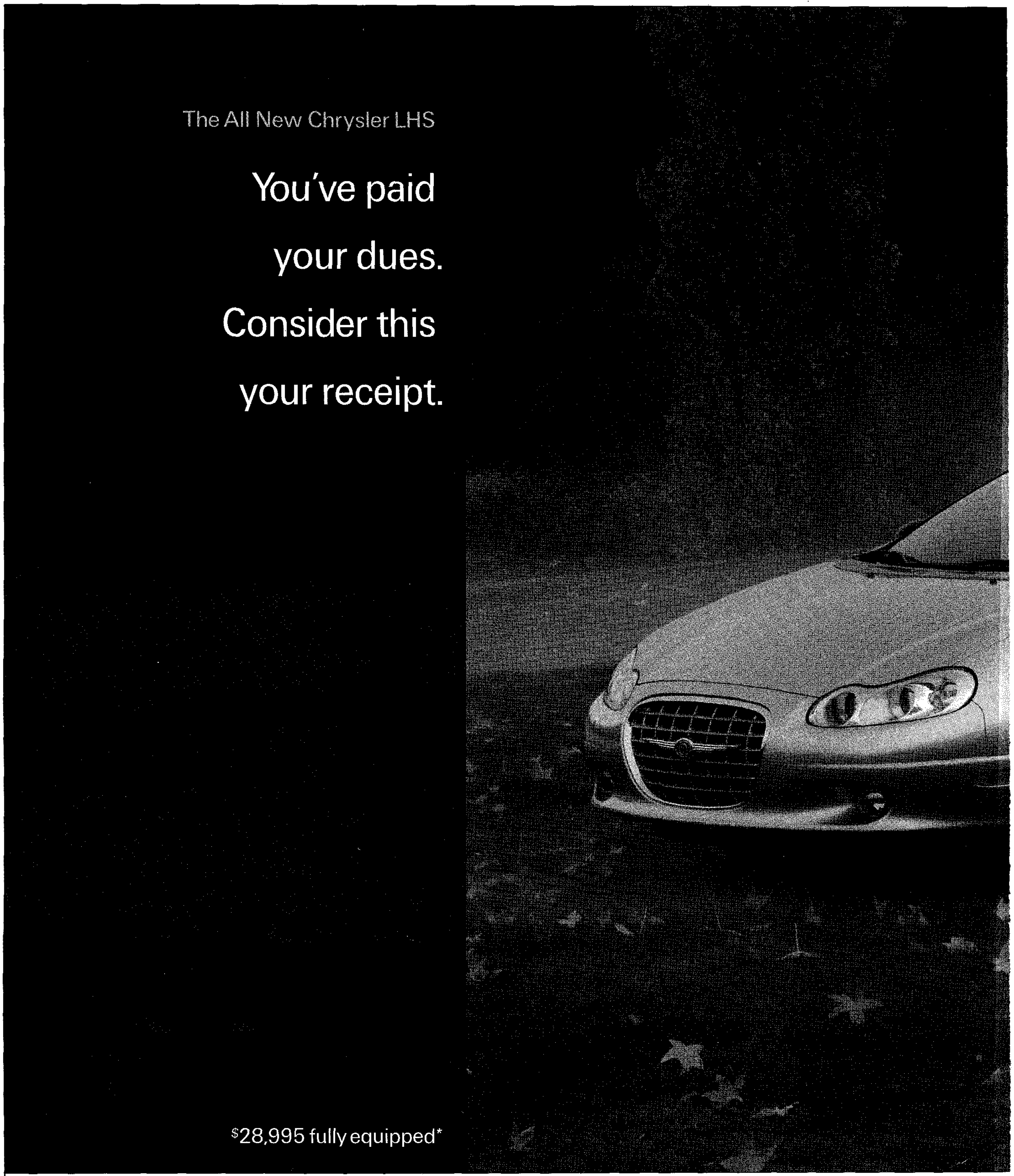
Price $3.00

THE NEW YORKER

July 13, 199

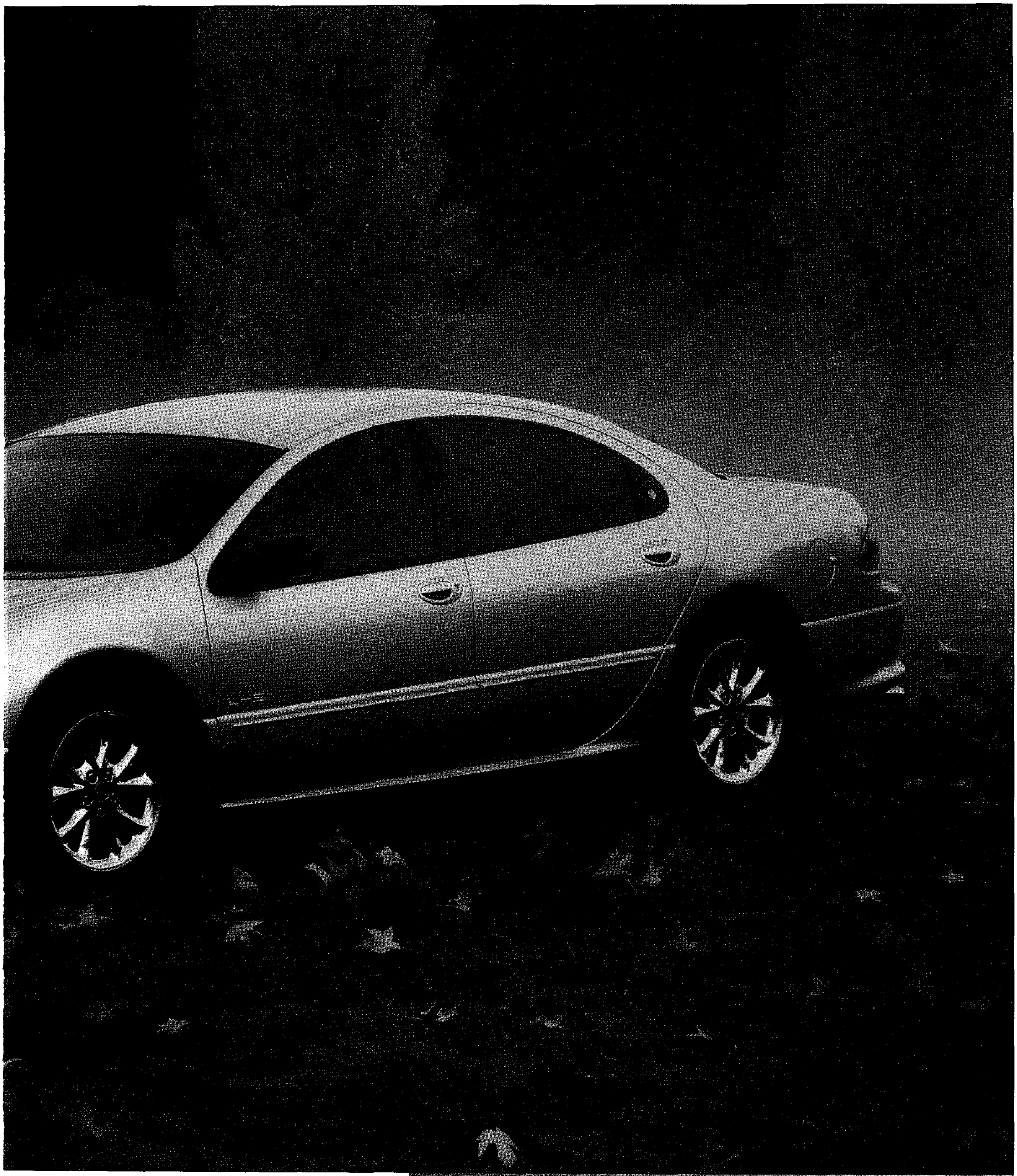


14
YEL
#0272
-2726


The All New Chrysler LHS
You've paid your dues. Consider this your receipt.
$28,995 fully equipped*

To ensure all your years of hard work don't go unnoticed, we present the ultimate reward, the all-new 1999 Chrysler LHS. A sophisticated luxury sedan that showers you with appointments both inside and out. Like sculptured headlamps and a *dramatically styled grille which grace one of the most beautiful body designs to ever take the pavement.* And an equally impressive leather-trimmed interior with such amenities as a 240-watt, nine-speaker audio system and eight-way power

*Base MSRP includes destination. Tax and options extra.



heated front seats with a best-in-class driver's memory system. To find out more information, call 1.800.CHRYSLER or visit www.chryslercars.com. The truth of the matter is, you've already paid for it.

CHRYSLER

ENGINEERED TO BE GREAT CARS

"A novel of enchantments."
—Oscar Hijuelos

"A charming debut... Nigam shares with writers such as Arundhati Roy a gift for conveying the spiritual fervor and sensory intensity of his sprawling native land."
—*Detour Magazine*

"An exceptional novel...Of the new stars that have been spotted in the literary firmament of Indian writers in English, the two most visible are Arundhati Roy and Vikram Chandra.... Sanjay Nigam's *The Snake Charmer* bids fair to join this select company."
—*The Washington Post*

THE SNAKE CHARMER
a novel
SANJAY NIGAM

A magical, luminous novel of a middle-aged man's quest for love and redemption.

Photo by Marion Ettlinger

William Morrow
www.williammorrow.com

THE NEW YORKER

JULY 13, 1998

COMMENT Slice and Dice . . . . . *Louis Menand* 4
When getting more is actually getting less.

THE MAIL 7

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 8

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25
John Malone wiggles; Calvin Klein fumes;
Monica's lawyer dresses up; etc.

DEPARTMENTS
Paris Journal Endgame . . . . . *Adam Gopnik* 28
The pleasures and rigors of the world's favorite sport.

Annals of Commerce Multiplexities . . . . . *Edward Jay Epstein* 34
Hollywood sells movies, but what do the movie theatres sell?

AMERICAN CHRONICLES Summer of Deliverance . . . . . *Christopher Dickey* 38
Poet, novelist, screenwriter, and hard drinker,
James Dickey played the role of sacred monster
to the hilt. Now his son picks up the pieces.

LETTER FROM LONDON A Royal Defeat . . . . . *Paul Goldberger* 52
How the Prince of Wales lost Britain's
architecture wars to the modernists.

FICTION "Dream Pictures" . . . . . *Kenzaburo Oe* 60
A father and his damaged child learn to dream together.

THE CRITICS
A Critic at Large Elizabeth Hardwick . . . . . *Hilton Als* 66
Books Briefly Noted 75
Musical Events The Art of Noise . . . . . *Alex Ross* 76
The Current Cinema Michael Bay's "Armageddon" . . . . . *Daphne Merkin* 78

POEM "Conch" . . . . . *James Dickey* 51

CROSSWORD 8 x 10 Cryptic No. 50 79

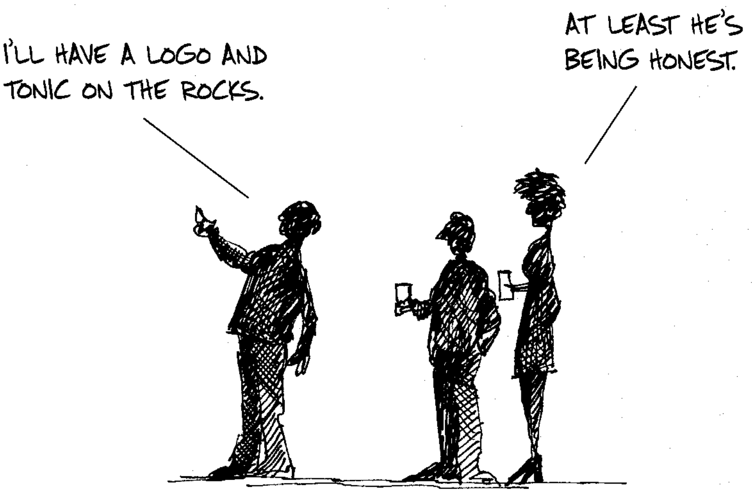
SHOUTS & MURMURS How to Profit from the Coming Y2K Glitch . . . *Bruce McCall* 80

COVER *Coupe du Monde, by Ana Juan*

DRAWINGS *Peter Steiner, Mick Stevens, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Danny Shanahan, M. K. Brown, Jack Ziegler, Robert Weber, Frank Cotham, Barbara Smaller, J. B. Handelsman, Tom Cheney, Roz Chast, Michael Crawford, Charles Barsotti, Edward Koren, Victoria Roberts*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for seven combined issues: Feb. 23 & Mar. 2, Apr. 27 & May 4, June 22 & 29, Aug. 24 & 31, Oct. 19 & 26, Dec. 14 & 21, Dec. 28 & Jan. 4) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXXIV, No. 19, July 13, 1998. Periodical postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $39.95; two years, $72.00. In Canada, one year, $83.00 (includes GST and HST where applicable). In Germany, one year, DM290. Mail orders to: IP Internationale Presse, Distribution & Marketing GmbH, Waldstr. 70, D-63128 Dietzenbach, Germany. Other foreign subscriptions, one year, $91.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80328-6447. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

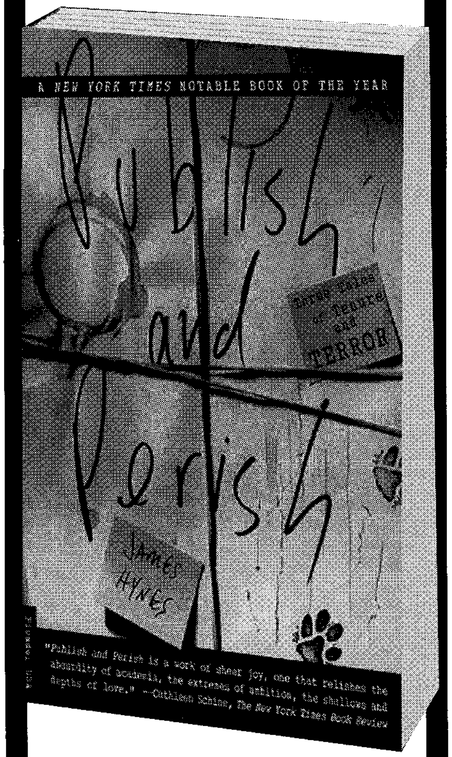

I'LL HAVE A LOGO AND TONIC ON THE ROCKS.
AT LEAST HE'S BEING HONEST.

ALL VODKA. NO PRETENSE.
SMIRN
1818

http://www.smirnoff.com SMIRNOFF® VODKA 40, 48.2 & 50% Alc. by Vol., distilled from premium grain. ©1998 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff FLS, Hartford, CT—Made in the U.S.A.

A little tenure can be a dangerous thing...

NOW IN PAPERBACK
A *New York Times* Notable Book of 1997


A NEW YORK TIMES NOTABLE BOOK OF THE YEAR
Publish and Perish
Three Tales of Tenure and Terror
James Hynes
"Publish and Perish is a work of sheer joy, one that relishes the absurdity of academia, the extremes of ambition, the shallows and depths of love." —Cathleen Schine, The New York Times Book Review

"Riveting...exhilarating...[A] work of sheer joy, one that relishes the absurdity of academia, the extremes of ambition, the shallows and depths of love."

—Cathleen Schine,
THE NEW YORK TIMES
BOOK REVIEW

"Entirely delightful... wickedly funny....There hasn't been a genuinely adroit novel of academic manners since Randall Jarrell's Pictures from an Institution*...*Publish and Perish *change[s] all that."*

—Jonathan Yardley,
THE WASHINGTON POST
BOOK WORLD

AT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE
What to read next
PICADOR
USA

COMMENT

SLICE AND DICE

The Veg-O-Matic view of the world.

WAS Maxwell Smart's shoe phone an integration, or was it only a bundle? This interesting question arises out of a recent decision by the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, which held that things everyone knows to be two products, Windows 95 and Internet Explorer, both manufactured by Microsoft, are in fact one product. To ordinary perception, the majority opinion explained, they appear to be two separate products: one is an operating system designed to support software programs and the other is a software program. But to the enlightened jurisprudential mind Microsoft had achieved what the court referred to as an "integration"—to wit, "a product that combines functionalities (which may also be marketed separately and operated together) in a way that offers advantages unavailable if the functionalities are bought separately and combined by the purchaser." You can see the point. Try combining your shoe and your telephone yourself.

What the government had tried to prevent Microsoft from doing, of course, was forcing computer manufacturers who install Windows on their machines to install Microsoft's browser at the same time, a practice known as "tying"—as when a hospital selling you its surgical services requires you to buy its anesthesiological services, too. Even though the demand for one of these products is fairly inseparable from the demand for the other (you wouldn't say, I'll take the appendectomy but hold the anesthesia), the law regards such arrangements as an illegal type of bundling.

But the judges in the majority were not interested in chasing fine distinctions. They plainly thought that Windows with a browser already installed was a neat idea, in more or less the same way that everyone who watched "Get Smart" used to think that a shoe phone was a neat idea. The package aspect of the thing is precisely what appealed to them. "Integration," in their view, is how progress is made. Today, there are operating systems, browsers, telephones, and shoes—a universe of particulars, lonely atoms spinning in a synergistic void. Tomorrow, a single, fully digitized Micro-shoe, good for platforming software, surfing the Net, checking your voice mail, and walking over hot coals. It is the Popiel Pocket Fisherman view of life.

The bundling mentality is everywhere these days. The first bundlers in life, of course, are your parents, who "tie" the consumption of vegetables to the consumption of what is clearly a product

---

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. David Carey, publisher; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/deputy editor; Pamela H. Older, senior vice-president/operations; David M. May, associate publisher; Brenda Saget, associate publisher; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Maurie Perl, vice-president/public-relations director; Robert A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Devereux Chatillon, vice-president/general counsel; Susan Harrington, director of creative services; James Oates, director of marketing and planning; Stephanie Sandberg, director of promotion and events. For advertising inquiries, please call Gretel Schneider or Richard Skeen, advertising directors, at (212) 536-5400. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. © 1998 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription, to change an address, or to purchase a back issue, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80328-6447, or telephone (800) 825-2510. Outside of North America, call (303) 678-0354. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

with an entirely separate demand, dessert. But they are only introducing you to a world in which almost everything that you want comes with something—usually many things—that you don't. You want the news; your newspaper gives you separate sections on dining, science, style, and automobiles. You want the Continental breakfast; your tour packager says you have to have the buffet lunch, too. The CD player you want to buy has remote control, programmable playback, a video hookup, and a graphic equalizer. This is the nature of modern choice.

To the bundler, of course, it's always a deal; to the bundlee, the advantages are not necessarily so obvious. Vote for one, you get two, Bill Clinton promised, with Hillary standing by his side, in 1992. He kept his promise. The Contract with America was another classic example of political bundling. And so is every omnibus bill passed by Congress—a multipart tie-in that the Supreme Court, by holding the line-item veto to be unconstitutional, has now declared to be an integrated product.

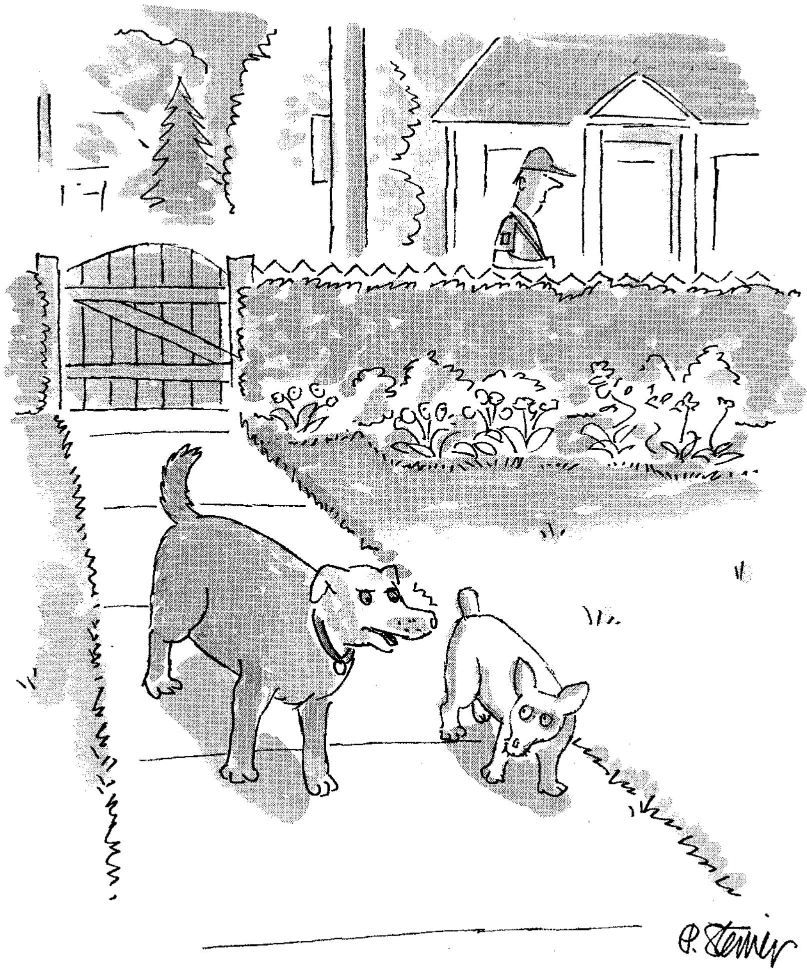
But the true bundler in contemporary life is a C.E.O. with a Pocket Fisherman mentality. Banks, such as Citicorp, merge with insurance companies, such as the Travelers Group. Movie companies buy television networks and publishing houses. "Smart cards" are supposed to allow you to charge, pay cash, use pay phones, and store emergency health information with one strip of plastic. (The digitized version of this, Wallet PC, envisioned by Bill Gates himself, includes family photos and a "global positioning system" that lets you know exactly where you are on the surface of the planet. It is the informational equivalent of the Swiss Army knife, without the toothpick.) A.T. & T. recently announced plans to buy Tele-Communications, Inc., in order to bundle telephone, computer, and video services and bring them into your home through a single cable.

There are two assumptions behind these developments. The first is that people prefer bundled services to separate ones. A.T. &T., for example, is hoping that by the time its new, multipurpose cable network is ready (five years and nine billion shareholder dollars from now) people will be dealing with the world exclusively via a keypad and monitor. You'll order a movie, buy a cubic-zirconia ring, check your bank balance, or call Grandma, and every time you turn on the machine A.T. & T. will collect a toll. Similarly, Citicorp assumes that if customers know that when they finish taking out a mortgage they can go right to the next desk and buy some life insurance, they will flock to its one-stop financial supermarkets. But who takes out a mortgage and buys life insurance on the same day? One transaction is depressing enough.

The other (more important) rationale for bundling is the notion that the synergies created will boost profitability. But two recent books—"Focus," by Al Ries, and "The Synergy Trap," by Mark Sirower—provide evidence that bundling, merging, integrating, the whole global-synergy thing, is an inherently inefficient process. Companies good at making movies or publishing magazines aren't necessarily good at running television stations. And when they own the stations, they're obliged to "buy" their content from themselves. As many car manufacturers learned when they tried to get into the car-rental business, selling to yourself doesn't give you a lot of market leverage.

Expansion dilutes, too. As Ries points out, General Mills, which became famous for Cheerios, at one point manufactured costume jewelry, Parker Brothers board games, and Eddie Bauer clothing and owned a chemical company, an outfit called Wallpapers To Go, and the Red Lobster restaurant chain. The conglomeratization was a disaster; everything was eventually shed; and now the company is prospering again with Cheerios.

General Mills's experience is an example of the paradox of brand-name recognition. The higher the degree of identification between a company and a product, the harder it is for that company to diversify. You would not fly in a Kleenex 747. Microsoft is identified with one product, Windows. It is now spending vast sums in the hope of becoming identified with something else, the Internet. It wants to be the toll collector there, just as A.T. & T. wants to be the tollgate on your phone-computer-television line. Microsoft has the resources, and now it appears to have the legal opening, to succeed. But it had probably better stay out of the shoe business. —LOUIS MENAND



"Barking at the mailman doesn't make you a media watchdog."

"WOW, I can't believe you have that CD!"

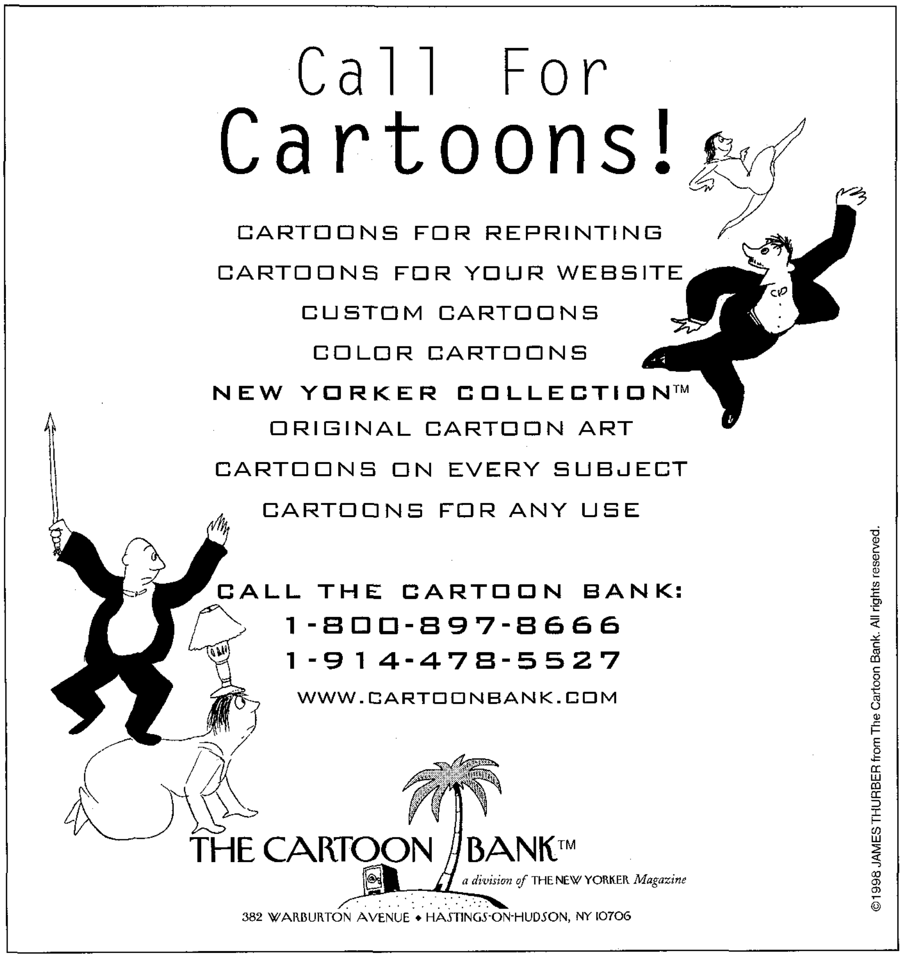
EveryCD is a wholesale music club. Members receive an **850 page catalog** offering virtually every cd in print. All CD's are sold at wholesale, which is about $5.00 per CD less than list price and is guaranteed to be the lowest cost you can find. We do not send unsolicited CD's, and there is never any minimum required to order. Whatever CD's you want, we'll have them for less than anyone else. We'll also have the items you've been wanting to buy but couldn't find. Call today or search our catalog online at www.everycd.com. Be sure to ask for your **30 day FREE trial** to better evaluate our service. Good music selection is hard to find. EveryCD makes it easy. Call now!

1-800-EVERY-CD

www.everycd.com

music for the serious collector™

International customers please call (203) 363-0519



Call For Cartoons!

CARTOONS FOR REPRINTING
CARTOONS FOR YOUR WEBSITE
CUSTOM CARTOONS
COLOR CARTOONS
NEW YORKER COLLECTION™
ORIGINAL CARTOON ART
CARTOONS ON EVERY SUBJECT
CARTOONS FOR ANY USE

CALL THE CARTOON BANK:
1-800-897-8666
1-914-478-5527
WWW.CARTOONBANK.COM

THE CARTOON BANK™
a division of THE NEW YORKER Magazine
382 WARBURTON AVENUE ◆ HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON, NY 10706

©1998 JAMES THURBER from The Cartoon Bank. All rights reserved.

CONTRIBUTORS

ADAM GOPNIK ("Endgame," p. 28), a staff writer, has contributed to this magazine since 1986. His *New Yorker* work received a 1997 National Magazine Award and the 1998 George Polk Award for Magazine Reporting.

EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN ("Multiplexities," p. 34) is the author of twelve books, five of which have been excerpted in *The New Yorker*, including, most recently, "Dossier: The Secret History of Armand Hammer." He is currently working on a book about the logic of Hollywood.

KENZABURO OE (Fiction, p. 60) is a novelist who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1994. His books include "A Personal Matter" and the forthcoming "Rouze Up O Young Men of the New Age!" He lives in Tokyo.

PAUL GOLDBERGER ("A Royal Defeat," p. 52) covers architecture for *The New Yorker*. His article "The Big Top," about the Millennium Dome in Greenwich, England, was published in this magazine's Europe Issue.

CHRISTOPHER DICKEY ("Summer of Deliverance," p. 38) is *Newsweek's* bureau chief in Paris. His books include "Innocent Blood," a novel, and the forthcoming "Summer of Deliverance: A Memoir of Father and Son."

HILTON ALS (A Critic at Large, p. 66) has been a contributor to this magazine since 1989. His profile of the performance artist Leigh Bowery appeared in March. He is the author of "The Women."

ANA JUAN (Cover) is an illustrator whose work will appear in Tempos Modernos, a gallery in Madrid, where she lives, in November. This is her second cover for this magazine. ♦

THE MAIL

NURSE WOLF

Paul Theroux, in his article on the dominatrix Nurse Wolf (Our Local Correspondents, June 15th), brings to life for us a healthy, fit woman in her early thirties who is well educated and artistically sensitive. She also happens to be blessed with remarkable "people skills," and they prove to be indispensable in her buggering and beating sessions with, among others, America's corporate heroes. What Theroux fails to give us are the long-term consequences—physical, psychological, even moral—of Nurse Wolf's regimen, for herself and for her patients. Theroux's use of a clinical analogy for Nurse Wolf's behavior is apt: he has taken a grotesque sickness of the human psyche and helped put it within the purview of consenting adults.

PAUL J. KIJINSKI
Lyndhurst, Ohio

The activities that Nurse Wolf and her subjects engage in may frighten, disgust, and horrify the average adult, but, as a clinical social worker and psychoanalyst, what I noticed about the scenarios she described was that they all revolved around childhood helplessness and a powerful, affectionless parent figure—scenarios that may be rooted in actual experience. I treat people whose fantasy life includes dominatrix fantasies but who are conflicted enough about acting them out that they choose to come in and talk about them instead. Nurse Wolf calls her work "play," but in the clinical setting these scenarios come across as desperate, not enjoyable.

TARPLEY MANN LONG, M.S.W.
Chevy Chase, Md.

Mr. Theroux writes of Nurse Wolf's clients, "We don't know everything about them, but Nurse Wolf does. . . . It is exclusively to her that they divulge their secrets." Let's not be willfully naïve. I am sure there are many secrets Nurse Wolf's clients would rather not divulge to her. Neither Paul Theroux nor Nurse Wolf can say for certain what these men do to their wives, girlfriends, and children. Perhaps they're nice to them; perhaps they're not. The passions and obsessions aroused by sadomasochistic activities are dangerous, and can be used against anyone, anytime.

MATTHEW T. JONES
Riverdale, N.Y.

EGYPT, U.S.A.?

I had the great privilege of growing up in Cairo, but my family and I left in 1978, right about the time the tide began to turn against Egypt's tradition of religious and social tolerance. I turned to Mary Anne Weaver's Letter from Cairo (June 8th) hoping, I suppose, to find a city resembling that of my youth, but in Weaver's report about Islamist attacks on Egyptian intellectuals that Cairo was gone. Instead I found a disconcerting echo of the religious doctrinalism and intolerance afoot in our own country today. American traditions are vastly different from Egypt's, but it's myopic to condemn the fearsome consequences of religious persecution at work in what once was a moderate Arab country without recognizing similar intolerance here at home.

ROSSLYN STEVENS
Los Angeles, Calif.

CULTURE CLASH

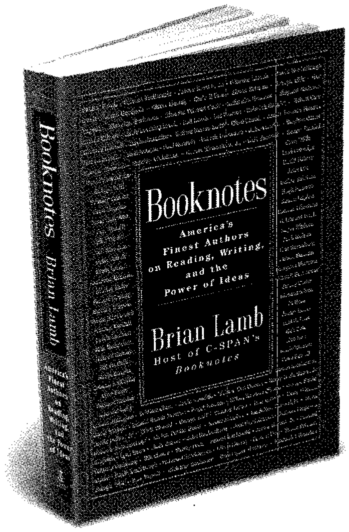
In "Faking It" (June 15th), Alexander Stille notes that Chinese conservationists tend to preserve ancient art by completely rebuilding it—a practice at odds with Western views on preservation but admirably less materialistic. Perhaps if the Italian preservationists hired to teach their techniques hadn't felt the "need to break [their] Chinese students of certain ingrained habits of thought" they would have found room for compromise.

KEVIN TOMSOVIC
Pullman, Wash.

Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "The Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They can also be faxed to 212-840-8489 or sent via E-mail to themail@newyorker.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and may be published in any medium; we regret that owing to the volume of correspondence we cannot reply to every letter.

NOW IN PAPERBACK

"One of the best things that has happened to the world of books."
—BookPage


Booknotes
America's Finest Authors on Reading, Writing, and the Power of Ideas
Brian Lamb
Host of C-SPAN's Booknotes
Booknotes Brian Lamb

Which author was interviewed in the White House barber shop for a presidential staff position?
See page 240

Which acclaimed historian frequently writes in the nude?
See page 11

Over 150 of America's finest nonfiction authors share the stories behind their books in this fascinating collection of essays drawn from C-SPAN's *Booknotes* program.

Watch ***Booknotes*** on C-SPAN Sundays at 8 P.M.

Watch ***About Books*** on C-SPAN2 weekend nights

Visit our website at **www.cspan.org**

C-SPAN®
Created By Cable. Offered As A Public Service.

Visit our website at www.randomhouse.com

TIMES BOOKS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Capitol Steps—The troupe of former congressional aides and interns presents its latest political-comedy revue, "Unzippin' My Doo-Dah and Other National Priorities." Previews begin July 9. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Falsettoland—William Finn's 1990 musical, in a National Asian American Theatre Company staging. Previews begin July 9. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 505-3003.)

Ice Factory 98—The SoHo Think Tank's summer series begins with John Kaplan's "The Undeads," a dark domestic comedy. July 8-11 at 7. The festival continues through Aug. 15. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 966-4844.)

Jayson—A musical by Jeff Krell, based on his gay cartoon series. With music and lyrics by Ron Romanovsky and Paul Phillips. In previews through July 9. Opens July 10 at 8. (45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. 279-4200.)

Twelfth Night—Philip Bosco, Helen Hunt, Brian Murray, Paul Rudd, Kyra Sedgwick, and Max Wright are in the cast of a Lincoln Center Theatre staging of Shakespeare's comedy. Directed by Nicholas Hytner. In previews. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14				

OPENED RECENTLY

Art—Yasmina Reza's farce is a splendid vehicle for three masterly actors, Victor Garber, Alan Alda, and Alfred Molina. They portray friends whose fifteen-year relationship is threatened when one of them buys a large white canvas for two hundred thousand francs. Directed by Matthew Warchus. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/23/98.) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

As Thousands Cheer—The Drama Dept. is in a league of its own, and with this revival of Moss Hart and Irving Berlin's 1933 satirical revue, they've hit another home run. The troupe has a special knack for the nostalgic, and they apply it to these tabloid-inspired scenes of the era's rich and famous (Josephine Baker, the Rockefellers, Joan Crawford, Mahatma Gandhi, etc.) with such a sure touch that the show feels fresh even when it can't help being dated. In fact, it makes you yearn for days like these, when a joke was just a joke and songs were plain wonderful. The cast is a blast, and Allen Moyer's set design is fun, too. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. 541-8441. Closes July 18.)

B. D. Wong, Howard McGillin, Kevin Chamberlin, Mary Beth Peil, Paula Newsome, and Judy Kuhn, in "As Thousands Cheer."

MAX VADUKUL

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—The precocious Anglo-Irish playwright Martin McDonagh's riveting winter's tale, set in a rural Irish cottage, about an aged mother and her virgin forty-year-old daughter, who is trapped in a punishing solitude. It's a simple, primitive story, yet it is filled with complex emotional surprises and reversals. (3/16/98) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Blueprint Series—The Ontological Theatre's annual festival for emerging directors continues through July 12, with works staged by Ryan Bronz, Brian Cronin, Judson Kniffen, and Katherine Ryan. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 533-4650.)

Cabaret—A mesmerizing production of the Kander and Ebb musical. Here, the dancers at the Kit Kat Klub, the symbol of anything-goes Weimar Germany, look shell-shocked and stigmatized. As the Emcee, Alan Cumming is astonishing—with his bruised-looking body, his huge, knowing eyes, and his satanic energy, he's a spectacle of mixed messages. Natasha Richardson, as Sally Bowles, casts a spectral glow. Directed by Sam Mendes. (4/6/98) (Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. 719-1300.)

Dinah Was—Oliver Goldstick's play about the late blues singer Dinah Washington, portrayed by the dynamic Yvette Freeman. (Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. 307-4100.)

Dress to Kill—The British comic Eddie Izzard has returned to town with a new show. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. Closes July 11.)

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—Hedwig, as created by John Cameron Mitchell, is a sweet transsexual singer from East Berlin, whose cabaret performance cum stadium act becomes a smart, funny, and very moving exploration of the redemptive, if perhaps fleeting, power of love. Michael Cerveris has stepped in for Mr. Mitchell, who will return to the role on Aug. 5. (Jane Street Theatre, Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. 239-6200.)

High Society—This musical, based on Philip Barry's play "The Philadelphia Story" and the subsequent movie "High Society," has all the kick of flat champagne. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

The Irish . . . and How They Got That Way—This revue by Frank McCourt, author of the best-selling memoir "Angela's Ashes," is a generally good-natured if somewhat choppy amalgam of historical tidbits, quotations from letters and speeches, and Irish songs from the past two centuries, performed by a versatile and charming cast of six singers and musicians. Deftly directed by Charlotte Moore. (Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

The Judas Kiss—Liam Neeson and Tom Hollander star in David Hare's play about Oscar Wilde and his lover Sir Alfred (Bosie) Douglas. Wilde's libel suit against Douglas's father, the Marquess of Queensberry, has just failed, but Douglas talks Wilde out of fleeing England and, thus, out of escaping prosecution for homosexual acts. Hare uses irony to good effect—practically every character in the play except Wilde is having sex—but an emotional charge is missing. Neeson's Oscar doesn't seem needy enough for us to under-

FOR SOME IT'S THE BEGINNING.
FOR OTHERS, THE END.

OZ
TIME TO GO BACK INSIDE

TELEVISION'S MOST INTENSE DRAMA RETURNS

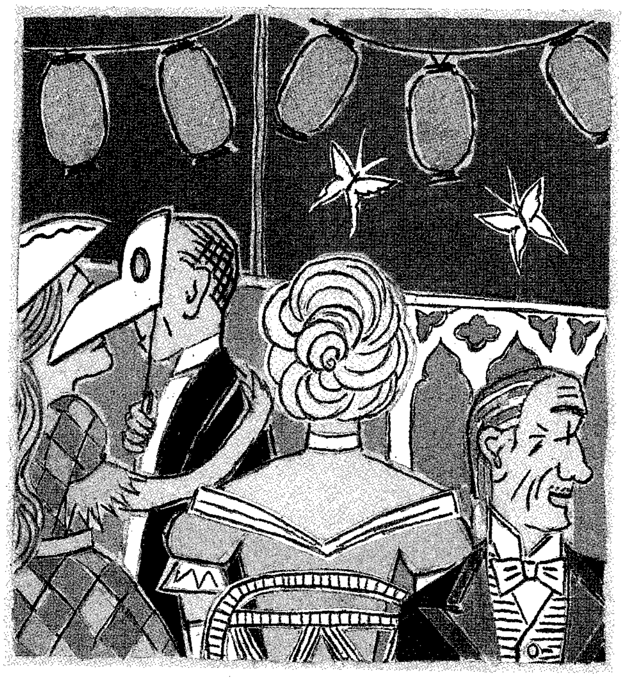
ALL NEW EPISODES MONDAYS AT 10 PM ET/PT
SPECIAL SEASON PREMIERE SATURDAY, JULY 11TH, 10:15 PM ET/PT

RYSHER
ENTERTAINMENT
A COX COMPANY

www.hbo.com/oz

©1998 Home Box Office, a Division of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. All rights reserved. ® Service marks of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Shaw's "You Never Can Tell," at the Roundabout.

CATHERINE LAZURE

stand his devotion to Hollander's petulant, spoiled Bosie, and sparks don't exactly fly between the two actors. Richard Eyre directed this Almeida Theatre Company production. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Karen Finley—The performance artist, in "The Return of the Chocolate Smeared Woman," her latest work. (Flea Theatre, 41 White St., between Broadway and Church St. 226-0051. Closes July 11.)

Labor Day—A. R. Gurney has revived a character from "The Cocktail Hour" for this semiautobiographical comedy, about a playwright who tries to revise his latest work during a family holiday. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes July 22.)

Love's Fire—Seven short plays (by Eric Bogosian, William Finn, John Guare, Tony Kushner, Marsha Norman, Ntozake Shange, and Wendy Wasserstein) based on Shakespearean sonnets. Some of the works do a better job than others of translating the sonnets' allusive, metaphorical language into theatre. But, under the inventive yet sure hand of the director, Mark Lamos, the Acting Company gives a series of polished, powerful performances. Overall, a series of rich insights into love and literature, delightfully held together by humor. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200. Closes July 19.)

Love's Fowl—The complete story of Chicken Little's life after the "sky is falling" incident—her fame onstage, her political career, her loves and losses. Susan J. Vitucci (libretto) and Henry Krieger (music), here performing as Il Teatro Repertorio Delle Mollette (The Clothespin Puppet Theatre), present the evening, appropriately, in a sung-through Italian-opera style, with English supertitles. How they manage to keep straight faces is a mystery, but that they do creates a splendidly funny evening for the audience. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 460-5475. Closes July 11.)

Miss Coco Peru's Liquid Universe—A heartfelt series of how-I-got-this-way vignettes written and performed by Miss Coco Peru, otherwise known as Clinton Leupp. The show is occasionally syrupy, and Miss Coco should have given herself more opportunities to show off her terrific singing voice, but her self-aware and self-lacerating humor and her engaging way with a story make this a winning evening. The well-paced direction is by Charles Randolph Wright. Sundays at 8. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391.)

A New Brain—Malcolm Gets is a songwriter awaiting surgery, in a new musical by William Finn ("Falsettos") and James Lapine. Graciela Daniele is the director. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Nunsense A-Men—An all-male version of Dan Goggin's 1985 musical comedy, "Nunsense." (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Pera Palas—The Turkish playwright Sinan Ünel's fascinating tale of twentieth-century Turkey, directed by Steven Williford, is a well-observed and rarely didactic cycle of loss and hope in a culture undergoing radical change. The play is overlong, there's some gratuitous (though funny) cross-casting, and the last scene suffers from information overload—but the solid cast establish their characters so sympathetically and intelligently that none of that matters. (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 246-8355. Closes July 19.)

Power Plays—Three short plays, two written by Elaine May and one by Alan Arkin, who perform them with Jeannie Berlin and Anthony Arkin, their respective offspring. May's writing and acting are, almost literally, insanely funny, and she and Arkin are a great match. (They're both long-ago Second City alums.) All three of the plays are too long, but the comic brilliance of May and Arkin père (who also directed) is worth, at a rough estimate, ten million times the price of admission. Presented by Manhattan Theatre Club. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

The Race of the Ark Tattoo—The Foundry Theatre and P.S. 122 present a theatre piece by W. David Hancock, set in a flea market, in which each night's story is evoked by relics randomly selected from the rummage. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

Ragtime—E. L. Doctorow's epic novel is transformed into a historical pageant. It's a big, brave, passionate gamble, masterfully directed by Frank Galati. (2/2/98) (Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.)

Sakina's Restaurant—Aasif Mandvi portrays six characters in his one-man exploration of the South Asian community in New York. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200. Closes July 12.)

Side Man—The Roundabout Theatre presents Warren Leight's play about a mid-century big-band musician, which was staged earlier this year Off Broadway. Directed by Michael Mayer. (Broadway at 45th St. 719-1300.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—As Sabina, the voice of skepticism in Thornton Wilder's comic history of mankind's upward battle for survival, the shapely Kristen Johnston is both broad and subtle—a real dish. Her smoky voice and campy, manic charm evoke memories of Tallulah Bankhead, who originated the role in 1942, the year the play won the Pulitzer Prize. As Johnston makes clear, the play is a great vehicle for female actors: Frances Conroy is a refined knockout as Mrs. Antrobus, and Novella Nelson is an appropriately graceful and insightful Fortune Teller. It's only when John Goodman, as Mr. Antrobus, inventor of the wheel and of adultery, gets near these lovely ladies that the play falls flat: his shtick is not just shtick, it's tired shtick. The beautiful costumes are by the gifted Candice Donnelly. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 539-8750. Closes July 12.)

Smoke on the Mountain—On a Saturday night in June, 1938, the Mount Pleasant (North Carolina) Baptist Church awaits the arrival of the Sanders Family singers and musicians, who are as unpredictable as the Renfro kin in Eudora Welty's "Losing Battles": there's no telling what they'll do when you get 'em all together. This sweet and funny musical comedy, which first played here eight years ago, features Mike Craver and Mark Hardwick's tuneful, often bluegrass-style arrangements of songs like "Bringing in the Sheaves," "I'll Fly Away," and "Rock of Ages." Alan Bailey conceived and directed the show, which was written by Connie Ray. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

The Sound of Music—Rebecca Luker is enormously winning as Maria, and the seven children in the cast are mostly delightful, but the production doesn't linger in the memory; there may be music in those hills, but the producers didn't seem to find a whole lot of fresh air up there. (4/6/98) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Stupid Kids—A dark comedy of suburban-teen angst, by the late playwright John C. Russell. Michael Mayer is the director. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes July 18.)

Symphonie Fantastique—Abstract puppets underwater, set to the music of Berlioz. This isn't rubber-duckie performance art; just as dance can make space a palpable presence onstage, the show's creator, Basil Twist, uses feathers, streamers, mirrors, bubbles, and sophisticated lighting to do the same for water. And, as in dance, the movement illuminates the music. A peerless, delightful summer evening. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202.)

A View from the Bridge—The Roundabout Theatre's excellent revival of Arthur Miller's tragic story of the longshoreman Eddie Carbone and his obsession with his orphaned niece. (1/5/98) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100. Closes July 19.)

Villa Villa—Theatre as mosh pit. The Argentinean troupe De La Guarda herds you into a crowded space, performs undistinguished rock music, swings on ropes over your head, and splashes you until you are drenched. It's an extraordinarily loud and transgressive show, with no point, it seems, beyond proving the troupe's mastery of the carabiner. (Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 239-6200.)

The Winter's Tale—Shakespeare's fantastic story of a king who accuses his queen of adultery, banishes their infant daughter, regrets it all, and then gets them back sixteen years later. It's not one of his more tightly woven scripts, but, as with any fireside tale, it can cast a delicate spell. The first act of this Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival production is moving and engrossing melodrama (particularly helped by Celeste Ciulla's luminous performance as the queen), but the second half, much of which is broad comedy, is directed by Terrence O'Brien as if it were a different show altogether. The spell is broken, and not even another very good performance, by Glenn Fleshler, as a rogue, can keep the ending from seeming like much more than a device to send us home on time. (Boscobel Restoration, Garrison, N.Y. For ticket information and directions, call 914-265-9575. Closes July 19.)

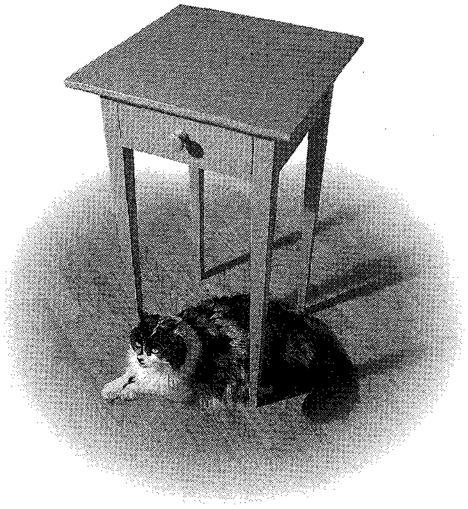
You Never Can Tell—A summer treat from the Roundabout Theatre Company. In Shaw's early comedy, a young dentist (the wry and handsome Robert Sean Leonard) tries to romantically outwit an ostensibly modern turn-of-the-century woman (Katie Finneran) but ends up succumbing to her inherently old-fashioned ways. Allen Moyer's seaside-resort set is lovely, as are Michael Krass's costumes, and the cast is super. It would have been a better day at the beach, though, had the director, Nicholas Martin, toned down Catherine Kellner and Saxon Palmer, whose precocious-siblings act seems more suited to Looney Tunes. (Broadway at 45th St. 719-1300.)

You Shouldn't Have Told—A drama about an urban, middle-class black family touched by sexual abuse, written by Anne L. Thompson-Scretching. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . .

Make Room For Big Stereo Sound.



Find a little space for the Bose® Wave® radio.

At just 4⅛″H × 14″W × 8¼″D, the Bose Wave radio can fit almost anywhere. And yet it produces sound that's richer, more natural, more lifelike than you've ever heard from a radio. In fact, many people use the tabletop-sized Wave radio as their primary stereo system.

It's the best-sounding radio money can buy.

The Bose Wave radio has been called "a sonic marvel" by *Popular Science*. And *Radio World* said it's "simply amazing…a genuine breakthrough in improved sound quality." The key is our patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology. Just as a flute strengthens a breath of air to fill an entire concert hall, the waveguide produces room-filling sound from a small enclosure. Touch a button and your favorite music will come alive in rich stereo sound.

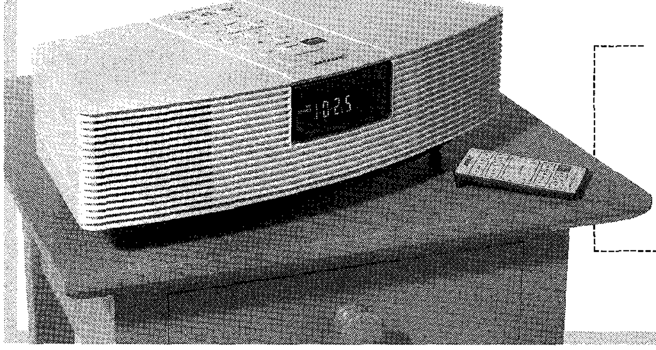
Unique features make it easy to use.

The convenient, credit card-sized remote control allows you to operate the radio easily, no matter where you put it. Preset your favorite six AM and six FM stations and switch between them at the touch of a button. You can even connect the Wave radio to your CD or cassette player, television, or VCR.

Call now and make six interest-free payments.

The Bose Wave radio is available in imperial white or graphite gray for $349 directly from Bose, the most respected name in sound. So call 1-800-845-BOSE, ext. R8385, to learn more about our in-home trial and satisfaction guarantee. When you call, ask about our six-month installment payment plan. Or, if you prefer, return the coupon below. Then make room for the only tabletop radio that can make you believe you're listening to a big stereo.

BOSE®
Better sound through research®



Call 1-800-845-BOSE, ext. R8385.

Mr./Mrs./Ms.
Name (Please Print)

Address City State Zip

( ) Daytime Telephone ( ) Evening Telephone

Mail to: Bose Corporation, Dept. CDD-R8385, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168.

©1998 Bose Corporation. Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending. Installment payment plan not to be combined with any other offer and available on credit card orders only. Price does not include $15 shipping and handling and applicable sales tax. Price and/or payment plan subject to change without notice. Frank Beacham, *Radio World*, 12/93.

BRING IN DA NOISE, BRING IN DA FUNK: Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CHICAGO:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY STRIKES BACK!:** Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200. . . . **GROSS INDECENCY: THE THREE TRIALS OF OSCAR WILDE:** Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. . . . **HOWARD CRABTREE'S WHEN PIGS FLY:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. . . . **JEKYLL & HYDE:** Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LATE NITE CATECHISM:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE LION KING:** New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Thetre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **R & J:** John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 354-2220. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL:** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. . . . **SECRETS EVERY SMART TRAVELER SHOULD KNOW:** Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **TITANIC:** Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 239-6200. . . . **VISITING MR. GREEN:** Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 505-0700.

DANCE

STUTTGART BALLET—The company presents two *full-length ballets, "Romeo and Juliet" and* "Onegin," both choreographed by company founder (or revivifier, depending on how you view the history of this two-hundred-and-then-some-year-old company) John Cranko, who died a quarter century ago, on a return flight from an American tour. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. July 7 at 7 and July 11 at 2 and 8: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ July 8-10 at 8: "Onegin.")

PILOBOLUS—The six-member company with two artistic directors for every three dancers returns for its summer engagement with new work ("The Hand That Mocked, the Heart That Fed," "Apoplexy," and "Orangotango") and repertory pieces, including "Day Two," with its water-slide finale. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. July 8-10 and July 13-14 at 8 and July 11 at 2 and 8. Through July 25.)

SAVION GLOVER/DOWNTOWN—The John Coltrane of tap sneaks back into town with his own brand of fireworks: a tight crew of tappers, a loose-limbed jazz quartet, surprise guests, and a promise that no two of his twenty-one explosive performances will come out the same. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200. July 8-10 and July 13-14 at 8 and July 11 at 6 and 10. Through July 25.)

NOCHE FLAMENCA—The premier flamenco ensemble returns to work up a sweat in its downtown stomping grounds. (Theatre 80, at 80 St. Marks Pl. 279-4200. July 8-11 and July 14 at 8 and July 12 at 3. Through Aug. 15.)

DANCES FOR WAVE HILL—Terry Creach creates a new outdoor work, "Par Terre," for six dancers and eleven violinists, all of whom perform the choreography. Two works by the Portuguese choreographer Fausto Matias complete the program. (Wave Hill, 249th St. at Independence Ave., the Bronx. For information, call 718-549-3200. July 8 at 6:30 and July 12 at 5.)

OUT OF TOWN

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—July 7-9 at 8, July 10 at 8:30, and July 11 at 2 and 8:30: Jazz Tap Ensemble. . . . ¶ July 9-10 at 8:15 and July 11-12 at 5: Malavika Sarukkai. (Becket, Mass. For information about tickets, call 413-243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

LSG: LEVERT, SWEAT, AND GILL—The R. & B. supergroup, in the round. (Westbury Music Fair. 516-334-0800. July 8 at 8.)

ARLO GUTHRIE—The veteran folksinger. (Castle Clinton, Battery Park. July 9 at 7. Free tickets, which are required, will be distributed at 5.)

ZIGGY MARLEY & THE MELODY MAKERS—Considering the immensity of his father's shoes, it's not surprising that young David (Ziggy) Marley stumbled before he found his voice, on the 1988 breakthrough "Conscious Party." Since then, he's matured with pride and dignity, and, at twenty-nine, he's become something of an elder statesman to a new generation of reggae fans. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 247-0200. July 9 at 7:30.)

Lisa Germano, at the Knitting Factory.

GISELLE POTTER

MICHAEL McDONALD—The bearded former Doobie Brothers vocalist. (Westbury Music Fair. July 9 at 8.)

MIDSUMMER NIGHT SWING—Lincoln Center's annual dance-under-the-stars festival. July 9: Latin dance rhythms with Miles Peña and Johnny Almendra y los Jovenes del Barrio. . . . ¶ July 10: Cabaret and big-band sounds with Steve Ross and his Deluxe Orchestra and Bob Hardwick and his Orchestra. . . . ¶ July 11: Arranger and bandleader Chico O'Farrill, one of the grand architects of Afro-Cuban jazz, fronts his big band. (The Plaza, Lincoln Center. Tickets available at the entrance. Shows begin at 8:15; dance lessons begin at 6:30.)

LINCOLN CENTER JAZZ ORCHESTRA—In concert with the New York Philharmonic and the New York Pops. (Great Lawn, Central Park. July 10 at 7. No tickets necessary. For raindate information, call 877-8984.)

"CELEBRATE BROOKLYN!"—July 10 at 7:30: Burning Spear. Winston Rodney has been one of reggae's prime Rasta prophets for more than twenty-seven years. His mid-seventies masterworks, "Marcus Garvey" and "Dry and Heavy," preached the importance of self-knowledge and positive thinking over insistent, insinuating grooves. Though his recent work has been uneven, his concerts are always excellent: surrounded by Jamaica's finest sidemen, his easygoing defiance makes for some hip-swaying entertainment. (Prospect Park Bandshell, Prospect Park W. at 9th St., Brooklyn. No tickets necessary.)

HEART—Like Jefferson Starship (not to be confused with Jefferson Airplane), this notable combo—fronted, of course, by the photogenic (brunette and blond) Wilson sisters, Ann and Nancy—enjoyed two incarnations: a semi-original seventies period of considerable influence followed by a grossly manufactured second act, in the eighties, of demonstrable commercial power. Now the band, minus Nancy, has embarked on Act III: the summer nostalgia circuit. With Survivor, the band that gave the world "Eye of the Tiger." (Westbury Music Fair. July 10 at 8.)

LISA LOEB / MARK EITZEL / BETH ORTON—Since she enjoyed her fifteen minutes with "Stay" four summers ago, Loeb has released two above-average records and reverted to being just another talented performer. / Singer-songwriter Eitzel remains one of our finest poets of tenderloin passion and despair./ Orton is a velvet-voiced, post-folk English cult sensation. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 11 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRE NATIONAL DE BARBES / RACHID TAHA—Trance grooves from North Africa via Paris and Raï music from Taha and his twelve-piece ensemble. (Central Park SummerStage. July 12 at 3.)

CHICAGO / HALL & OATES—More summer hits to stir the memory banks. (Jones Beach Theatre. 516-221-1000. July 12 at 7:30.)

THIRD EYE BLIND—Above-average rock out of San Francisco. (Hammerstein Ballroom, Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. 564-4882. July 14-15 at 7:30.)

BOYZ II MEN—The current heavyweight champion on the R. & B. vocal scene. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. July 14 at 8.)

DAN FOGELBERG—The long-suffering folk troubadour. (Westbury Music Fair. July 14 at 8.)

JIMMY PAGE AND ROBERT PLANT—The Zeus and Thor of the rock pantheon are back and having a blast with a new album, a gold-plated set of Zeppelin songs, and a theremin. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. July 14 at 8.)

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

BIRDLAND, 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—July 8-9: "Soul Survivors." Old-school jazz-funk from a quintet of masters, including guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE,** drummer **IDRIS MUHAMMAD,**

bassist **GORDON EDWARDS**, saxophonist **ERNIE WATTS**, and organist **BROTHER JACK MC DUFF**. July 10-11: **ANNIE ROSS**, the female element of the celebrated vocal troupe Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross and the twisted mind behind the lyrics of the bopster anthem "Twisted," is still going strong on her own. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through July 12: Guitarist **LEE RITENOUR**. Dining.

CITRON 47, at 401 W. 47th St. (397-4747)—A comfy living-room bistro in Hell's Kitchen. The **CHUCK WILSON** quartet is out to show that Monday nights aren't just for big bands. Swing saxophonist Wilson's chamber-jazz foursome includes guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN**, a master of pre-bop idioms, trombonist **JOEL HELLENY**, and bassist **MURRAY WALL**. The Brazilian percussionist **CAFE** leads his own eclectic group on Tuesdays. Dining.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, Broadway at 92nd St. (769-6969)—**MARC COPLAND**, a sterling pianist whose recordings with bass and drums display his sensitive touch and acute harmonic perspective, revels in that tried-and-true setting, with alternating players, Mondays through the end of the year.

IRIDIUM, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through July 12: The **ANDY BEY** trio. The man who used to sing Horace Silver's love-peace-and-tolerance lyrics back in the seventies has reinvented himself as an *Über*-romantic. Letting ballads soak luxuriously in his plush tenor voice and setting them off with just-right piano chords, Bey sets a deep-blue mood of languor, longing, and loss. Mondays belong to electric-guitar innovator **LES PAUL**. Dining.

JAZZ STANDARD, 116 E. 27th St. (576-2232)—Saxophonist **GREG OSBY** (through July 12), a professional renegade associated with the jazz-insurgent M-Base organization, hasn't quite returned to the fold—let's just say he's reinvestigating the glories of the jazz tradition. Retaining his probing edge, Osby remains one of the sharpest and least predictable alto players to have emerged in the past two decades.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass figurine lamps. July 8-11: **STEVE KUHN**, a marvellous pianist who finds new vistas in old standards, backed up by a first-rate rhythm section: bassist **DAVID FINCK** and drummer **KENNY WASHINGTON**.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A plush, Art Deco shrine, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. Up now: "I Love New York," a revue featuring Bryan Batt, Lewis Cleale, Heather Mac Rae, and Janet Metz. Through July 26. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Sean Mahony and Hilary Kole. Closed Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The **RONNIE BURRAGE** group is in through July 12. With a harmonica player, a guitarist, and the creative saxophonist **ERIC PERSON** fortifying his band, you know that drummer Burrage has something imaginative up his sleeve. To further confound expectations, the leader will double on keyboards. Dining.

TONIC, 107 Norfolk St. (358-7503)—July 8: Former Living Colour guitarist **VERNON REID**. July 10: **MARC RIBOT Y LOS CUBANOS POSTIZOS**. Tracing the stylistic trajectory of guitarist Ribot's career as he flits from jazz to pop to ethnic musics and back again offers little in the way of evolutionary logic. That he's now obsessed with putting a postmodern spin on classic Cuban music should be accepted and enjoyed rather than understood. July 11: Three of the original architects of Downtown music—saxophonist **JOHN ZORN**, drummer **BOBBY PREVITE**, and guitarist **ELLIOTT SHARP**—meet to construct and, of course, deconstruct sonic edifices whose elements encompass jazz, rock, blues, funk, noise, and points in between. July 12: **DAVID KRAKAUER AND KLEZMER MADNESS**.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through July 12: Pianist **CEDAR WALTON** has a touch of the old Clark Kent/Superman dichotomy: beneath his mild-mannered surface lies a jazzman of steely power and intelligence. In addition to his crafted touch, Walton's a terrific composer and an exacting bandleader. In a trio setting, his refined improvising—clear of thought and wasteless of notes—gleams. An added treat is the presence of drummer **BILLY HIGGINS**, who, in his fifth decade of professional improvising, is now playing at genius level. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. Through July 11: Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE**.

ROCK, ETC.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—July 11: Acoustic survivor **DAN HICKS**, whose cynicism, after all this time, still doesn't outweigh his lyricism.

BOWERY BALLROOM, 6 Delancey St. (533-2111)—July 9: **SEMISONIC**, a great trio out of Minneapolis whose single "Closing Time" is becoming an alternative-rock anthem. July 10: Sinewy, top-shelf drone rock with **VERSUS**.

CHICAGO B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—July 9: **JOHNNIE JOHNSON**, who played piano in Chuck Berry's band for nearly thirty years.

THE MONTGOMERY GLOBAL OPPORTUNITIES FUND

★★★★★

A five-star rating from Morningstar

Morningstar rating for 3 years

Ending 3/31/98 among 722 International Equity Funds

Diversify your portfolio in foreign markets without taking on the higher risks of an exclusively international fund. Offering potential for long-term growth, this 100% no-load fund invests in equity securities of companies carefully selected from the U.S. and many countries around the world. And all you need is a minimum initial investment of $1,000 to get started.

Invest Wisely.®

THE MONTGOMERY FUNDS℠

800-572-FUND

www.montgomeryfunds.com

Foreign investing involves special risks including currency fluctuations and political and economic uncertainty. Past performance is no guarantee of future results. Return and principal value of an investment will fluctuate, so your shares, when redeemed, may be worth more or less than their original cost. Performance figures reflect a partial waiver of fees, without which, the rating may have been lower. Morningstar proprietary ratings reflect historical risk-adjusted performance. Ratings are subject to change monthly. Morningstar's ratings are calculated from the fund's three, five, and ten-year average annual total returns (if available) in excess of 90-day Treasury bill returns with appropriate fee adjustments and a risk factor that reflects fund performance below 90-day T-bill returns. If the fund scores in the top 10% of its class it receives 5 stars. For complete information, including charges and expenses, call for a prospectus to read carefully before investing. Funds Distributor, Inc. (4/98).

Charles Schwab & Co., Inc. (member SIPC/NYSE) provides recordkeeping and shareholder services for shares purchased through its Mutual Fund OneSource service.®

MUTUAL FUND
ONESOURCE
FROM SCHWAB

1-800-5-NO-LOAD

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar hidden inside the Time Café. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—July 8: The bluejeans-and-tie-dye sounds of **GOD STREET WINE.** July 10: **JIMMIE VAUGHN.** Since the tragic death of his brother Stevie Ray, the retiring former Fabulous Thunderbird guitar-slinger has moved bravely into the blues-guitar spotlight. This is a good thing: he's a player capable of volcanic heat.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—July 8: **LISA GERMANO.** Though she may be best remembered as John Mellencamp's former fiddler, this sprite of a singer has quietly become one of the more remarkable acts on the periphery of pop music. Her upcoming album, Slide," is a surprisingly bright collection of songs that, like all her work, sound as if they were conceived somewhere between the prairie and Mars. It's Germano's most accessible record yet. July 9: **LOTION,** the Manhattan rock quartet whose career trajectory is due almost exclusively to an alliance with Thomas Pynchon. July 10-12: **ME'SHELL NDEGÉOCELLO,** a seventies-channelling dynamo whose songs are always in the key of life: she elegantly fuses R. & B., funk, and pop the way Stevie Wonder used to.

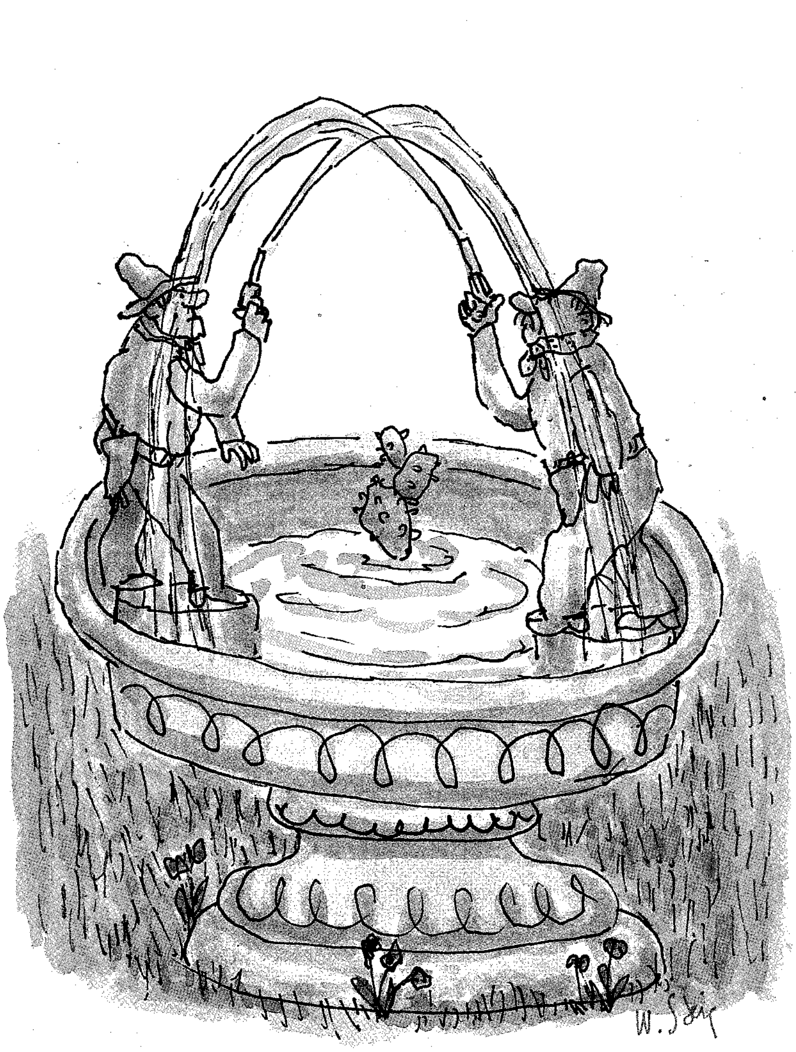
Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—July 11: An evening of swamp-flavored funk with **LITTLE BUSTER AND THE SOUL BROTHERS.**

Les Poulets, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and the occasional cha-cha. Dining.

Shine, 285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (941-0900)—July 13: **RUFUS WAINWRIGHT,** whose folk intensity is genetically driven: his parents are Loudon Wainwright III and Kate McGarrigle. July 14: **HEATHER NOVA,** a winsome singer-songwriter who achieves a fine balance between British pop and American folk rock, and between the youthful and the world-weary.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and the bossa nova. July 9-10: **HUGH MASEKELA.** It has been thirty years since "Grazing in the Grass" was No. 1 on the R. & B. charts, but the great trumpeter still has the same deliciously delicate touch. Dining.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—July 14: The **ROBBY KRIEGER** band. Back in the late sixties, Joan Didion had this to say about the guitarist's old group: "The Doors' music insisted that love was sex and sex was death and therein lay salvation." Of course, that was many years ago, and Jim Morrison, as we all know, is still suffering from death. Krieger's not quite as spry as he used to be, either, but the spirit of the Doors hovers over the proceedings, and, for old fans, that just may be enough.



"Splash and Spectacle," a historical survey of fountain design, at the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum.

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—"Edward Burne-Jones: Victorian Artist-Dreamer," a splendid survey devoted to this preëminent Pre-Raphaelite. The exhibition includes paintings, works on paper, books, stained glass, and tapestries that Burne-Jones executed in collaboration with his friend William Morris. Burne-Jones was immersed in the past—in medieval legends and fantasies, which form the basis of most of his pictures, as well as in his febrile attention to Italian Renaissance painting. Burne-Jones has been unfashionable for a century; this show reanimates him. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ "Ellsworth Kelly on the Roof," an installation of large-scale metal sculptures in the Cantor roof garden. . . . ¶ "'The Academy of the Sword': Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500 to 1800." . . . ¶ "Jean Dunand: Master of Art Deco." Through Oct. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—For seemingly arbitrary reasons, Pierre Bonnard's genius has been reflexively measured against Picasso's, and found wanting. Proust, however, is closer to home, and this exquisite retrospective—the first here in thirty-four years—shows why: both the painter and the novelist turned the surface shimmer of bourgeois contentment into mysterious evocations of memory. Particularly moving are the four large canvases of Bonnard's wife, Marthe, in her bath. Nothing could be further from Picasso's Georgie-Porgie crying women than these sad and sweetly devoted portraits. Through Oct. 13. (See also Galleries—Uptown.) . . . ¶ "Tony Smith: Architect, Painter, Sculptor." Through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ "Aleksandr Rodchenko," the first United States retrospective of the work of the Russian Constructivist. Through Oct. 6. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 6; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—"The Art of the Motorcycle," a dazzling collection of a hundred and eleven bikes, from the late nineteenth century to the present. The installation, designed by architect of the millennium Frank Gehry, is itself a work of art: he has faced the ramps of the rotunda with stainless steel, endowing Frank Lloyd Wright's already spacey conception with a fresh veneer of hallucinatory shimmer. The show could be summarized in one word: bitchin'. Through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ "Peggy Guggenheim: A Centennial Celebration" chronicles the life of the art patron. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ "Vilhelm Hammershøi (1864-1916): Danish Painter of Solitude and Light." Through Sept. 7. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500)—Six finalists for the Hugo Boss Prize—Douglas Gordon, Huang Yong Ping, William Kentridge, Lee Bul, Pipilotti Rist, and Lorna Simpson—await the announcement of the winner, later this month. In the meantime, museumgoers may judge for themselves. Through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Four video installations ("Bronx," "Roma," "Liquid Crystals," and "Baroque Cathodic Movements") by the Venetian artist Fabrizio Plessi. Through Sept. 13. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—A mid-career retrospective of Charles Ray, one of the most discreet yet powerful artists to emerge from the raucous L.A. art scene. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ "Unknown Terrain: The Landscapes of Andrew Wyeth." The one revelation in this survey of sixty years' worth of landscapes is that the artist has apparently *chosen,* from a range of manners he was proficient in, his distinctive style of brittle realism. The show includes a lovely and loose-limbed series of watercolors from the late thirties and early forties depicting the Maine shoreline with a mellifluous palette of reds and greens as well as one still-life, "Sculpin," which feels positively Japanese. Through Aug. 30. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum of Art, Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—"Masters of Color and Light: Homer, Sargent, and the American Watercolor Movement" showcases more than a hundred and fifty works from the museum's extensive collection. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ "Jewels of the Romanovs: Treasures of the Russian Imperial Court." Through July 12. . . . ¶ "Sally Victor, Mad Hatter: 1935-65." Through Aug. 23. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 9; and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

WILLIAM STEIG

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (849-8300)—"Fountains: Splash and Spectacle." The best part of this historical survey of fountain design is the neat aqua booklet that comes with it, listing the top fountains in New York—from Paul Manship's golden Prometheus, at Rockefeller Center, to Gilmore Clarke's Unisphere (and unofficial swimming pool), in Queens. Alas, there are no fountains splashing here, except for those in the photographs and in prints that date back to the time of Siena's Fonte Gaia (ca. 1419). Through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ "Under the Sun: An Outdoor Exhibition of Light" is less an exhibition than a solar-energy propagandafest ("adaptable, clean, constant, durable, versatile," etc.); still, it's certain to fascinate kiddies and idealists alike. Cool solar-powered stuff (a lawnmower, a circus tent, a highway call box, a house) accompanies a retrospective of working photovoltaic cells, tracking their use from NASA satellites to solar-powered Chinese villages. Through Oct. 25. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700)—The Winterstein Collection, a private holding of drawings and watercolors which spans the years 1750 to 1850 (or, the Age of Goethe), is a grab bag of landscapes, allegorical scenes, and portraits, many of them studies for larger works, and all palpably overshadowed by the last great era of German draftsmanship some three centuries before (the Age of Albrecht Dürer). Most compelling here are the oddballs, among them a light-flooded convent by Caspar David Friedrich (ca. 1835) and a winsome 1815 self-portrait by the young Johann von Leonhardsoff, entitled "Pretty Miserable" (he was suffering from tuberculosis at the time). Through Aug. 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (423-3200)—Long cast as one of Pop's elder statesmen, George Segal now appears, in light of this retrospective, as a staid American realist. His life-size plaster casts and polychrome bas-reliefs from the sixties and seventies have a whiff of early Oldenburg, but they're not nearly as sly. His stiff memorials to the Holocaust and the Depression are crowd-pleasers, furthering American statuary's age-old tradition of stoic archetypes. Through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ "An Expressionist in Paris: The Paintings of Chaim Soutine." Through Aug. 16. (Open Sundays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W. (873-3400)—"Paul Robeson: Bearer of a Culture" marks the centennial of the courageous singer and actor with an exhibition of playbills, costumes, F.B.I. files, speeches, correspondence, and other personal mementos. Through July 12. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Summer hours: unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

James Lee Byars—"Four Early Drawings and a Black Figure on the Floor," works executed by the late eccentric artist near the beginning of a decade he spent living in Japan. These works are notable for the way they presage the artist's quirky mystical Conceptualism, fusing elements of Eastern and Western reductivism, Japanese calligraphy, and the nascent Fluxus sensibility. Through Aug. 28. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St. 988-1623.)

"Food for Thought"—Art about comestibles, by Milton Avery, Isabel Bishop, Roz Chast, Janet Fish, Jacob Lawrence, and Wayne Thiebaud, among others. Through Aug. 12. (DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 247-2111.)

"The Inflatable Moment: Pneumatics and Protest in '68"—Blow-up structures (chairs, pods, domes), sketches, and architectural drawings, many of them associated with Utopie, a movement of French activist architects. Charmingly literal applications for political hot air. Through Aug. 29. (Architectural League of New York, 457 Madison Ave., at 50th St. 753-1722.)

"The Sixties in the Seventies"—Performance, Pop, and Minimalist work by big-timers (Artschwager, Dine, Johns, Judd, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Warhol, and cohorts) who were still tousled sprats in the sixties, when they all showed in galleries in the East Seventies. Through July 24. (Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. 794-4444.)

Short List—**robert berlind,** De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 262-5050. Through July 17. . . . **woodrow blagg,** ACA, 41 E. 57th St. 644-8300. Through July 25. . . . **pierre bonnard,** Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. 879-0500. Through Oct. 10. . . . **james d. butler,** Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 355-4545. Through July 24. . . . **george fitzpatrick,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. 879-6606. Through July 17. . . . **shirley goldfarb,** Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. 752-1223. Through Sept. 4. . . . **ynez johnston,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. 888-1122. Through July 10. . . . **yayoi kusama** and **robert filliou,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. 980-5454. Both shows through Aug. 7. . . . **shari mendelson,** St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Through Aug. 24. . . . **auguste rodin,** Channel Gardens, Rockefeller Center, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Through Aug. 31. . . . **anne ryan,** Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. 397-6780. Through July 31.

ONLY CONNECT

Beyond Interface (http://www.archimuse.com/mw98/beyondinterface/)—For those concerned with the state of Net art—and for those unaware that there is Net art to be concerned with the state of—Beyond Interface offers a virtual gallery of virtual art. Some of what's here is dated; some of it's mere data. But the best of it is full of surprises—doorways opening onto doorways that would alarm even Alice.

Mark Amerika's "Grammatron" mocks the interface experience familiar to all desktop jockeys ("Please wait while the machine reads you"), but he uses Shockwave and Javascript to make the pulse of his piece more cinematic (if less poetic) than the work of the postmodern epigram artist Jenny Holzer, to whom many of these necessarily word-dependent artists are indebted.

Science fiction and Dada also inform the best of them. Annette Weintraub's "Pedestrian" combines a fetish for urban objects (shrines, signs) with dogmatic poetry, while Piotr Szyhalski's "The Final Analysis" is like a blueprint for despair. Alexei Shulgin's "Desktop Is" ("Desktop is the face of your computer/Desktop is your everyday torture") blurs the line between propaganda and art and may remind some people a little too much of being at work—although that may be the idea.

In fact, much of the art in Beyond Interface is office samizdat: antibureaucratic, technophobic, and ripe for the confiscating. (Office networks are becoming more adept at monitoring workers' viewing habits with good reason: most people go on-line during business hours, with late afternoon being peak Web-watching time.) If Big Brother were to catch you looking at John F. Simon, Jr.,'s "Every Icon," he might mistake the art for work. You, on the other hand, only run the risk of mistaking your work for your life. As Mark Amerika writes in "Grammatron": "It is the data that scares me."

RHINO

What's missing from your record collection?

"Three generations worth of Warner Bros.' movie music — over four CDs — all packaged in a luxurious blue velvet box that matches my living room furniture. Who could ask for anything more!"

-Julie D'Angelo, Actual Rhino employee

Warner Bros. 75 Years Of Film Music

Five hours of fabulous film music from an eclectic array of performers including:

Louis Armstrong, Judy Garland, Doris Day, Curtis Mayfield, Barbra Streisand, Willie Nelson, Paul Simon, Eric Clapton, Sting, Madonna — Coolio, even!

One more star and we'd have a galaxy, not a box set!

Available at

BORDERS®

BOOKS, MUSIC, VIDEO, AND A CAFE.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

"Bathroom"—A large, ambitious, and generally satisfying group show dedicated to that most humble yet essential of household and institutional rooms. Curated by Wayne Koestenbaum, author of such witty ventures into cultural studies as "The Queen's Throat" and "Jackie Under My Skin," the show assembles works by the famous (Andy Warhol, Alice Neel, Robert Mapplethorpe) as well as the young and relatively obscure. Among the highlights of the latter group: Chivas Clem and Claude Wampler's "Frank Hole (Gloria Sinatra)," a viciously funny video sendup of the late singer in which the two artists visited a university glory hole and took turns poking their tongues through an orifice in a glossy photo of Ol' Blue Eyes. Lurid, disrespectful, great. Through Aug. 7. (Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. 243-3753.)

"Raugh"—The relocated Rosen gallery opens its new Chelsea digs with the work of Andrea Zittel, who can't seem to decide whether her art belongs in the pages of *ArtForum* or *Metropolitan Home:* the giant space is populated by furniture made from chunky, soft-foam "rocks" that resemble those seen in zoo environments or high-school productions of "Planet of the Apes." Through July 10. (Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. 627-6000.)

Short List—**vinnie angel,** Kravets/Wehby, 529 W. 21st St. 352-2238. Through Aug. 28. . . . **deborah brown,** Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave., at 23rd St. 242-7767. Open Sundays, noon to 5; through July 31. . . . **arthur ganson,** Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4819. Through July 18. . . . **jonathan horowitz,** Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. 463-7770. Through July 31. . . . **charles long,** Bonakdar Jancou, 521 W. 21st St. 414-4144. Through July 24. . . . **h. n. semjon,** Au Base, 433 W. 14th St. 414-0563. Through July 31. . . . **richard tsao** and **madeline weinrib,** DeChiara Stewart, 521 W. 26th St. 967-6007. Both shows through July 18.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler—The SoHo half of Kelley and Oursler's auto-rockumentary is slightly less cacophonous than the Chelsea edition. The pair's multimedia paean to their late-seventies art-school band features interviews with cronies like L.A. artist Jim Shaw and a segment in which an actor reads their punk-rock poesy off cue cards. At turns brilliant and snotty, it's the victory cry/plaintive wail of a couple of CalArts geeks made good. Through July 31. (Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. 965-0753.)

Rachel Whiteread—The British sculptor, whose concrete cast of the interior of a London row house set off a career-making ruckus, now sets her sights on New York's urban architecture. But her version of a wooden water tower, cast from ghostly translucent resin, looks somewhat wan amid the real things. Still, it's a more welcome SoHo monument than Old Navy. ("Water Tower," which was funded by the Public Art Fund, can be seen by standing on the southwest corner of West Broadway and Grand St. and looking up. For more information, call 980-4575.)

"Deep Thought"—This bid to link old-school Conceptualists to a new crop of systems-oriented artists only highlights their differences: Matthew Ritchie's paint-chip cosmology, David Bunn's found poetry (from library card catalogues), and Toland Grinnell's allegorical "computer" (a rickety cabinet enclosing a plastic oasis) bespeak the currently fashionable trend away from gravity and toward whimsy. Through July 31. (Basilico Fine Arts, 26 Wooster St. 966-1831.)

Group Show—Feature remains one of the few SoHo galleries (of those few remaining) that can put together a surprising and eclectic summer bill of fare. The current group includes German painter Jochen Klein, whose work falls in the Gerhard Richter lineage. Jeff Ono evokes high formalism with conspicuously humble materials (straws, chewing gum) à la Sol Le Witt. Scott Hug lives, like so many young artists, for trippy geometries. And Richard Hawkins's "Zombies" are among the most riveting recent evocations of teen (homo)-erotic obsession gone over the brink: computer-generated heads of lusciously vacant boys. Through July 31. (76 Greene St. 941-7077.)

"Painting from Another Planet: New Painting from Los Angeles"—Ignore the flip title and you'll find some fine paintings: Sharon Ellis's subtly psychedelic field of daisies, "Morning" (1998), makes one long for more; Kevin Appel's super-flat interiors pay homage to the architectural legacy of Moderne homeboys Neutra and Schindler; and Chris Finley's tableaux of bodybuilders and pizzas refer to his nearly pathological sculpture (legendary in L.A., hardly seen in New York). Through July 31. (Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. 343-7300.)

"Peep Show"—A scattershot group show of art about sex, the body, and looking. No great curatorial insights here, but some real finds: a Robert Colescott watercolor, a few of David Salle's underappreciated photographs, a Hopper etching, and two of Eugene von Bruenchenhein's touching (and touched) forties-era photos of his wife in stripper attire. Even better are cheek-burningly erotic Japanese and Indian prints from centuries past—historically shagadelic, baby. Through July 24. (Ross, 568 Broadway. 343-2161.)

Short List—**suellen glashausser,** Eno, 594 Broadway. 226-5342. Through July 9. . . . **yayoi kusama,** Blum, 99 Wooster St. 343-0441. Through Sept. 26. . . . **joan personette,** Courtyard Gallery, World Financial Center, 220 Vesey St. 945-0505. Through Aug. 9. . . . **tomoko takahashi,** The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. 219-2166. Through July 31. . . . **richard tuttle,** A/D, 560 Broadway. 966-5154. Through July 31. . . . **claude wampler** and **mungo thomson,** Postmasters, 80 Greene St. 941-5711. Both shows through July 11.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Kim Iacono—Eleven years' worth of haunting black-and-white pictures of the sideshows, the carnival rides, and the shoreline of Coney Island. Through July 12. (Williamsburg Art & Historical Center, 135 Broadway, at Bedford St., Brooklyn. 718-486-7372. Open Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

"Color"—A group show of works by gallery artists Lynn Davis, Sally Mann, and Victor Schrager and guest artists Christopher Bucklow, Adam Fuss, and Dana Hoey. Through Aug. 14. (Houk, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 750-7070.)

"Police Pictures: The Photograph As Evidence"—Nearly a hundred anonymous photographs interspersed with works by Gardner, Atget, Riis, and Weegee. Through July 18. (Grey Art Gallery, 100 Washington Sq. E. 998-6780. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

"Ship/Shape"—Nautical imagery by such European and American photographers as Doris Ulmann, Edward Steichen, Harold Costain, and Edward Prince of Wales. Through Aug. 29. (DeLellis, 47 E. 68th St. 327-1482. Closed Tuesdays.)

"A Summer Wedding"—Works by a broad range of artists, including Donna Ferrato, Charles Harbutt, Bruce Davidson, Andy Marcus, Mary Ellen Mark, Sylvia Plachy, and Philip Jones Griffiths. Through Aug. 8. (Leica, 670 Broadway. 777-3051. Opens Saturdays at noon.)

"Take the A Train"—A very large, perhaps intentionally overcrowded compendium of mostly black-and-white shots of the subways and trains of New York City. There are so many bits of magic, though, from the likes of Louis Faurer, William Klein, Louis Stettner, Walker Evans, Danny Lyon, and Helen Levitt, that you can deal with it. Through Aug. 14. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. 334-0010.)

"Cows in a Row," by Nina Korhonen (SABA).

International Center of Photography—"Comparative Concepts: Photographs by August Sander, Karl Blossfeldt, Albert Renger-Patzsch, and Bernd and Hilla Becher." Through Sept. 13. (1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. 860-1777. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

International Center of Photography Midtown—"Mathew Brady's Portraits: Images As History, Photography As Art," a travelling show of more than a hundred daguerreotypes, albumen prints, "Imperial" salted-paper prints, and cartes de visite. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ "A Bronx Family Album: The Impact of AIDS, by Steve Hart." Through Sept. 6. (Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. 860-1777. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**manuel alvarez bravo,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. 925-5510. Through July 24. . . . **herman costa,** Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4819. Through Aug. 14. . . . **lucien hervé,** Gallery 292, at 120 Wooster St. 431-0292. Through Aug. 14. . . . **michael kenna,** Mann, 42 E. 76th St. 570-1223. Through Aug. 14. . . . **nina korhonen,** SABA, 116 E. 16th St. 477-7722. Through Aug. 31. . . . **alexander rodchenko,** Schickler, 560 Broadway. 431-6363. Through Aug. 14. . . . **toshio shibata,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. 226-1220. Through July 10. . . . **josef sudek,** Alan Klotz/Photocollect, 22 E. 72nd St. 327-2211. Closed Tuesdays; through Aug. 1. . . . **john waters,** Gavin Brown's Enterprise, 436 W. 15th St. 627-5258. Closed Tuesdays; through July 31.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

OPERA

Opera Nova—This year-old company is striving to stake a claim as a specialist in operatic makeovers: it transforms classic operas by placing their action in unexpected locales, rewriting their librettos in ostensibly hip English, and truncating them to render them "suitable for family viewing" (so says the company). The group's season opens with "The Metermaids' Sister," in which (as Opera Nova relates it) the heroine, Mary, "abandoned in a parking lot in early childhood, is raised by Amazonian metermaids. She falls in love with Tony, a cabbie, who doubleparks in order to be with her." Sound familiar? Probably not: it's a fair bet you've never seen Donizetti's "La Fille du Régiment" quite like this. (Sanford Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. July 10-11 at 7:30 and July 12 at 3:30. For information about tickets, call 724-8204. Through July 19.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Lincoln Center Festival 1998—July 8 and July 10-11, all at 7:30: The première performances of "Patience and Sarah," a chamber folk-opera about a nineteenth-century lesbian couple, with music by Paula M. Kimper and libretto by Wende Persons. (John Jay Theatre, Tenth Ave. at 58th St.) . . . ¶ July 9 at 8: Kurt Masur conducts the New York Philharmonic in Bernstein's Symphony No. 2 ("The Age of Anxiety," featuring pianist Lukas Foss) and Mahler's Symphony No. 1. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ July 9-10 at 8:30: "Ordo Virtutum," a morality play by the twelfth-century abbess Hildegarde von Bingen, performed by Sequentia. (Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Ninth Ave. at 59th St.) . . . ¶ July 13 at 5:30: The intrepid British organist Christopher Herrick, who spent a decade reigning over the loft at Westminster Abbey, launches a two-week traversal (with one recital each day) of the complete organ works of Bach, playing on the rarely employed Kuhn instrument of Alice Tully Hall. His opening program comprises the C-Major Fantasia (BWV 570), the Preludes and Fugues in A Minor (BWV 543) and D Minor (BWV 539), the chorale partita "Sei gegrüsset, Jesu gütig," the Trio No. 1, and the Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue in C Major. . . . ¶ July 14 at 5:30: Mr. Herrick performs Bach's Preludes and Fugues in G Major (BWV 541) and D Major (BWV 532), the six "Schübler" Chorales, the Trio No. 2, and the F-Major Pastorale. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ July 14-15 at 8: Mr. Masur and the New York Philharmonic offer Ives's "Three Places in New England," Copland's Clarinet Concerto (featuring the orchestra's principal clarinettist, Stanley Drucker), Bernstein's Symphony No. 1 ("Jeremiah," with mezzo-soprano Susanna Poretsky), and Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" (with pianist Fazil Say). (Avery Fisher Hall.) (For information about tickets for all festival performances, call 721-6500. . . . **Note:** The Shanghai Kunju Opera Company's production of "The Peony Pavilion," scheduled to be presented July 7-12 and July 17-19, has been cancelled due to a political impasse with Chinese cultural authorities. For information about ticket refunds, call 875-5030.)

Manhattan Chamber Orchestra—Richard Auldon Clark conducts Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat" (with narrator Claire Bloom) and "Renard" (featuring Songfellows, a male vocal ensemble). (Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. July 9 at 1. No tickets necessary.)

New York City 100—The group behind the celebrations of the centennial of the city's consolidation hosts a concert involving the New York Philharmonic (with Kurt Masur leading Bernstein's "Candide" Overture and "Symphonic Dances from 'West Side Story,'" among other works), the New York Pops (conducted by Skitch Henderson), and the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra (directed by Wynton Marsalis). (Great Lawn, Central Park. July 10 at 7. No tickets necessary. For rain-date information, call 877-8984.)

Washington Square Music Festival—The outdoor series continues as Johannes Somary directs the Festival Chamber Orchestra in Cimarosa's "Giannina e Bernardone" Overture, Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante for Violin and Viola, and (with the Amor Artis Chorus and four soloists) Haydn's "Nelson" Mass. (Southeast corner of Washington Sq. July 14 at 8. No tickets necessary. In case of rain, the concert takes place at N.Y.U.'s Loewe Theatre, 35 W. 4th St.)

RECITALS

"Music in the Garden"—The Church of the Holy Trinity's outdoor picnic-and-concert series opens with a performance by flutist Daniel Dorrance, violinist Hiroko Taguchi, and cellist Allen Alexander, offering divertimentos by Mozart, trio sonatas by Bach and Domenico Scarlatti, and works by Carl Stamitz and Franz Danzi. (316 E. 88th St. July 8 at 7:15. Admission by contribution.)

Bargemusic—July 9 at 7:30 and July 12 at 4: Presenting string quintets by Brahms and Glazunov. . . . ¶ July 10 at 7:30: Violinist Ani Kavafian and pianist Jonathan Feldman perform sonatas by Mozart, Prokofiev, and Strauss, in addition to short pieces by Kreisler. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061.)

Summergarden—The Museum of Modern Art's exploration of twentieth-century works associated with New York City continues with a program of pieces for pairs of pianists and percussionists: Carl Ruggles's "Organum," Lukas Foss's "Ni Bruit Ni Vitesse," Steve Reich's "Marimba Phase," David Lang's "Orpheus Over and Under," and Gershwin's "'I Got Rhythm' Variations." George François and Yi-heng Yang man the keyboards; Matthew Gold and Brian Resnick make up the percussion section. (Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. July 10-11 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Laura Frautschi and Kristina Cooper—Violinist and cellist, with pianist Ilan Rechtman, performing works by Piazzolla, Gershwin, Kreisler, and others. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. July 12 at noon. For information about tickets, call 718-885-2478.)

Salon Soirées—The wife-and-husband cello-and-piano duo of Iris Regev and Ilan Rechtman offers Beethoven's G-Minor Cello Sonata; Ori Kam joins Mr. Rechtman for Hindemith's Viola Sonata No. 2. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. July 12 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

Zuill Bailey and Simone Dinnerstein—The cellist and the pianist perform Beethoven's "Bei Männern" Variations, Brahms's E-Minor Sonata, and Chopin's "Polonaise Brilliante" as the entertainment for a dinner concert. (Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. 840-6800. July 12 at 6:30.)

Ori Kam—Violist, playing Brahms's Sonata No. 1, Hindemith's Sonata No. 2, and three pieces by the evening's pianist, Ilan Rechtman. (Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St. July 13 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

"New Music July"—A series featuring pianists with avant-garde proclivities opens with recitals by two staples of New York's modern-music scene. July 13 at 9: Kathleen Supové—she of the ominously titled "Exploding Piano" concerts—performs works by Randall Woolf, Molly Thompson, Morton Feldman, Carolyn Yarnell, and Frederic Rzewski (his "Four North American Ballads"). . . . ¶ July 14 at 9: Anthony deMare offers études by Debussy and Rachmaninoff; tangos by Piazzolla, Copland, Stravinsky, and Chester Biscardi; Busoni's "Variations on a Theme by Chopin"; Satie's "Embryons Desséchés"; and pieces by György Kurtág and Rzewski. (Flea Theatre, 41 White St., between Church St. and Broadway. 226-0051.)

Piotr Anderszewski—In his New York début recital, the pianist performs Bach's "Overture in the French Style" (from Volume Two

LANA'I VISITING
ARTIST PROGRAM
Invitation

Say Aloha to the Masters!

Carlos Barbosa-Lima
July 30, Renowned Classical Guitarist
with Basist Byron Yasui

Chef Robert del Grande
August 8-9, Acclaimed
"Cowboy Cuisine" Chef of Houston's
Cafe Annie

Rick Smolan
September 5, Renowned Photographer
and Best Selling Author

The Lana'i Visiting Artist Program, co-sponsored by Creative Leisure International showcases celebrated literary, culinary, musical & fine artists in an intimate living-room setting at the Lodge at Koele® and the Manele Bay Hotel™. The programs are free to all island of Lana'i guests. Performances subject to change. For more information or reservations contact your travel agent or 1-800-321-4666. E-mail us at reservations@lanai-resorts.com or call Creative Leisure at 1-800-413-1000.

LANA'I
Hawaii

CREATIVE
LEISURE

of the "Clavier-Übung"), Szymanowski's "Metopes," and Bartók's Fourteen Bagatelles (Op. 6). (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. July 14 at 5:45.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—The group's brass players perform original works and arrangements by Giovanni Gabrieli, Ives, and others. (Central Park Band Shell, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 14 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Peter Stoltzfus—Organist, performing Widor's Symphony No. 7, in addition to works by Leo Sowerby and Jehan Alain. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. July 14 at 7. Admission by contribution.)

OUT OF TOWN

Caramoor—July 9 at 4:15: A recital by pianists Stella Simakova, Ju-Ying Song, and Mai-Ting Sun. . . . ¶ July 10 at 8: Not long ago, the Alexander String Quartet completed its recordings of all sixteen of Beethoven's quartets. One might imagine that, in the course of that monumental exercise, the group's members would have discovered subtle connections among those works, links that might serve as points of departure to insightful concert programming. Instead, they've allowed audiences during the past year to create their all-Beethoven programs for them on the spot, with listeners voting for their favorite early, middle, and late works (one of each). If that sounds like your cup of tea, this is the concert for you. . . . ¶ July 11 at 8:30: Peter Oundjian leads the Orchestra of St. Luke's in Vaughan Williams's "Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis," Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Misha Dichter), and Dvořák's Symphony No. 9. . . . ¶ July 12 at 4:30: Pianists Misha and Cipa Dichter, violinists Robert McDuffie and Nicholas Mann, violist Lawrence Dutton, and cellist Carter Brey offer a concert comprising Schumann's Piano Quintet, Ravel's "La Valse," and Saint-Saëns's "Variations on a Theme of Beethoven" and his "Carnival of the Animals" (with actress Blythe Danner as narrator). (Katonah, N.Y. 914-232-1252.)

Music Festival of the Hamptons—July 10 at 7: In the season's opening concert, tenor Robert White and pianist Samuel Sanders perform songs by Poulenc, and Lukas Foss leads (from the piano) Bach's "Brandenburg" Concerto No. 5. (Snakehollow Road, Bridgehampton.) . . . ¶ July 11 at 11:30 A.M.: A children's concert. (Snakehollow Road, Bridgehampton.) . . . ¶ July 11 at 4: Pianist Dmitri Gordin performs sonatas by Beethoven (the "Waldstein"), Liszt, and Scriabin (his Fifth). (Parrish Memorial Hall, Southampton.) . . . ¶ July 11 at 8: Joan Morris, William Bolcom, Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Phyllis Newman are among the guests for a Gershwin celebration. (Snakehollow Road, Bridgehampton.) . . . ¶ July 12 at 11:30 A.M.: A children's concert of Chinese music. (Snakehollow Road, Bridgehampton.) . . . ¶ July 12 at 7:30: Guitarist Sharon Isbin, percussionist Gaudencio Thiago de Mello, and clarinettist Dexter Payne offer pieces inspired by South American traditional music. (Snakehollow Road, Bridgehampton.) . . . ¶ July 13 at 8: Ruth Monte performs Book One of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier," circulating among the piano, harpsichord, and organ in the course of the concert. (Old Whaler's Church, Sag Harbor.) . . . ¶ July 14 at 8: The Rossetti String Quartet plays Germaine Tailleferre's Quartet in C-Sharp Minor and an arrangement of Ravel's "La Valse"; pianist Steven Halloran and narrator George Plimpton present Satie's amusing "Sports et Divertissements." (Guild Hall, Easthampton.) (For information about tickets for all festival events, call 800-644-4418. The festival continues through July 19.)

Opera Festival of New Jersey—July 10 at 8: Presenting "Tosca." . . . ¶ July 11 at 8: The opening performance of Carlisle Floyd's "Susannah," with soprano Emily Pulley in the title role. . . . ¶ July 12 at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. (McCarter Theatre, 91 University Pl., Princeton, N.J. 609-683-8000.)

Tanglewood—July 10 at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducts the Boston Symphony in Takemitsu's "riverrun" and Mozart's C-Minor Piano Concerto (both featuring Peter Serkin) and Dvořák's Symphony No. 7. . . . ¶ July 11 at 8:30: Mr. Ozawa and the Boston Symphony perform Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto (with Itzhak Perlman) and Symphony No. 5. . . . ¶ July 12 at 2:30: Rimsky-Korsakov's "Introduction and Wedding March" from "Le Coq d'Or," Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Yefim Bronfman), and Rachmaninoff's "Symphonic Dances," with Sergiu Comissiona leading the Boston Symphony. . . . ¶ July 14 at 8:30: The Boston Pops, conducted by Keith Lockhart, offers an all-American program that includes Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" (with duo-pianists Anthony and Joseph Paratore). (Lenox, Mass. 800-274-8499.)

Glimmerglass Opera—July 11 at 8: "Falstaff." . . . ¶ July 12 at 2: "Tosca." (Cooperstown, N.Y. 607-547-2255.)

Maverick Concerts—July 11 at 8: Pianist Ruth Laredo performs works by Brahms, Ravel, Schumann, and Scriabin. . . . ¶ July 12 at 3: The Miami String Quartet performs quartets by Mozart (in E-Flat Major, K. 428), Peteris Vasks (his Third), and Verdi. (Woodstock, N.Y. 914-679-8217.)

Music Mountain—July 12 at 3: The Leontóvych String Quartet performs quartets by Beethoven (in E-Flat Major, Op. 127) and Mozart (also in E-Flat Major, K. 171), and Miroslav Soryk assists in the première of his own Concerto for Piano and String Quartet. (Falls Village, Conn. 860-824-7126.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Laying It On Thick—Joanne Gair, a makeup artist whose achievements include painting a three-piece suit on Demi Moore for a 1992 *Vanity Fair* cover, goes to work on a seminude female model, re-creating her latest effort, an advertisement for Campari featuring a woman with skin the color—think sunburn red—of the Italian liqueur. Drinks will be served. (Remi, 145 W. 53rd St. July 8 from noon to 2. No tickets necessary.)

Hell of a Commute—Twenty-two men and women and five six-person relay teams compete in the seventeenth annual Manhattan Island Marathon Swim, on July 11. Two-time winner Kris Rutford and four-time champion Shelley Taylor-Smith, who holds the record for the fastest swim around Manhattan (5:45:25, in a different event in 1995), are two to watch during the twenty-eight-and-a-half-mile race, which starts at 8:50 A.M., in the Hudson River, off Battery Park. The swimmers head north up the East River, to the Harlem River, and should be back at Battery Park around 4. For more information, call 888-692-7946.

Safe!—The New York Road Runners Club sponsors a five-kilometre (3.1-mile) fun run around the parking lot of Shea Stadium which ends on the playing field, at home plate. For more information, call 860-4455.

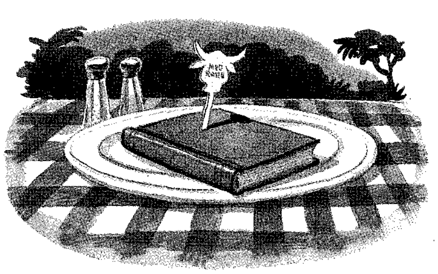
Readings—July 9 at 7: By Gary Kinder, from his account of treasure hunting in the Atlantic, "Ship of Gold in the Deep Blue Sea." (Barnes & Noble, Broadway at 66th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ July 9 at 8:30: By Grace Paley, from her recent nonfiction collection, "Just As I Thought," and bell hooks, from her memoir "Bone Black." (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ July 14 at 8: By spoken-word performer Amanda Nazario and the Virginia-based storyteller Clay McLeod Chapman. (Chelsea Feast Café, 507 W. 23rd St. No tickets necessary.)

Walk—July 12 at 9:30 A.M.: Naturalist Cliff Hagen keeps an eye out for rabbits, box turtles, tree frogs, and other local wildlife on a tour of Staten Island's Blue Heron Park. For more information, call 718-727-1135.

BOOK CURRENTS

To Build a Fire

It used to be that a man who wanted to cook in broad daylight needed an excuse. In **The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway** (Scribner), Nick Adams makes reheating spaghetti and pork and beans sound as gruelling as broncobusting. He chops "chunks of pine" with an ax, rams a wire grill over the fire, "pushing the four legs down into the ground with his boot," and blusters, "I've got a right to eat this kind of stuff, if I'm willing to carry it."

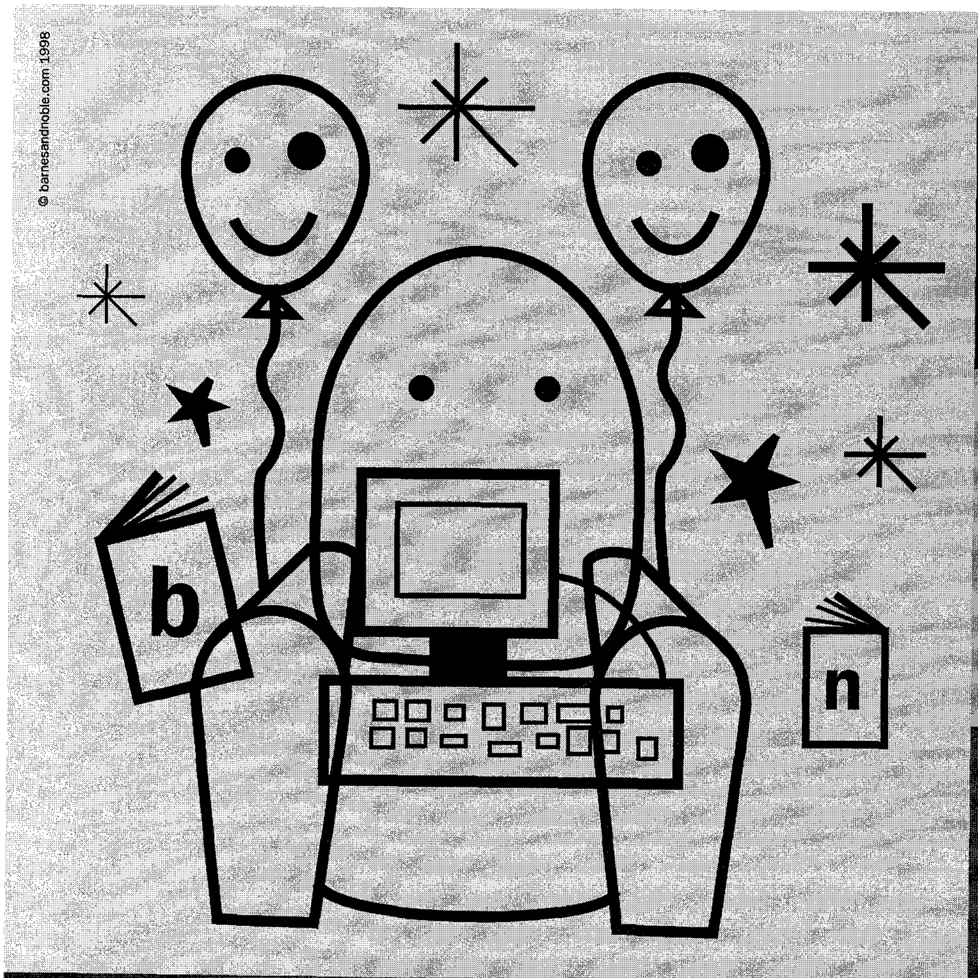


Lately, though, the outdoorsman's cooking ethos has turned into something a lot lighter—or at least tangier—and any man can wear an apron proudly, as long as he wears it out of doors, beside a hissing grill. Those for whom grilling is a test of identity might consult **Smokestack Lightning: Adventures in the Heart of Barbecue Country** (North Point), Lolis Eric Elie's humorous exploration of Deep South barbecuing mores. "Competitive barbecue is definitively male," Elie observes, "yet it's a non-contact sport, which means that in competitive barbecuing there is the rush of testosterone without the accompanying injuries." A recipe section at the back reveals the secret ingredients of barbecue fixin's: baked beans and sweet slaw, pecan pie and Oklahoma Joe's Smoked Cabbage.

For aspiring gourmets of the grill, however, there is only one book: **The Barbecue Bible** (Workman). This five-hundred-and-fifty-six-page tome contains hundreds of exotically spiced recipes gathered by Steven Raichlen, a chef who travelled to twenty-five countries to report on the state of grilling worldwide. Near the Black Sea, for example, he encountered Alexandre Dumas's Georgian-Style Lamb Kebabs, which put him in touch with barbecue's surprisingly illustrious past. As long ago as 1859, Dumas wrote, "Even if you don't have a skewer, or happen to be traveling in a place where skewers are unknown, you can always substitute something else. Throughout my travels the cleaning-rod of my rifle served as a skewer, and I didn't notice any harm to the worthiness of my weapon from using it in this humble role." In other words, if you really want to outdo the guy next door, try shish kebab on a gun.

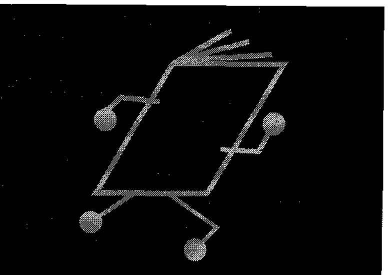
DOUG ALLEN

© barnesandnoble.com 1998

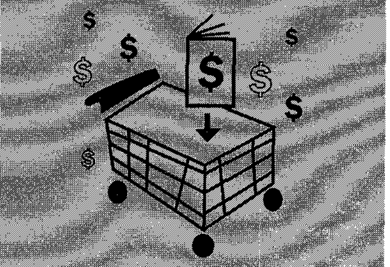


Announcing the location of our newest bookstore.

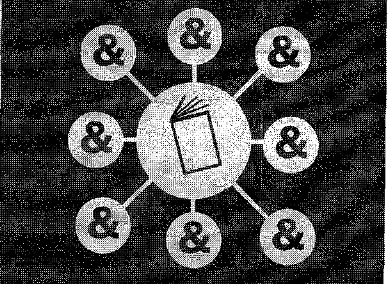
Your den.



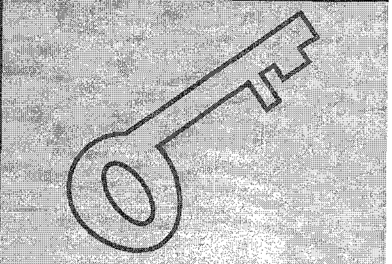
now that's speedy delivery
Most books shipped within 24 hours.



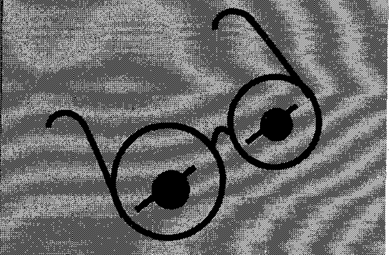
get a load of these prices
Up to 40% off hardcovers and 90% off bargain books.



what a selection
Get your hands on millions of books.



don't worry about a thing
Purchase books online with complete security.



do we know books, or what?
Who else but Barnes & Noble could bring you a website this amazing?

barnesandnoble.com

aol keyword: barnesandnoble the world's largest bookseller online

See the Met.
Stroll in Central Park.
Walk home every night.

Just off Madison Avenue...on New York City's elegant Upper East Side...the Surrey Hotel welcomes you.

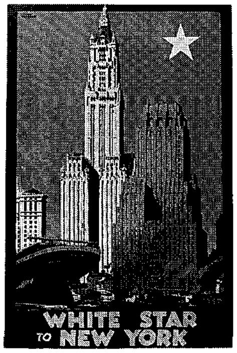
Spacious, tastefully appointed suites, a 24-hour fitness center, the acclaimed cuisine of chef Daniel Boulud, superb service and value have all made the Surrey a favorite of sophisticated travelers for both short- and long-term stays.

For rate information and a brochure, please call 1-800-9-SURREY.

SURREY HOTEL
A MANHATTAN EAST SUITE HOTEL
Get the better of New York.℠

20 East 76th Street • New York, NY 10021
Fax: (212) 628-1549 • www.mesuite.com

AUCTIONS AT SWANN



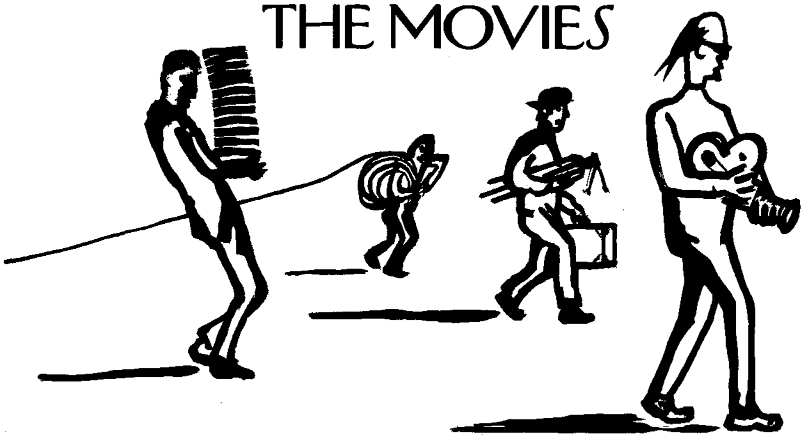
Frank Newbould, London, circa 1920

AT AUCTION
August 5 at 2:00 p.m.
POSTERS
Beaches · Resorts
Rail · Circus · Golf
Art Nouveau · Art Deco
Illustrated Catalogue $25
Inquiries: Nicholas Lowry

For preview hours and newsletter, please call Swann at (212) 254-4710.
IAG International Auctioneers A GLOBAL PARTNERSHIP

SWANN GALLERIES
104 E. 25 Street, New York, NY 10010

THE MOVIES



OPENINGS

Brother—Writer-director Alexei Balabanov's tale of two brothers in St. Petersburg who become involved in the Russian Mafia. In Russian. Opening July 8. (Film Forum.)

Home Before Dark—The story of an eleven-year-old girl in Massachusetts in 1963 trying to keep her family together. Written and directed by Maureen Foley. Opening July 10. (Quad Cinema.)

Lethal Weapon 4—Mel Gibson, Danny Glover, Joe Pesci, and Rene Russo are joined by Chris Rock (as a young detective) and Jet Li (as a crime lord) in the continuing adventures of Martin Riggs and Roger Murtaugh. Directed by Richard Donner. Opening July 10.

Madeline—Hatty Jones stars as the heroine, in this film based on Ludwig Bemelmans' stories of a young girl in a Parisian private school. With Frances McDormand, directed by Daisy von Scherler Mayer. Opening July 10. (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, and 64th and 2nd.)

π—Writer-director Darren Aronofsky's sci-fi thriller about a mathematical genius (Sean Gullette), Wall Street, and Jewish mystical writings. Opening July 10. (Angelika Film Center.)

Small Soldiers—An adventure story about action-figure toys that come to life. Directed by Joe Dante. Opening July 10. (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)

Whatever—Susan Skoog's début film follows a young artist (Liza Weil) who finds adventure in the Big Apple. Opening July 10. (Angelika Film Center and Eastside Playhouse.)

FILM NOTES

(If a movie has been reviewed recently in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Un Air de Famille (Family Resemblances)—The fourth feature from director Cédric Klapisch, a graduate of the N.Y.U. film school, is a tight, depressing comedy of manners—or, at any rate, of increasingly bad manners. A family gathers at a crummy café in a French provincial town; any hopes of a smooth evening start to blister almost immediately. The mother (Claire Maurier) favors one of her adult sons and disdains the other. There is also a belligerently unmarried daughter (Agnès Jaoui) and a birthday girl, Yolande (Catherine Frot), who buckles under her first glass of champagne. Klapisch steeps his cast in an authentically sick and yellowing light, and there's real confidence in his timing. But the film is a struggle; it was originally a stage play by Jaoui and her co-star, Jean-Pierre Bacri, and it still feels sullen and cramped. What saves it is Catherine Frot, whose tipsy dance routine, revelling in indignity, seems like a brief and wondrous escape. In French.—*Anthony Lane* (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

Armageddon—Another adventure-thriller about an asteroid on a collision course with Earth. With Bruce Willis, Billy Bob Thornton, Liv Tyler, and Ben Affleck; directed by Michael Bay. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, Murray Hill Cinemas, Olympia, Orpheum VII, Sutton, and Village Theatre VII.)

The Bank Dick (1941)—This rattletrap of a movie is also W. C. Fields's funniest vehicle—Fields satirizes shabby gentility in a style that could be called shabby surreal. Between healthy slugs of hooch at the Black Pussy Cat Café and Snack Bar, his most indolent persona, Egbert Sousè—the figurehead of a household filled with dissatisfied females—accepts all opportunities for wealth and advancement, including film directing (for an hour) and guarding the security of the village bank (for a couple of fateful days). The directing job doesn't mollify his family, it infuriates them—his younger daughter knocks his hat off his head with a tin can while he's sounding off to his Lilliputian leading lady and Brobdingnagian leading man. There are slapstick bank robberies and getaways, and a scam that threatens to ruin Egbert's prospective son-in-law, a teller named Og Oggilby (Grady Sutton). But Fields's patter, with its mysterious mixture of lewdness, derision, and hyperbole, is what makes this film a classic—he gazes at a rear-view nude on a bank calendar and proclaims, "It doesn't look unlike the Mona Lisa." Fields wrote the script as Mahatma Kane Jeeves; Edward Cline directed. The cast includes Una Merkel, Franklin Pangborn, and Shemp Howard.—*Michael Sragow* (Film Forum 2; July 13-14.)

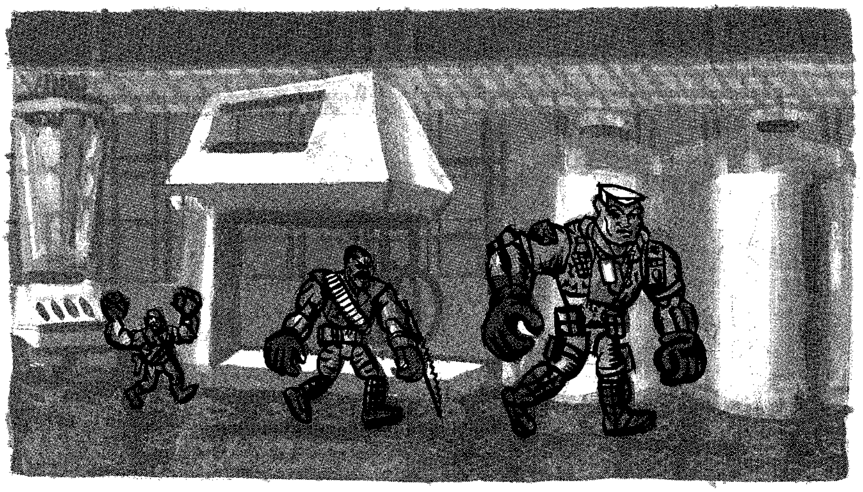
Bird (1988)—Clint Eastwood, who directed, gives the life of the master of jazz improvisation—the bebop alto saxophonist Charlie Parker—the art-film treatment: flashbacks, rain, darkness, and a running time of two hours and forty-one minutes. With the film flashing back and forth, you can't get the hang of Parker's life story, and you don't come out with much understanding of his achievement or what made him a legend—the potent archetype of the self-destructive jazz artist. As Parker, Forest Whitaker trudges off to his gigs like a jazz version of Willy Loman; he's always fouling up—boozing and doping and smashing things. Whitaker gives a richly felt performance, yet he comes across as just a genial big blob of a fellow who can't get his life together. The cast includes Samuel E. Wright as Dizzy Gillespie.—*Pauline Kael* (Museum of Modern Art; July 13.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind, the Special Edition (1980)—Steven Spielberg reëdited the 1977 film—he made some trims, put in some outtakes, and shot a few new bits. The action is swifter, and the central character, played by Richard Dreyfuss, is easier to understand, but you may miss some of the scenes that have been cut, and find that the outtakes that Spielberg has substituted for the scenes you remember keep jarring you.—*P.K.* (American Museum of the Moving Image; July 11-12.)

Deep Impact—You may feel safe in your bed, but beware: even as you sleep, Earth is under threat from a vast, overheated surplus of character actors. How can they all fit into one silly movie? Could anyone really have Vanessa Redgrave and Maximilian Schell for her parents and still turn out, you know, O.K.? What is Robert Duvall doing in space? And, finally, just how deeply do you want Morgan Freeman to be President? All these questions are answered by Mimi Leder's clumpy apocalypse flick, in which our planet is approached by an enormous flame-grilled asteroid with extra cheese. Téa Leoni, playing a TV reporter, tries heroically to make light of the menace, but the tearful script finally wears her down.—*A.L.* (5/18/98) (Criterion Center and 59th Street Cinema.)

The Great Escape (1963)—One of the most energetic and enjoyable Hollywood movies of the pre-counterculture sixties, with Steve McQueen giving off a steady sizzle as a laconic American loner and madman motorcyclist (the role that defined his career). It's an exhilarating fact-based adventure about R.A.F.-led P.O.W.s who mount a mass exit from the Nazis' supposedly escape-proof Stalag Luft III. The director, John Sturges, reaches his peak both as a choreographer of big-screen action (he shoots the nightmarish tunnel scenes in dramatically detailed wide angles) and a molder of dynamic masculine personality. He and his screenwriters (James Clavell and W. R. Burnett) give everyone in the escape plan a glittering shard of personality, from Richard Attenborough's vengeance-streaked ringleader Big X to James Garner's wily "scrounger," Charles Bronson's claustrophobic tunneller, and Donald Pleasence's gentle forger. Together they're part men's club and part mob—and the sight of good guys working illicitly and often irreverently saves the film from phony uplift. With scene-stealers like James Coburn, David McCallum, and Gordon Jackson filling out the cast, the film is a genuine (and rare) action ensemble piece.—*M.S.* (Guggenheim Museum; July 10.)

Henry Fool—Hal Hartley's latest film takes a while to get going: almost an hour passes before it develops any emotional momentum. Yet when it does, it's powerful and strangely unnerving—there's an original and ambitious voice at work here that puts most independent filmmakers to shame. The story concerns an oddball garbage man named Simon Grim (James Urbaniak) who becomes a famous poet under the tutelage of Henry Fool (Thomas Jay Ryan), an ex-convict drifter. Hartley has refined his offbeat writing style from rambling riffs to sharp, halting spurts of dialogue that are funny, with an edge of desperation. The film captures the sad world of Hartley's lost poetic lovers better than any picture he's made before.—*Bruce Diones* (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)



Opening July 10, Joe Dante's "Small Soldiers."

GARY PANTER

Kurt & Courtney—Nick Broomfield's chilling documentary, set in the netherworld of Seattle, in which we get to meet various people who believe that Courtney Love may have killed her husband, Kurt Cobain. Rozz Rezabeck, a former rocker and boyfriend of Courtney's, is the most amusing figure; Hank Harrison, Love's father, who reveals that he bought pit bulls to discipline his adolescent daughter, is the most frightening. One comes away from the film unnerved by the distance travelled: we begin in a sleepy Washington town, with a little blond boy who likes to sing Beatles songs, and end up lost in a haze of heroin.—*Daphne Merkin* (Reviewed in A Critic at Large, 6/8/98.) (Cinema Village.)

The Last Days of Disco—Whit Stillman is back on home ground—Manhattan—in the last of a trilogy of romantic comedies. Two Hampshire College graduates in the early eighties—Charlotte (Kate Beckinsale) and Alice (Chloë Sevigny)—share lowly jobs in book publishing and a consuming desire to hang out at "the club." Their fellow-revellers include Des (Chris Eigeman), the club's lightly amoral manager, who claims to be gay when he wants to break up with a woman; Jimmy (Mackenzie Astin), who's desperate to impress his advertising clients; and Josh (Matt Keeslar), a junior prosecutor who's capable of deconstructing any subject, including disco fever. The recognizable Stillman touches are here—especially the instant nostalgia for the moment as it happens—but the film doesn't leave much of an imprint.—*D.M.* (6/15/98) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and 19th Street East 6.)

A Little Princess (1995)—Alfonso Cuarón's film, based on a novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett, is one of the rare children's movies that don't merely pay lip service to the imagination but actually use it. The antagonists are Sara Crewe (Liesel Matthews), a bright, happy, exuberantly creative girl, and Miss Minchin (Eleanor Bron), a boarding-school headmistress who is a ruthless downsizer of her pupils' imaginations. Young viewers should recognize this as their favorite sort of story: in the end, the children are rewarded for their spontaneity and the grownups are punished for their rigidity. The message, spoken by Sara, is "All girls are little princesses," and, although that may sound a bit sticky, this funny, lively, stirring movie makes us believe it.—*Terrence Rafferty* (Walter Reade Theatre; July 11-12.)

Mulan—Disney takes it easy on the hype this time, allowing its latest summer animated picture to build its own fan base. It's a canny decision, and the story, based on a Chinese legend, is clever: a young girl cuts her hair, joins the army disguised as a man, and saves China from the Huns. It gives boys lots of exciting (if cross-dressed) action, and lets girls root for an empowering hero. While the movie sticks to the familiar Disney formula, the cute sidekicks are less intrusive and the songs are not as overbearing as usual; for the most part, it sustains an enjoyable hum and a simple, delicate glow.—*B.D.* (Chelsea West, Cinema I, Guild, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

Out of Sight—After many mishaps, the art of bringing Elmore Leonard's novels to the screen is coming to fruition. This latest adaptation, by director Steven Soderbergh and screenwriter Scott Frank, gets it just about right. George Clooney, a kindly bank robber, breaks out of jail and into the life of Karen Cisco (Jennifer Lopez), who is, if you are prepared to believe it, a U.S. marshal. He kidnaps her, then releases her, after which she turns the tables and spends the rest of the movie looking for him; behind the threat of violence, it's a fluent comedy of errors. This being Leonard country, the two leads are required to go to bed with each other before the final shootout; the sex itself is the one point of visual sloppiness in a movie that is otherwise crisp and smartly edited, full of bleached Miami sunshine and leaden snowstorms in Detroit. The supporting players—Ving Rhames, Nancy Allen, Catherine Keener, and a balding Albert Brooks—are a casting director's dream, with the honors going to the stoned and dumbly dazzled Steve Zahn.—*A.L.* (7/6/98)

THEATRE ADDRESSES

•

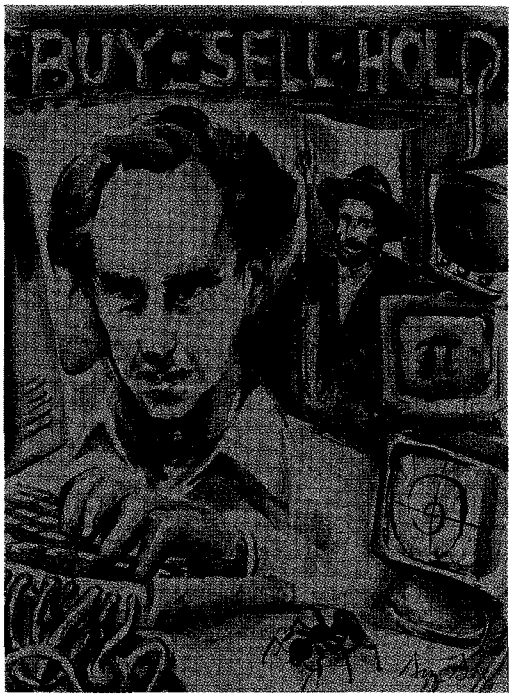
(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy 1, 2, and 3, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St.
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly 1 and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

(Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, State, and 34th Street Showplace.)

A Perfect Murder—An update of "Dial M for Murder," with an elegantly vile Michael Douglas as the murdering husband and Gwyneth Paltrow as the wife in jeopardy. The movie dresses well, it's lavish and richly photographed, but it has nowhere to go. The story was rather mundane even when Hitchcock filmed it, in 1954, and the new production fails to add a single creative spin to the original. The only thing going for it is the performance of David Suchet; as the investigating detective, he brings a menacing precision to the old game of cat and mouse.—*B.D.* (Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

Six Days, Seven Nights—Is that really Harrison Ford, or is it an aging hunk from a TV beer commercial? Ivan Reitman's inexcusably limp comedy has Ford playing a selfish, lazy pilot who shepherds tourists around the South Pacific. Anne Heche is a workaholic magazine editor who crashes with him on a tiny island and falls for his utter lack of charm. Aside from Heche, who is a quick, witty actress, the film seems to reside in a bizarre time warp of bad seventies comedy, complete with retrograde ethnic stereotypes and huge, jiggling breasts.—*Sarah Kerr* (Cinema 3rd Avenue, East 85th Street, Embassy 3, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Village East Cinemas.)



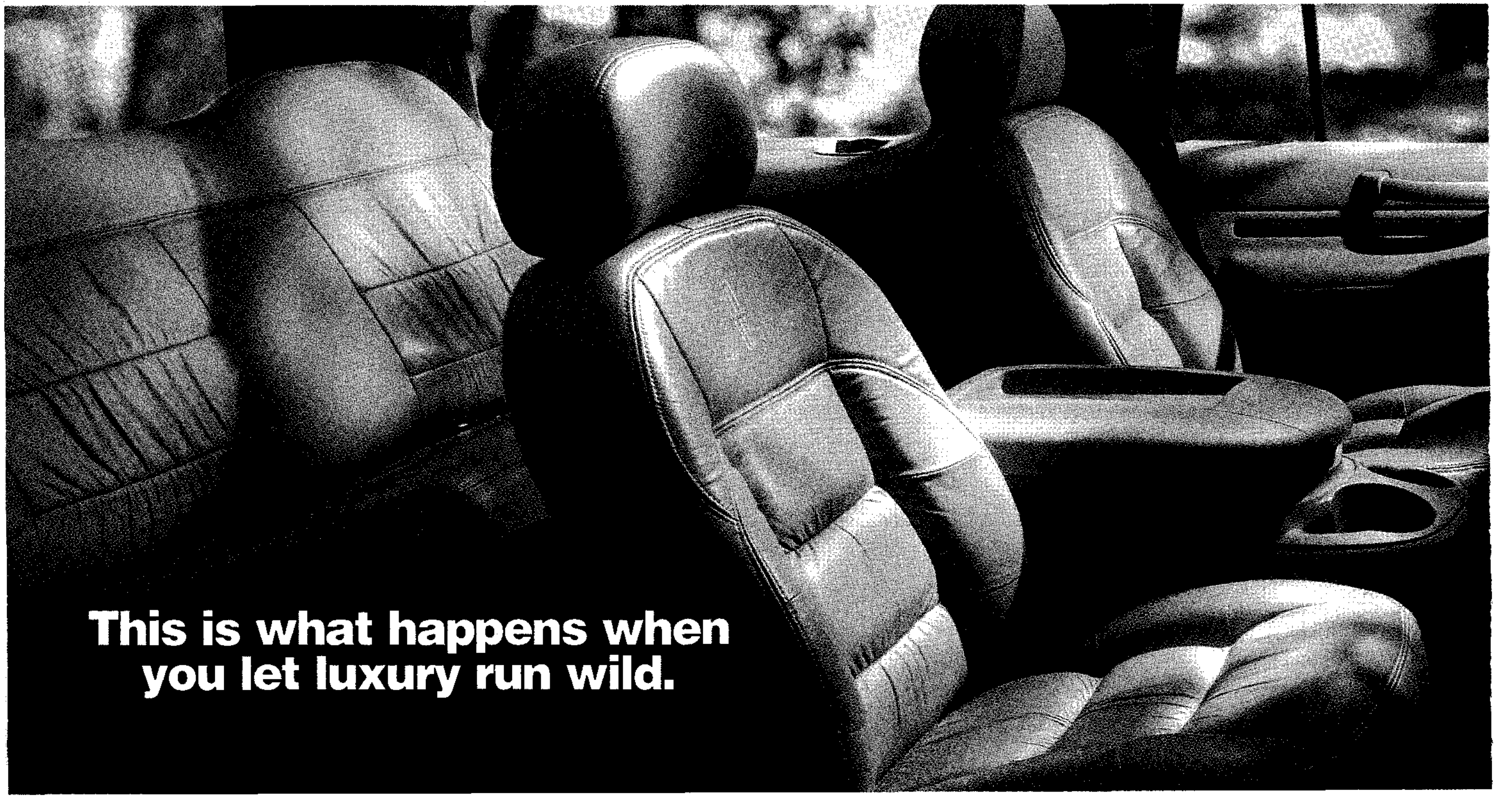
Sean Gullette and Ben Schenkman in "π."

DON DOE

The Spanish Prisoner—A young inventor (Campbell Scott) dreams up something called "the Process" that is destined to bring untold wealth to his bosses but not to himself. When he airs this grievance to a businessman whom he meets in the Caribbean (Steve Martin), he finds himself enmeshed in a plot from which there is no escape, unless you count the suspiciously loving attentions of a fellow-employee (Rebecca Pidgeon). If you're prepared to ignore the plot's absurdities, David Mamet's film is addictive, and Carter Burwell's score works on you like a massage. The film also offers the sharpest and most quizzical work that Steve Martin has turned in for some time.—*A.L.* (4/13/98) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Truman Show—Peter Weir's new movie is a sunlit black comedy. Jim Carrey plays Truman Burbank, a genial insurance agent who lives with his chronically nice wife, Meryl (Laura Linney), in the town of Seahaven. The place itself is drowning in pleasantness. The sky is a dome, the sun and moon are lights in the roof, and every inhabitant is an actor—everyone except Truman, who is the innocent star of the most successful documentary soap opera of all time. It's a startling conceit, but the picture's doomy warning—that television will overrun our lives and brains—is not exactly original. Still, it picks up in the second half, as the hero discovers his predicament and flees; up above, trying to control him, is the omnipotent Christof—the creator of the show, a great role for the solid and scary Ed Harris. Carrey is on his mettle, but you wonder why thirty years of close observation have made Truman so funny; shouldn't he be a regular guy gone mad?—*A.L.* (6/15/98) (Astor Plaza, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, Olympia, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

The X-Files—Two of television's most beloved characters—F.B.I. agents Mulder (David Duchovny) and Scully (Gillian Anderson)—make their big-screen début in Chris Carter's attempt (along with series director Rob Bowman) to revive the great seventies governmental-conspiracy movie. (The contemporary twist has to do with aliens and a secret government that is aiding in the colonization of Earth—it's "Invasion



Lincoln Navigator is the first full-size sport utility to take luxury deep into the great outdoors. With four standard leather-trimmed bucket seats and rear bench.

LINCOLN

of the Body Snatchers" meets "The Parallax View.") The strength of the movie, as with the series, is not just the creepy paranoid atmosphere—its dark, rain-drenched alleys are a delicious, steely noir—but also the hushed, unrequited romance between the two leads. But the film is ultimately disappointing—it's bigger budgeted, but somehow less engrossing when played outside the solitary intimacy of the tube. It'll be a great video flick.—*B.D.* (Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Metro Cinema, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, Village East Cinemas, and Ziegfeld.)

ALSO PLAYING

THE BIG HIT: Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **BUFFALO 66:** Angelika Film Center, Cinema II, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **CAN'T HARDLY WAIT:** Criterion Center and 59th Street East Cinema. . . . **CHINESE BOX** (reviewed in our issue of 4/20/98): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **CLOCKWATCHERS** (5/25/98): The Screening Room. . . . **DEAR JESSE:** Cinema Village. . . . **DR. DOLITTLE:** Criterion Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Waverly. . . . **FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **GODZILLA** (6/1/98): Criterion Center. . . . **GONE WITH THE WIND:** Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, 64th and 2nd, and State. . . . **GOOD WILL HUNTING** (1/19/98): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **HE GOT GAME:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **HIGH ART:** Angelika Film Center and 62nd & Broadway. . . . **I WENT DOWN:** Beekman and Village East Cinemas. . . . **THE LAND GIRLS:** Quad Cinema and Paris. . . . **LOST IN SPACE:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **MARIE BAIE DES ANGES:** Film Forum. . . . **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **THE OPPOSITE OF SEX:** Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Regency. . . . **SMOKE SIGNALS:** Angelika Film Center and Gotham Cinema.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

FILM FORUM 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Through July 9: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975, Peter Weir). . . . ¶ A series of comedies made by Universal Studios. July 10-12: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933, Lowell Sherman) and "I'm No Angel" (1933, Wesley Ruggles). . . . July 13-14: "The Bank Dick" (†) and "My Little Chickadee" (1939, Edward Cline).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—July 9 at 2:30 and July 10 at 8: "Do the Right Thing" (1989, Spike Lee). . . . July 9 at 6 and July 10 at 2:30: "The Last of the Blue Devils" (1979, Bruce Ricker). . . . July 10 at 6 and July 14 at 2:30: "Dogfight" (1991, Nancy Savoca). . . . July 11-12 at 2: "Grandma's Boy" (1922, Fred Newmeyer; silent). . . . July 11 at 5: "Orphans of the Storm" (1922, D. W. Griffith; silent). . . . July 12 at 5 and July 13 at 2:30: "Street Angel" (1928, Frank Borzage). . . . July 13 at 6: "Bird" (†). . . . July 14 at 6: "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1971, Melvin Van Peebles).

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—A program of French films about art and artists; most in French, with English subtitles. July 8 at 2: "Beauties of the Night" (1952, René Clair). . . . July 8 at 4: "Simone de Beauvoir" (1982, Malka Robowska and Josée Dayan). . . . July 10 at 2 and July 11 at 4 and 8: "Jules and Jim" (1962, François Truffaut). . . . July 10 at 4 and July 11 at 6 and 10: "Celeste" (1981, Percy Adlon). . . . July 12 at 4, July 13 at 6:30, and July 14 at 2: "Van Gogh" (1991, Maurice Pialat). . . . July 12 at 6:50 and July 13 at 2: "La Belle Noiseuse" (1991, Jacques Rivette). . . . ¶ July 9-10 at 7 and 9: "Page of Madness" (1926, Teinosuke Kinugasa; a silent Japanese film). . . . ¶ Weekend showings for children. July 11-12 at 2: "A Little Princess" (†).

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—A program of films directed by or produced by Steven Spielberg. July 11 at 2 and 7 and July 12 at 2: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind, the Special Edition" (†). . . . July 11 at 4:30: "The Sugarland Express" (1974). . . . July 12 at 5: "Back to the Future" (1985, Robert Zemeckis).

BRYANT PARK, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.—Mondays, starting at dusk: free drive-in-style moviegoing, beginning with coming attractions. The feature on July 13 will be "Holiday" (1939, George Cukor). (Rain date is the following night.)

A DIFFERENT LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 151 W. 19th St.—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On July 12 at 7, the feature will be "Baby Doll" (1956, Elia Kazan).

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3587)—A program of films featuring the motorcycle. July 8 at 2:30: "Evel Knievel" (1972, Marvin J. Chomsky). . . . July 8 at 6: "Little Fauss & Big Halsy" (1970, Sidney J. Furie). . . . July 10 at 2:30: "On Any Sunday" (1971, Bruce Brown). . . . July 10 at 7:30: "The Great Escape" (†). . . . July 11 at 2:30: "Bike Boy" (1967, Andy Warhol). . . . July 11 at 7:30: "The Leather Boys" (1963, Furie).

MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Through July 30: "See How She Runs" (1978, Richard T. Heffron). . . . ¶ Through Sept. 24: A series of programs starring the Monty Pythons.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3710)—July 11 at 4: "Our Blushing Brides" (1930, Harry Beaumont).

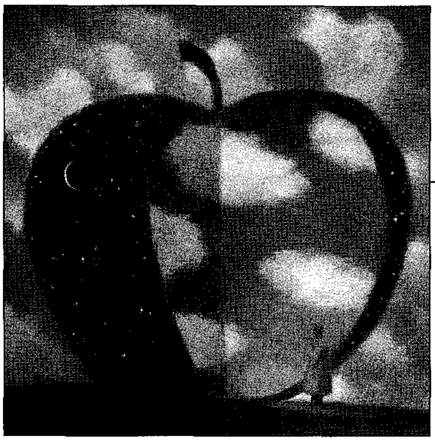
ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—July 7, July 9, and July 14-15 at 7 and 9: Four different programs of recent videos from Argentina, Colombia, Mexico, and Venezuela.

Plus rich wood accents—even on its steering wheel. Call 1 888 2ANYWHERE, visit www.lincolnvehicles.com or see an authorized Lincoln Navigator dealer.

Navigator from Lincoln. What a luxury [ ] should be.

Lots of companies have a mission statement. How many have a mission?

Our mission? Create better ways to reach out and help make sure people get the health care they need. We are not newcomers to this goal. ▪ In fact, we've already committed more than 160 million dollars towards initiatives specifically designed to build access, not walls. One example is USQA®, the national database we use to identify people who need access to special care. And to remind members to see their physicians for critical check-ups and screenings. We've also teamed with Johns Hopkins to create InteliHealth, the most comprehensive online consumer health information network. Another investment yielded the Academic Medicine and Managed Care Forum. Through it we've funded research to improve access to care. ▪ And we've joined with the American Heart Association in warning women about the number one threat to their health—heart disease. Simply said, we're putting our money firmly where our mission is. That's the price of entry for having one to begin with. ▪ For our brochure on how we are raising the quality of health care, contact us at 1-800-AETNA-42 or our Quality Center at www.aetnaushc.com.



Aetna US Healthcare™

Raising the quality of health care℠ in America.

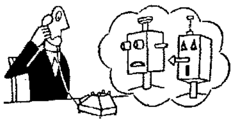
©1998 Aetna U.S. Healthcare Inc.

THE NEW YORKER

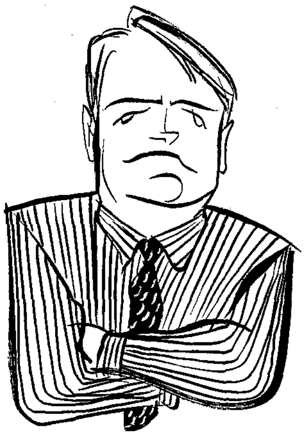
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

BRAVE NEW WORLD DEPT.

How the A.T. & T. deal will help John Malone get into your house.



A YEAR ago, John Malone was Dead Man Walking, the subject of headlines like "HIGH NOON FOR JOHN MALONE . . ." (*Fortune*) and "THE DISMANTLING OF AN EMPIRE?" (*Business Week*). Malone is the chairman and C.E.O. of Tele-Communications Inc., the nation's most potent cable company, and the firm was saddled with debt and an antique infrastructure. In 1994, the financial press agreed, Malone made a mistake when he wiggled out of a merger with Bell Atlantic.



John Malone

Those who know Malone often use the word "wiggle." They think that he schemes rather than sleeps. Somehow, they believe, he will always land upright. And on June 24th he did. That was when Malone and C. Michael Armstrong, the chairman and C.E.O. of A.T. & T., announced that the telephone giant was acquiring T.C.I. for forty-eight billion dollars—an eight-and-a-half-billion-dollar premium over its market value.

On Wall Street, Malone (whose personal wealth grew by nearly two billion dollars) was given more credit for an exit strategy than Armstrong was given for a business plan; cable stocks rose and A.T. & T. fell. In his nine months at A.T. & T., Armstrong has explored ways to transform the company. Just weeks before the T.C.I. deal, he had tried to purchase America Online; Malone's company was his second choice. "There is a slight air of desperation about Armstrong," a key AOL figure says. "This deal can be construed as happenstance rather than strategy."

What is not happenstance is the scheme Malone sold to Armstrong: to transform a long-distance telephone firm into a multimedia telephone and cable company with potentially exclusive access to the Internet. News reports noted that an Internet link was one of Armstrong's objectives, but it was more than that: it was an obsession.

In a telephone interview last week from his Denver office, Malone revealed that the linchpin of the merger was a new network-services company, @Home, which has only a hundred thousand customers. @Home permits access to the Internet, using cable-television wires, that is often a hundred times faster than is possible on an ordinary phone line.

"It was the scent gland of the deal," Malone told me. The scent gland? "The sine qua non is high-speed Internet access." Malone's T.C.I. owns thirty-nine per cent of @Home, but the value of @Home represented only about three percent of the T.C.I.-A.T. & T. deal.

Anyone familiar with the Internet knows how long it takes to get on-line and to browse using a standard phone line; for years, businesses have been racing to find a way to make the connection faster—to create a sort of digital Panama Canal. Malone and Armstrong, like many others, are betting that a TV cable is the best way to provide a quicker hookup.

Unless a high-speed telephone or other connection is invented, @Home and Time Warner's version (called Road Runner) are poised to become the electronic gateway to the Internet. Malone prefers to call it a "unique transport." "AOL provides content and transport," he says. "They need to subscribe to our network to get to their customers at high speed. They have to go through us." Going "through us" has been cable's game, but the Internet and satellites have diminished its gatekeeping powers. Now Malone foresees a new gatekeeper role, with the whole cable industry aligning with A.T. & T. to form a single giant network. The plan is still a gamble, however. Businessmen are all just guessing that consumers will pay forty dollars a month for a cable modem.

In the meantime, John Malone is enjoying his escape. He plans to be an active A.T. & T. director, but he says, "If A.T. & T. feels I'm getting in the way, I'll gracefully get out of the way."

—KEN AULETTA

RAG TRADE

A philosophical gloss on the battle between Romance and Eternity.

WHEN lawyers for Calvin Klein filed forty-odd pages of legal documents in Manhattan Federal Court two weeks ago, alleging that Ralph Lauren's soon-to-be-launched fragrance, Romance, would infringe upon the trademark of Calvin Klein's best-selling fragrance, Eternity, they provided a wealth of detail to support their claim. Ralph's bottle was weighty and rectangular with bevelled edges, had a silvery T-shaped stopper, and bore no logo, just like Calvin's; Ralph's advertising campaign was to feature a man and a woman canoodling in outdoor settings and was to be photographed by Bruce Weber, just

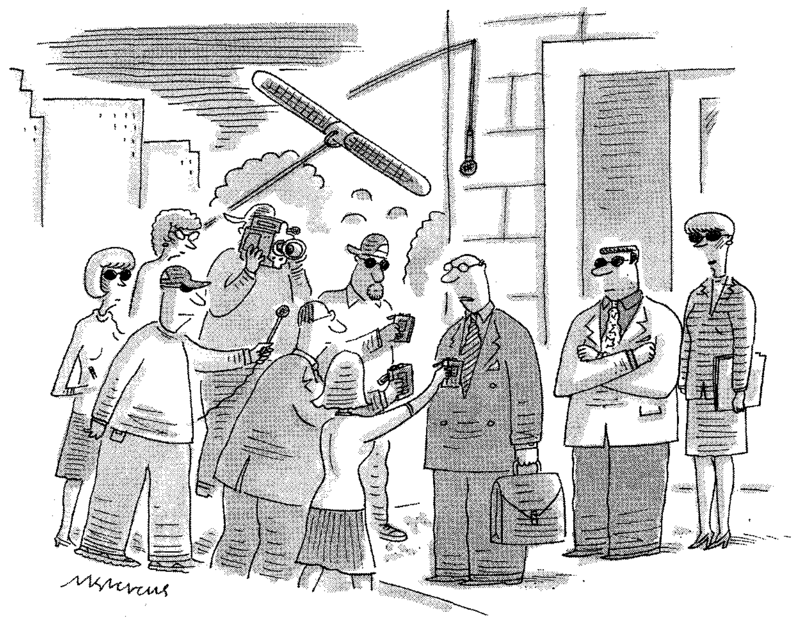
ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

like Calvin's; Ralph's marketing theme celebrates "true love," according to the court papers, just like Calvin's, which is concerned with "eternal love, commitment, and marriage." (Ralph's people have called the suit "ill-conceived.")

What the lawyers didn't seem to think was worth mentioning was whether the two perfumes smelled alike. (Both are floral, with notes of freesia and patchouli.) This omission provides tacit confirmation of a fashion-industry fact universally acknowledged but rarely articulated, which is that, when it comes to perfume, the packaging is the product. The selling of fragrance is fashion logic distilled to its purest essence: the merchandise is eclipsed by its marketing. Perfume ads play to a desire unchecked by any kind of reality principle: a buyer of Gucci perfume does not have to be able to fit into her purchase, unlike the buyer of a pair of Gucci pants.

The supremacy of image over content has nowhere been more skillfully exploited than in the case of "Viktor & Rolf, le parfum," created by a pair of avant-garde Dutch fashion designers. Described by the duo as a "virtual perfume," it has been sold at the cool Paris boutique Colette and at the Torch Gallery, in Amsterdam. The ad campaign pictures a girl who has fainted, or is perhaps dead, lying on her back with a scent bottle in her hand; the promotional copy reads, "The woman for whom the seduction is more intriguing than the answer, for whom the seduction is more appealing than the answer, will sense in 'Viktor & Rolf, le parfum' the impendent unveiling of the obscure." Inside the sleek gray box is a rectangular, heat-sealed bottle containing an unidentifiable, clear liquid, which is accompanied by the warning "Do not open/do not swallow."

"It was a very cynical statement about perfume, how it is just the packaging and the rest is nothing," Rolf explained by telephone from Amsterdam last week. (The nature of the liquid is, he said, secret, though he confirmed that it might bear some relation to water.) "It is also the biggest dream for fashion designers like us to have our own perfume," he told me. "But since we have no money we can't really do it, so we thought, Let's do it this way." A bottle of Viktor & Rolf, le parfum goes for the same price as a bottle of Chanel No. 5; so far they've sold seventy-five of them. —REBECCA MEAD



"My client has nothing to leak at this time."

LEGAL PAD

Exclusive interview! Monica's lawyer reveals his deepest fashion secret.

The prevailing style of Washington has always been stylelessness. For men, anything that smacks of fashion is profoundly distrusted, and proves that the wearer is thinking about something other than the leading economic indicators. So it was notable that virtually every newspaper story that appeared about Monica Lewinsky's new team of lawyers mentioned that one of them, Jacob Stein, is a natty dresser. The *Times* pointed out his predilection for spectator shoes and chalk-stripe suits. By contrast, the career prosecutors in Kenneth Starr's office embrace the Washington lawyer's uniform: lumpy Brooks Brothers two-button suits and frayed button-down shirts. (Attention, malefactors: I'm so intent on busting you that I can't be bothered to shop.) Inside the Beltway, the main difference between highly paid private attorneys and those at the Justice Department is the neckwear: private lawyers sometimes go a little crazy and wear an Hermès tie.

Lately, it seems, Washington's traditional dowdyism is being exchanged for a modified dandyism. In the legal world, this trend may have started with Vernon Jordan, who is partial to bespoke suits, two-toned shirts, and rich ties. The President himself is known for his handmade crêpe ventless Donna Karan suits and French-blue spread-collar shirts. (Jake Stein's new client allegedly picked out some handsome neckties for the President, a man given to telling strangers, by way of a compliment, "Nice tie.")

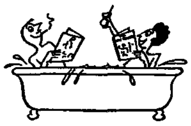
But Stein isn't exactly what you'd call fashion forward. In fact, he's fashion backward. His three-piece, three-button suits, two-toned shoes, and mauve shirts are a mixture of Victorian spit-and-polish and Damon Runyon raffishness. When he was asked to describe his style the other day, Stein laughed and said, "I think I'm outside of fashion." A solid 42 regular, he may wear the odd bespoke suit, but, if so, it was made to measure for someone else. "You know, my wife had a consignment shop for twenty years," he said, in his pleasant front-porch drawl. "Everything I wear is from that old consignment store. All my clothing is secondhand." He added, with schoolmasterish exactitude, "And make sure you spell it correctly, without a hyphen."

He confessed to being a bit relieved that no one has guessed his secret. "You know, when people bring clothes to a consignment shop they've probably had them in storage for a long time, and they usually smell of mothballs. Everything I wear has the persistent smell of mothballs about it. I'm glad no one has noticed."

Is Lewinsky's lawyer trying to make a statement with his clothing—suggesting, perhaps, that one can be outwardly flamboyant and still have the inner discipline to cut a deal? Nothing so fancy. "I'm simply trying to demonstrate," he said, "that you can be presentable in hand-me-downs."—Richard Stengel

RUB A DUB DUB

Philippe Starck may be the Margaret Mead of running water.



"Only silly people want to talk about how beautiful the Philippe Starck bathroom is," said Philippe Starck, at a breakfast event to introduce his new line of bathtubs, basins, and other "sanitary ware," as they say in the trade. But last month, more than three hundred silly people travelled to Frankfurt, Germany, to hear what the Frenchman had to say about his latest in porcelain and chrome. They were Starck's customers, so he had to talk, if not about the Philippe Starck bathroom, then about "bathroom culture," as he put it. ("I hope he doesn't mean the kind that grows in the shower," someone murmured.)

Staged in the tented courtyard of the Karmeliterkloster, a fifteenth-century monastery, the event was more fashion show than product launch, with music (oboes and bassoons making the gurgling sounds of plumbing), giant slide projections (of waterfalls and other aqueous inspirations), and a pack of cute young men in unexplained Swiss Guard getups, whose only duty seemed to be the refreshing of Starck's water glass.

The presentation, which followed a talk-show format, was moderated by Petra Gerster, who was introduced as "the Katie Couric of Germany." Peter Zec, a professor of communications design, occupied the third chair.

Gerster: "Do you, Mr. Starck, design today for a more sophisticated person than you did ten or twenty years ago?"

Starck: "What does that word mean, 'sophistication'? More important to me is the political and social component of my products, their symbolism in the world. Do they express things that are good and proper, anti-Fascist and not ultra-male?"

Gerster, flushed, turned to Professor Zec: "Well, Mr. Starck certainly does have new ideas about the bathroom, wouldn't you agree?"

Zec: "Well, I think the Starck bathroom isn't just a bathroom, you see, but a place to recall a certain human experience."

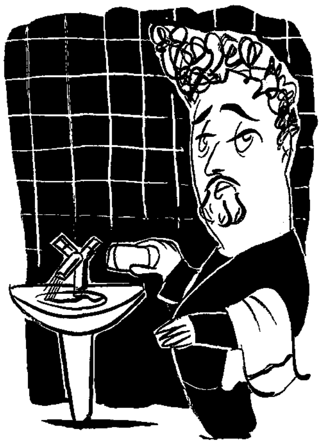
Gerster: "Mr. Starck, can you say more about that in relation to your new edition?"

Starck: "I am reaching back into our collective memory, to our medieval past, in fact, when people didn't even know what a bathroom was. There was only a big empty room of stone, and when you wanted to wash you brought in the tub and the bucket and you lit a fire and you had a bathroom. Right out in the middle of the room, not like today, when we're so paranoid we have the tub up against the wall so we can watch the door while we wash."

Zec: "And that is what you have re-created, with bathtubs and showers that can be put in the middle of the room?"

Starck: "But you can do the same thing with a bucket and an old washtub. You don't need my name on an expensive bathtub. My name means nothing."

Just the day before, Starck added, ending a holiday in Morocco, he'd watched peasants play in a village fountain. "They didn't have a Philippe Starck bathroom to wash in, and I think, maybe I'm naïve, but they were happy people."



Philippe Starck

After the presentation, the guests viewed the merchandise, which was displayed inside the monastery. Sculptural seventy-five-hundred-dollar tubs and toilets were set against rough-hewn planks of raw cypress, creating the effect of a well-appointed outhouse. "Please remember, it's not the beauty of the washbasin," Starck said. "It's the inner beauty of the person using it." —Vance Muse

CHILD'S PLAY

Bang, bang, you're wet.

You know that it's high summer when little boys break out their neon-hued, water-powered weapons of mass destruction. This year, the streets of America's suburbs are protected by small sentries bearing the Super Soaker CPS 1000—CPS being short for Constant Pressure System, a horizontal geyser perfect for soaking cats, dogs, good guys, and bad guys. Parents who wouldn't dream of allowing their children to own replicas of .22s or M-16s have made the Super Soaker, manufactured by the Larami Corporation, of Mt. Laurel, New Jersey, the top-selling summer toy in the world, with retail sales of more than two hundred million dollars.

This year's models range from the pocket-sized XP15 (priced, disposably, at three dollars and ninety-nine cents, because, according to Larami's Al Davis, "kids start the season by taking them to school, and the teachers take them away") to the gargantuan, forty-dollar CPS 3000, which comes with a two-gallon water-storage backpack, four adjustable nozzle widths, and a power gauge. In between are seven other models, including the current best-selling soaker, the CPS 1000, which has two water tanks and a shoulder strap, making it manageable for younger kids. "You can lift it," one seven-year-old explained pragmatically.

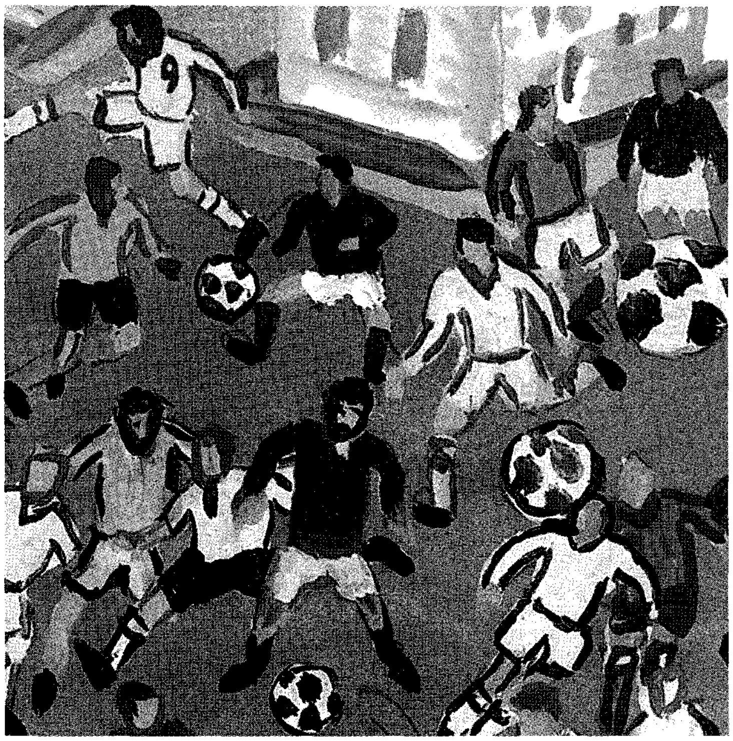
The man responsible for starting the arms race in water weapons is Lonnie G. Johnson, a former systems engineer with Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory. In 1982, Johnson, a natural tinkerer, stuck a nozzle on the end of a piece of vinyl tubing and attached the whole rig to his bathroom faucet. He was trying to perfect a heat-pump design, but, looking at the contraption, he thought, This would make a neat water pistol. Johnson built a prototype for his daughter, and after the neighborhood kids went nuts he took the gun to Larami and impressed his future backers by shooting a stream of pressurized water across the boardroom. Since then, more than three hundred million Super Soakers have been sold, and Johnson has formed his own product-development company. "I just wrote him a check for royalties," Al Davis says, "and my hands shook." —Mimi Swartz

PARIS JOURNAL

ENDGAME

A soccer skeptic learns to stop worrying and love the game.

BY ADAM GOPNIK



Soccer is less an entertainment than an experience. The World Cup is a festival of fate—of man accepting the near-certainty of failure.

GERARD NICOLAS

THE World Cup soccer tournament got off to a strange, promising start with a pageant that closed down Paris—a seventeenth-century-style allegorical masque, with music and dance and speech, which featured four sixty-five-foot-high inflatable giants who walked across the city from four Parisian monuments (the Opera, the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, and the Pont Neuf) to the Place de la Concorde. The giants were steel-framed latex-covered figures—dolls, really—with fork-lift trucks for feet, and hydraulic hinged arms and hips and shoulders, and even moving eyelids. They turned their heads, and shifted their gaze, and raised their arms in wonder as they slowly shuffled along the Paris streets. Each one was a different color and represented a racial type. There was Romeo, the European; Pablo, the Amerindian; Ho, the Asian; and Moussa, the African (he had purple skin). It took four hours for them to get from their starting points to the Place, where they bowed to each other, and the whole spectacle was broadcast live on television, while Juliette Binoche breathed over the loudspeakers on the streets and to the audience at home. ("The giants confront each other, but do they see a stranger or themselves?" etc.) The theme of the masque seemed to be the Self and the Other: the giants, never having seen each other before—or anything else, apparently—wake in the middle of Paris, to find their Selfness in the Others. Apart from that, the commentators on French television were hard put to find something to say as the big guys inched their way along the boulevards toward this revelation, and at one point were reduced to noting that the technology that had produced the hydraulic giants had military applications, leaving you with the comforting knowledge that if NATO is ever in need of a crack synchronized team of huge, slow-moving inflatable dolls, the French will be the ones to call. (One sees them cornering a particularly sluggish war criminal in a Montenegrin mountain hideaway with a very large door.)

The vague internationalist symbolism—not to speak of the snail-like pace—seemed the right allegory for the tournament. The Coupe du Monde, which includes thirty-two nations, began on Wednesday, June 10th, and continues through Sunday, July 12th. I set myself the task of watching it all, wanting to figure out what exactly it is that the world loves in a game that so many American sports fans will sit through only under compulsion.

I understand why people play it. When I was a teen-ager, I lived in London for a while, and I spent most of my time playing soccer, or at least the middle-class Kensington Gardens version of it. I even learned how to talk the game. It was the opposite of trash-talking—tidy-talking, I suppose you'd have to call it. If you did something good it was brilliant; something less than brilliant was useless; if all of you were useless together you were rubbish; and if a person did something brilliant which nonetheless became useless everyone cried, "Oh, unlucky!" By the end of my time in London, I wasn't brilliant at the game, but I wasn't useless, either. I suppose this was all faithful to the game's English-school-playing-field origins. "Thoughtful ball," a commentator on the BBC would say about a good pass. In the papers, you'll read things like "The signs of decline in the still-clever but jaded Teddy Sheringham sadly became too patent to ignore." "For all his apparent world-weariness, Beckham is still young." "[Anderton] has been stubborn to the point almost of self-destruction, however, and it cannot happen again this week." This isn't sportswriting. It's end-of-term reports.

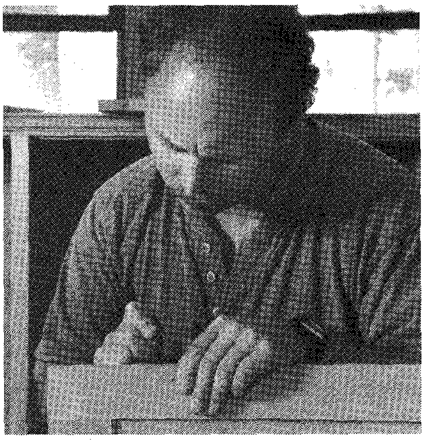
As I began watching the Cup games, though, I had a hard time making a case for soccer as spectacle. I found myself torn between a cosmopolitan desire to love a game the world loves and an American suspicion that they wouldn't love it if they had a choice. The trouble wasn't the low scores, although the ribbon of late sports news often sounded like one of those condensed, hopeless, rising-and-falling monologues about marriage in Beckett: "Nil-nil. One-one. Two-one. One-one. One-nil. Nil-nil." The trouble was what the scores represent. The game has achieved a kind of tactical stasis. Things start off briskly and then fritter away into desultory shin-kicking, like a *Wall Street Journal* editorial. In soccer, the defense has too big an edge to keep the contest interesting, like basketball before the coming of the twenty-four-second clock, or the Western Front before the invention of the tank.

All sports take turns being dominated by their defense or their offense, and fully evolved defensive tactics will in the end beat offensive ones, because it is always easier to break a sequence than to build one up. Eventually, the defensive edge will be so enormous that, to stay in business as a spectacle, a sport has to change its rules, openly or surreptitiously. The big recent change in basketball, for instance, which took place somewhere between the Julius Erving and Michael Jordan eras, was a silent modification of the rule against travelling, so that now, it seems, a player can take about as many steps as he needs—a fact that only Rabbit Angstrom has officially noted. American football changes its rules every few years to allow quarterbacks to survive and prosper. Even baseball has tinkered with the mound and the depth of the fences. Soccer players, though, have come to accept the scarcity economy—all those nil-nil draws—and just live with it, like Eskimos. The defense has such an advantage that the national sides don't need their offensive stars. In this Cup, two of the most inspired forwards in Europe—David Ginola, of France and Tottenham Hotspur, and Paul Gascoigne, of England and whatever pub is open—didn't even make their national teams.

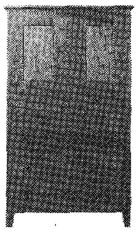
Since a defensive system keeps players from getting a decent chance to score, the idea is to get an indecent one: to draw a foul so that the referee awards a penalty, which is essentially a free goal. This creates an enormous disproportion between the foul and the reward. In the first game that Italy played, against Chile, for instance, the great Roberto Baggio saved the Italians' pancetta by smoking the ball onto the hand of a surprised Chilean defender, who couldn't pull back in time. "Hand ball" was ruled, which, near the goal, meant an automatic penalty and a nearly automatic goal. The other, more customary method of getting a penalty is to walk into the "area" with the ball, get breathed on hard, and then immediately collapse, like a man shot by a sniper, arms and legs splayed out, while you twist in agony and beg for morphine, and your teammates smite their foreheads at the tragic waste of a young life. The referee buys this more often than you might think. Afterward, the postgame did-he-fall-or-was-he-pushed argument can go on for hours.

EUROPEAN defenders of the game tend to put on haughty, half-amused looks when the sport is criticized, and assume that the problem lies with the American doing the criticizing, who is assumed to love action for its own sake. When you point out that ice hockey, the greatest of all games, shares with soccer the basic idea of putting something into a net behind a goalkeeper and has the added bonus of actually doing it, they giggle: "Oh, dear. In ice hockey you can't see the ball, or whatever you call it. You can't follow it. Besides, they fight all the time." It does no good when you try to explain that you can always see the puck, and, anyway, better to fight like heroes than to spend all your time on the sidelines bickering about who touched the ball last before it went out of bounds, the way soccer players do, even though—as a Tom Stoppard character once pointed out—there is absolutely no doubt on the part of those two players about who touched the ball last.

European soccer apologists tend to overanalyze the triumphs of their heroes. In Brazil's game against Scotland, Ronaldo, the Brazilians' star, took the ball, faked right, and then spun around to his left, leaving a defender fooled while he rushed forward into the gap. Then he let go a weak shot and it was over. A nice move—but exactly the same move that Emmitt Smith makes three times a game with three steroid-enraged three-hundred-pound linemen draped on his back (and then Emmitt goes in to score) or that Mario Lemieux made three or four times a

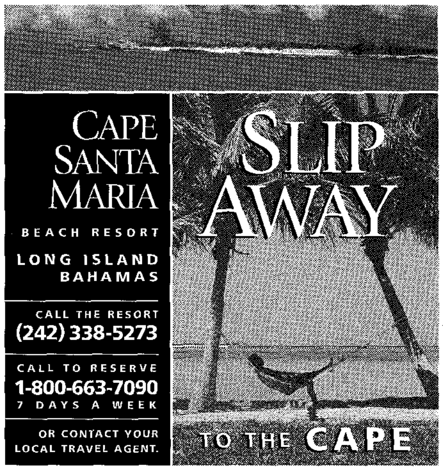


When every detail counts.



THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS

Call for our free catalog: 1-800-708-9703
Freeport, Maine - New York, NY - San Francisco,CA
www.thosmoser.com



CAPE SANTA MARIA
BEACH RESORT
LONG ISLAND BAHAMAS
CALL THE RESORT
(242) 338-5273
CALL TO RESERVE
1-800-663-7090
7 DAYS A WEEK
OR CONTACT YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT.
SLIP AWAY TO THE CAPE

Rome Florence Venice
Tuscany Umbria Sicily
Amalfi Coast Lake District
CARAVELLA ITALIA
Escorted tours of Italy in small groups.
Call Toll-Free: 888-665-2112 www.seeitaly.com

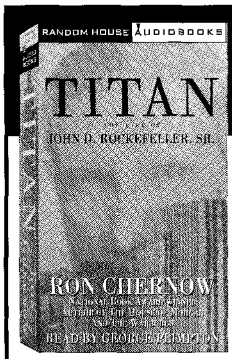
TURKEY
Discover the best—in style. Hike to remote ruins, balloon over Cappadocia, sail the Turquoise Coast. Luxuriate at Four Seasons Hotel Istanbul.
SMALL GROUPS. FREE VIDEO AND BROCHURE.
INCA (Inca Floats, Inc.)
1311-YT 63rd Street, Emeryville, CA 94608
510-420-1550 incafloats@aol.com

CHILDREN'S THEATRE VIDEOS

GLOBALSTAGE™

★ The very best in children's theatre from around the world. ★ Globalstage takes young viewers on stage & behind the scenes to experience all the excitement of live professional theatre. ★ Subscribers receive a new release every two months.

1.888.324.5623
www.globalstage.net



REQUIRED LISTENING

Listen to *TITAN*
The Life of John D. Rockefeller, Sr.
by Ron Chernow
Read by George Plimpton
4 Cassettes, 6 Hours

On audiocassette from
RANDOM HOUSE AUDIOBOOKS
At a bookstore near you. Call 1-800-726-0600 for catalog.

DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand

"Cats" Bracelet, 7 links,
14K Gold $595, Sterling $165, Visa/MC/Amex
Unconditionally Guaranteed. 1-800-477-1856
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919) 933-5759

Rates start at less than $100 per day
Cruise around the world
Free brochure 888-558-0887 ext. 323
The World Cruise Company

Rapid, Safe Weight Loss
Medically Supervised
Since 1939 • Durham, NC
1-888-RICEDIET
www.ricediet.com

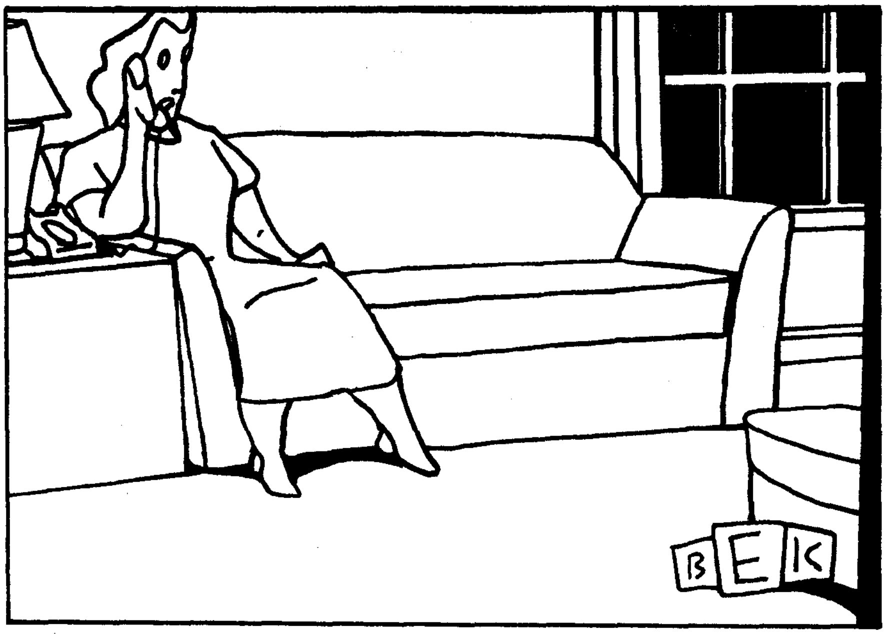
period after receiving radiation therapy for Hodgkin's lymphoma and having three Saskatchewan farm boys whacking at his ankles with huge clubs (and then Mario would go in to score). In the papers, though, that moment became a golden event. Rob Hughes, the estimable soccer writer for the *International Herald Tribune*, treated the three seconds of actual activity as though it were the whole of the Peloponnesian War, or a seduction by Casanova. "Receiving the ball from Cafu on the right, Ronaldo lured Colin Hendry, Scotland's biggest and most worldly defender, to him. 'Come closer, Big Colin, come to me,' the Brazilian seemed to say. And Hendry bought the invitation. Tighter and tighter he came until, suddenly, Ronaldo swiveled 180 degrees. . . ."

Soccer writers seemed as starved for entertainment as art critics—anything vaguely enjoyable gets promoted to the level of genius. In the old days, at the Kitchen, it was the rule that three recognizable notes sung in succession by Laurie Anderson heralded a new, generous lyricism. Ronaldo's magic was like a performance artist's lyricism: it existed but was apparent only against a background of numbing boredom.

In the first ten days, I watched, by my count, sixteen games, including odd, hallucinatory matchups out of some fractured game of Risk: Denmark against Saudi Arabia (1–0); Croatia against Japan (1–0); Nigeria against Bulgaria (1–0). There were a few players who stood out from the general run of bowlegged men in shorts. There were Englishmen (I root for England, from residual Kensington Gardens chauvinism): the pained, gifted O. J. Simpson look-alike Paul Ince; a speedy, tiny boy with a shiny morning face named Michael Owen, only eighteen and just off the Liverpool bench. The French players were dogged, unelectric, powerful, and, as many people pointed out, mostly not ethnically French, with lots of "exotic" names: Zidane, Djorkaeff, Karembeu. Though their countrymen long for the dash and élan of David Ginola and the vanished Eric Cantona, they see the functionary logic of this harder-working side. There were the Argentines and the Germans, who never seem quite as glamorous as, say, the Brazilians and the Dutch, but who have a brutal purposefulness. Between them they have won four of the last six cups. And there were moments of wonder, when a previously unknown—and probably soon to be unknown again—ballplayer would shock himself and his teammates with a single stunning moment. A young Cameroonian named Pierre Njanka, with no major-league experience, made his way through the entire Austrian team, his eyes wide as he ducked and swerved, stumbling forward, out of control, hardly believing what he was accomplishing, and then scored. He may spend the rest of his life defined by that run.

But such moments were mostly drowned in tedium and then by something worse. By the time the English players arrived on the scene, on Monday, June 15th, everything was already ruined. Hooligans had invaded Marseilles, where England was opening against Tunisia, and not merely got drunk and beat up shopkeepers but overran a beach where Tunisian families were picnicking (there is a big Tunisian community in the South of France) and beat up kids and moms there. Everyone had known that they were coming. One source said that the authorities had done their best to keep out the hardboiled Category C hooligans, but some of them had managed to sneak in—a rare case of England having a deep bench.

Though headlines about English hooligans sweep the world, they don't do justice to the terror involved. "Lager louts" and "hooligans" sound vaguely quaint, but these guys are cruel, violent, and twisted by inarticulate hatred in a way that terrifies the French, and makes them wild partisans of the Scottish team. The persistence of English hooliganism—the Englishness of hooliganism—can maybe be explained by the possibility that at some half-conscious level a lot of English people are proud of their thugs and approve of their behavior. This approval consists



"I realize that each day is a gift. Now it's just a matter of figuring out how to exchange fourteen thousand six hundred of them."

• •

of a toxic combination of sentimental left-wing anti-Thatcherism (a kind of "Trainspotting" pride that at least the thugs aren't businessmen) coupled with a romantic right-wing chauvinism (it's an English tradition to go to the Continent and hit foreigners). In the Marseilles attacks, most of the thugs turned out not to be poor kids, or unemployed kids—they couldn't have afforded the passage over. The thugs were, apparently, mostly postal workers (what is it about mail?), and they were not going to be damaged in the eyes of their mates for having gone over to France to beat people up, or for being sent back from France for having beat people up.

Despite the reports of violence from provincial fronts, Paris itself has been relatively blasé about the Cup. The streets are peaceful, the mood calm, the atmosphere pastoral. The Boulevard Saint-Germain has never been so quiet. The morning after the giants' march, for instance, with Scotland and Brazil about to begin at the Stade de France, the only evidence I saw of anything unusual was the appearance of two Scotsmen in kilts waiting for a taxi on the Rue du Bac. Expecting to hear a war cry ("Ay, we'll leave them samba-dancin' laddies guid and bloody"), I tentatively wished them good luck. "We'll need it!" one said feelingly, and the other chimed in, "It's simply a privilege to be playing Brazil." They turned out to be lawyers from Hong Kong—Scottish lawyers from Hong Kong, but lawyers. They talked about the Brazilian esprit, and then got in their cab and, in perfect French, ordered the driver to go to the Stade de France.

I SAW Italy beat Cameroon, 3–0, from the back of a bar in Venice. Watching soccer in Italy you have the feeling that you have wandered into a family drama more complex and intense than you can understand. Each player—Vieri, Di Biagio—was greeted with a combination of hoots, cheers, and tears so personal and heartfelt that it was almost embarrassing for an outsider to witness. With Italy into the eighth-finals (eighth-finals!), the papers, from left to right, were bursting with pride. "ITALIA PADRONE!" read one headline. "Italy Rules." The curious thing was that Italy played one of the dullest defensive games of all—the famous "blue chain." But this didn't seem to bother anyone. Whatever they were watching for, it wasn't for fun.

Just afterward, I spoke on the phone to an English friend, a big World Cupper.

"How are you getting on with the Cup?" he asked.

"It's a bit—well, don't you think it's

Swim at Home™

Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics, rehabilitation and fun. The 8'x 15' Endless Pool™ is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors.

For Free Video Call
(800) 233-0741, Ext. 257

Visit www.endlesspools.com
200 E Dutton Mill Rd, Dept. 200
Aston, PA 19014
ENDLESS POOLS

The Butterfly Net

Visit our new internet catalog at
www.kapaluacatalog.com

The REAL CARIBBEAN

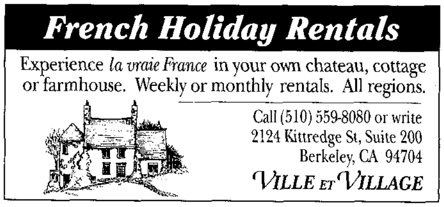
Discover over 300 small family-owned hotels, beach villas, cottages, inns & guest houses. Bargain to deluxe. All islands. Special airfares nationwide. Please call our island experts today.

1-800-333-0392
www.smallhotels.com

World's Finest Wooden Watercraft

Parmain Boatworks

Box 3955 Sarasota, FL 34230
888.779.5979 FAX 888.881.5979
www Parmain.com


French Holiday Rentals

Experience *la vraie France* in your own chateau, cottage or farmhouse. Weekly or monthly rentals. All regions.

Call (510) 559-8080 or write
2124 Kittredge St, Suite 200
Berkeley, CA 94704

VILLE ET VILLAGE

Hats for Women with Hair Loss

www.softhats.com

Call or write JUST IN TIME for a FREE brochure.

INQUIRIES FROM RETAILERS WELCOME

P.O. Box 27693, Phila., PA 19118 • (215) 247-8777

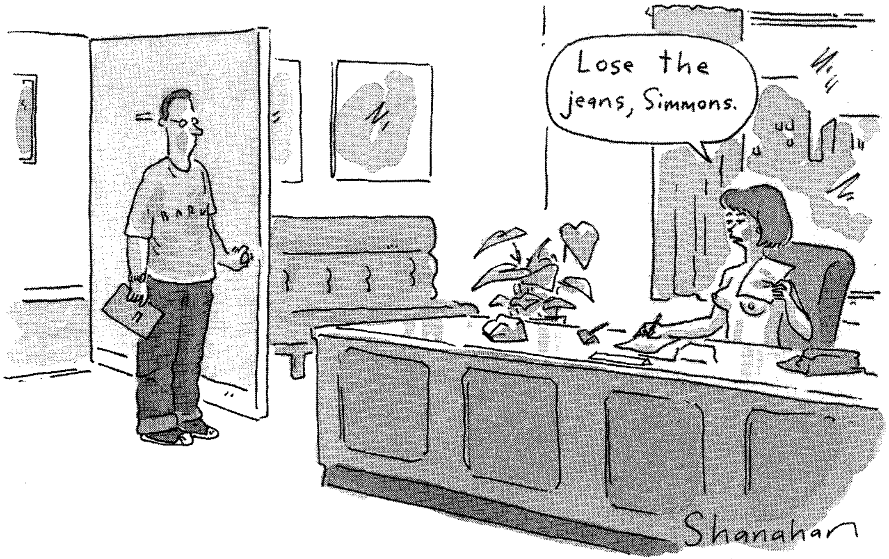
a bit lacking in entertainment?" I said weakly.

There was a pause. "Why would you expect it to be entertaining?" he asked, reprovingly.

PERHAPS that was a clue. I came back to Paris resolved *not* to be entertained. I watched a double-overtime confrontation between an overmatched Paraguay and an overpressed France. The Paraguayans, who looked worn-out from stress, essentially surrendered the idea of scoring, and kept dropping back—kicking the ball out, heading it out, willing it out, again and again. It was obvious that their desperate, gallant strategy was to force a nil-nil draw, over a hundred and twenty minutes, and then "go to penalties," the shoot-out at goal where anything can happen and anyone can win. The nil-nil draw wasn't a "result" they would settle for; it was everything they dreamed of achieving. When the game finally ended, as Laurent Blanc (a traditionally French-sounding name) stumbled a ball into the Paraguayan net, what was most memorable was the subdued triumph. The French celebrated, but they did not exult; the Paraguayans cried—really cried—but they did not despair. They did not seem ruined or emptied out, as American losers do. They seemed relieved. The tears looked like tears of bitter accomplishment. We knew we were going to lose, the faces and the back pats said, but, hey, didn't we hold it off for a while? ("*Héroïque, héroïque*," murmured the French commentator.)

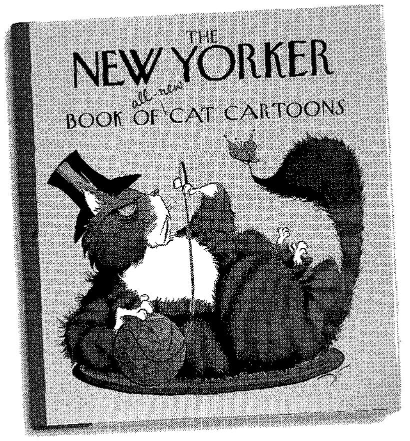
The next morning, I slipped in a tape I'd made of the fifth game of the N.B.A. finals, for purposes of comparison. It was a French broadcast, and the commentators announced that the game was a test of truth—*une épreuve de vérité*—for the Utah Jazz. To my surprise, I was, after a week of starvation, used to the austerity of soccer scoring. All those basketball points seemed a little loud, a little cheap. Points coming in from left, from right, cheap points, inspired points, stupid points—goals everywhere you looked, more goals than you knew what to do with, democratic goals, all levelled and equal. It was too much—like eating whipped cream straight. And why had I never before noticed the absurd, choppy, broken rhythm of deliberate fouls and time-outs in the last two minutes of the game?

A FEW nights later, England-Argentina—to see who would go to the quarter-finals. The match started off with two typically exasperating soccer events. After only five minutes, David Seaman, the English goalkeeper, lunged for the ball, and an onrushing Argentine stumbled over him. Penalty and, inevitably, a goal. Then young Owen, who, with his brush cut, looks as if he ought to be wearing a blazer and beanie, got tripped. He acted out the death scene from "Camille" and drew a penalty himself,



CASUAL-SEX FRIDAYS

NOT A SOUR PUSS IN SIGHT

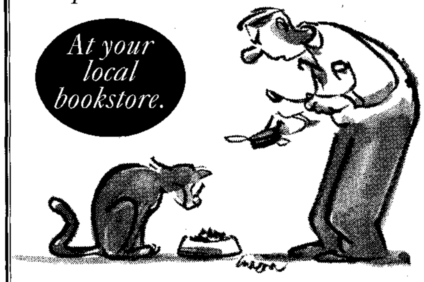

THE NEW YORKER all-new BOOK OF CAT CARTOONS

OH, SURE, you'll find cats with complaints. Cats who take a dim view of their diets and dogs. Cats who scorn their master's voice.

But for you, and all the cat people in your life, this book is sheer delight. *The New Yorker* has packed it with the best cat cartoons published since the first *Book of Cat Cartoons* appeared more than seven years ago plus more felicitous all-time classics from your favorite cat artists: Koren and Booth, Steinberg and Lee Lorenz, Ronald Searle, Robert Mankoff, Bruce Eric Kaplan, and many others.

Keep it by the bed. Put it in the guest room. Give it on any occasion. It's *purr*-fect.

At your local bookstore.



The phrase you're groping for is "Thank you."

Send check or money order for
$20* plus $3 for S&H to:
The Condé Nast Collection,
Dept. 470070-147, Box 10214,
Des Moines, IA 50336. Or,

CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-336-5510

*Please add applicable sales tax in CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH. Allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

which was knocked in by Alan Shearer, England's captain. A few minutes later, Owen raced half the length of the field—really sprinting, huffing—mesmerizing an Argentine defenseman, who kept moving back, back, defeated in his own mind, and then he sent it in: 2–1, England! With fifteen seconds left in the half, Argentina got the ball, executed a jagged, pinball-quick exchange of passes, and, shockingly, the ball was bouncing in the net, and the game was tied.

At the start of the second half, David Beckham, the blond midfielder who is engaged to Posh Spice, was expelled from the game, leaving England, like the Spices, a performer short. Though England scored on a corner, the goal was ruled out by the referee for a meaningless, barely visible (but undeniably real) elbow. Nothing happened in thirty minutes of overtime, and the game went into the self-parody of soccer: a series of penalty kicks. With England needing only one more to tie, David Batty, of Newcastle, stepped up, and, rushing his shot, fired it right into the diving goaltender. The Argentine side rushed out into the pitch, weeping with joy and exhaustion.

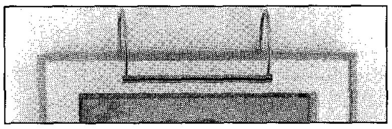
The game had been marked by everything that can exasperate an American fan: the dominance of defense, the disproportion between foul and consequence, the absurd penalty shootout, the playacting. (In England they will be arguing did-he-fall-or-was-he-pushed about the first Argentine penalty for years.) But it had been as draining as any contest I'd ever seen.

Soccer was not meant to be enjoyed. It was meant to be experienced. The World Cup is a festival of fate—man accepting his hard circumstances, the near-certainty of his failure. There is, after all, something familiar about a contest in which nobody wins and nobody pots a goal. Nil-nil is the score of life. This may be where the difficulty lies for Americans, who still look for Eden out there on the ballfield. But soccer is not meant to be an escape from life. It *is* life, in all its injustice and tedium: we seek unfair advantage, celebrate tiny moments of pleasure as though they were final victories, score goals for the wrong side. (In the first three nights of the World Cup, three of the seventeen goals were "own" goals: a player would head the ball away and watch it backspin past his own goalkeeper, his face a rapidly changing mask of decision, satisfaction, worry, disbelief, and despair.) A bad play or call in baseball—Merkle's boner or Denkinger's call—hurts, but usually there's a saving air of humor. "We're due," "It's our turn," "Wait till next year" are the cheers of American sport. We are optimists, and look to sports to amplify our optimism.

In soccer, tomorrow is a long way off, even in ordinary circumstances, and four years in these special ones. By then, everything will be different; there are no second chances in the World Cup. It is a human contest on a nearly geologic time scale. Grievances, injustices rankle for years, decades, forever. But along with that comes, appealingly, a sense of proportion. Accepting the eventual certainty of defeat in turn liberates you to take real joy in any small victory—that one good kick. If American sports are played in Paradise, soccer takes place after the fall. Even its squabbles have their echoes: *Did he fall or was he pushed*? It's the oldest question.

FINALLY, on a stray, leaking cable channel, I got to see highlights of Detroit and Washington in the Stanley Cup final. I turned it on with joy and then found, to my shock, that . . . I couldn't see the puck! It was too small, way too small—a tiny black spot on a vast white surface, with huge men in bright-colored sweaters hulking over it. When a goal was scored (and they do get scored), I knew it only by the subsequent celebration. I squinted at the set and called in my wife, a purebred Canadian, and asked if she could follow the puck. "I could never follow the puck," she told me.

Had I been corrupted by the Old World's game or enlightened by it? Another of the old, unanswerable questions. All I knew was that I was looking forward to the next big match, between France and Italy. Anything might happen, or nothing at all. ♦



NEW CONCEPT ART LIGHT

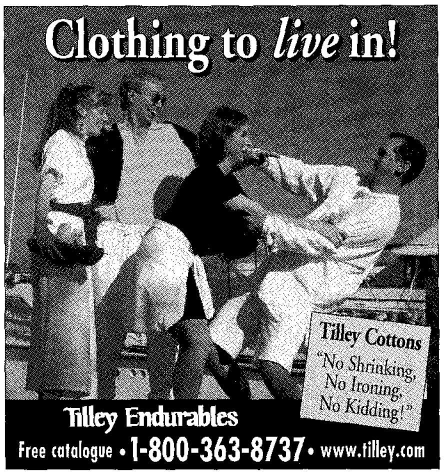
These handsome Solid Brass Art Lights, made by LRO, are used in museums, galleries and private homes. The thin (1/2" dia.) incandescent tube, distributes the light evenly over the art work. Each Art Light includes a 12' clear cord & two extra bulbs.

FINISHES: POLISHED BRASS, ANTIQUE BRASS & BLACK

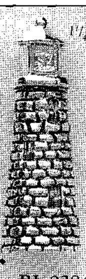
Models	Size	Watts	Frame/Width	Price
Model-AA	12"	25	12"-22"	$79.80
MODEL-BB	22"	55	22"-38"	$92.70
MODEL-CC	38"	120	39"-54"	$119.00

Add $8.00 for shipping & handling each light

Mail of Phone Orders:
NEW HAVEN LIGHTING 1-800-243-3123
P.O. Box 6353 Hamden, CT 06517


Clothing to *live* in!
Tilley Cottons
"No Shrinking, No Ironing, No Kidding!"
Tilley Endurables

Free catalogue • 1-800-363-8737 • www.tilley.com



LIGHTHOUSE PIN

A beloved coastal beacon made by James Breakell in sterling silver $30. 14k gold $200. With gemstone light, add $30. Add $4 handling. Catalog available (800) 767-6411.

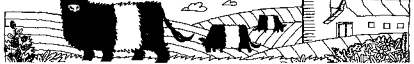
J.H. Breakell & Co.
132 Spring Street, Dept. NYLH, Newport, RI 02840

THE AMAZON

DISCOVER the Rainforest before it disappears! La Selva, a world-famous, eco-award-winning lodge in the pristine Amazon jungle of Ecuador, awaits you. Only small groups visit our magical forest where anything is possible. For a brochure call 561-334-0489.

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call or come and see us.



VISIT OUR WEBSITE: http://www.fearrington.com
2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312. 800-277-0130

HOME FROM HOME in LONDON

Private Flats & Houses for Short Rentals
TOLL FREE: 1-800 748 9783
TEL: 011-44 171 584 8914 FAX: 823 8433
E-Mail: homefromhome@compuserve.com
Internet: www.homefromhome.co.uk

u n d e r s t a t e d + o v e r b u i l t

LIGHTWEIGHT
DANISH COTTON

FEATURES: 100% pure Danish cotton, yarn dyed stripes in slate and black. Soft, smooth and lightweight.

WOMEN'S SIZING: S, M, L

vented
hem
and
cuff

$42.00

CHOSES UTILES
REGISTERED
BertramMann
POINT RICHMOND, CA USA
"PAY ATTENTION"

also available in solid colors
SKY, STRAW, SAGE, SIENNA

tel. 510-232-8676
CATALOG REQUEST + ORDER INFORMATION
www.payattention.com

SMALL SPACE =
BIG BUSINESS

Reach 3.5 million NEW YORKER readers who spent almost 1.7 billion dollars* on mail-order purchases in the past year.

Write your own success story by advertising in THE NEW YORKER.

For more information on SMALL SPACE ADS, please call 212.536.5600.

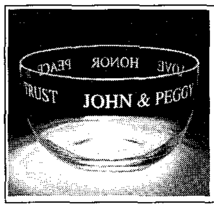
* SOURCE: FALL 1997 SIMMONS

GALÁPAGOS

You, eleven other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will explore more islands by yacht than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu and Peru options. Free video and brochure.

INCA (Inca Floats, Inc.)
1311-Y 63rd Street, Emeryville, CA 94608
510-420-1550 incafloats@aol.com

LONDON FLATS
Short Term – Privately owned
COTSWOLD COTTAGES
THE LONDON CONNECTION
MR. THOMAS MOORE III
TOLL FREE PHONE: 888-393-9120
FAX: 801-393-3024
E-MAIL: london@relia.net



CELEBRATION BOWL
Weddings - Anniversaries
Send someone you love a personalized crystal masterpiece. Hand blown and etched.
Special Inscriptions? Yes.
Rush Orders? Absolutely.
8.5" - $129 12" - $239
408-427-3512

ADIRONDACKS!
This summer escape to the mountains!
GARNET HILL LODGE - Resort,
Lake, Hike, Tennis, 4 1/2 hrs. NYC
1-800-497-4207 www.garnet-hill.com

ANNALS OF COMMERCE

MULTIPLEXITIES

The least important commodities in American movie theatres may be the movies themselves.

BY EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN

ONCE upon a time, attending the local movie theatre was an experience that most Americans shared on a regular basis. For example, in 1929, the year of the first Academy Awards, an average of ninety-five million people—about four-fifths of the ambulatory population—went to movies every week. There were more than twenty-three thousand theatres, many of palatial size, like the six-thousand-two-hundred-seat Roxy in New York. In those days, the major studios made virtually all the movies that people saw (over seven hundred feature films in 1929). The stars, directors, writers, and other talent were under exclusive contract, and, in addition, the studios owned the theatrical circuits where first-run movies played. This regime, which allowed the major studios to exert total control over movies, from script to screen, came to be known, and feared, as "the studio system"; it more or less ended in 1950, when the United States Supreme Court upheld antitrust decrees ordering several of the major Hollywood studios to divest themselves of their theatre chains.

Today, in a world with television, video, the Internet, and other home diversions, weekly average movie attendance is about twenty-seven million, or slightly less than ten per cent of the population. As a result of this diminishment, many larger theatres either closed or divided themselves into smaller auditoriums under one roof. (There are only a third as many theatre sites today as there were in 1929, but there are more screens—over thirty thousand.) These multiplexes afforded theatre owners significant economies of scale. They could also show a greater variety of films, tailored to different, if smaller, audiences. And as smaller theatres closed the chains expanded; today, the fifteen largest North American chains own approximately two-thirds of all the screens. These large chains, and their centralized film bookers, are the principal gatekeepers for the American film industry. They are responsible for determining what movies most Americans see.

EARLIER this year, to learn how the chains exercise this responsibility, I accompanied Thomas W. Stephenson, Jr., who heads Hollywood Theatres, to ShoWest, an annual event (this year at Bally's Las Vegas) at which movie distribution and exhibition executives meet over four days to discuss plans for releasing and marketing upcoming films. Stephenson, who collects abstract art as well as multiplexes, had an eighteen-year career in investing and investment banking before he entered the movie business, three years ago, by founding his Dallas-based chain. It now has seventy-seven theatres and four hundred and seventy-four screens in six Midwest and Southwest states. With just a trace of a Southern drawl, he told me, "Our plan is to build about a hundred screens a year for the next five years"—in other words, to become one of the major players in the movie industry. Many of Stephenson's newer multiplexes are state-of-the-art—their own "entertainment destination," unlike any that one frequents in New York.

On the way to Las Vegas, Stephenson, an energetic, peppery-haired man in his early forties, gave me a quick course in the economics of his business. Of the fifty million dollars customers paid for tickets last year, he said, Hollywood Theatres kept only twenty-three million; most of the rest went to the distributors. But, he continued, since it cost $31.2 million to pay the operating costs of the theatres, his company would have lost $8.2 million if it were limited to the movie-exhibition business. Like all theatre owners, though, he has a second business: snack foods, in which the profit margin is well over eighty per cent. Last year, Hollywood Theatres made a profit of $22.4 million on sales of $26.7 million from its concession stands. "Every element in the lobby," Stephenson told me, "is designed to focus the attention of the customer on its menu boards."

Stephenson was willing to let me tag along to meetings in Las Vegas on the condition that I not directly quote or identify those with whom he met. When we arrived, he decided to skip the reception hosted by independent distributors. "I personally enjoy watching many of the low-budget films that come from independents," he said, "but they are not a significant part of our business." In fact, according to Stephenson, ninety-eight per cent of the admission revenues of his theatres in 1997 came from principal Hollywood studios—Sony, Disney, Fox, Universal, Paramount, and Warner Bros. These companies supplied his multiplexes not only with films but with the essential marketing campaigns that accompany them. (Occasionally, to be sure, independent films do succeed in winning a mass audience, as, for example, "The Full Monty" did; but, as Stephenson put it, "We don't count on them.")

Salt is one secret to financial success, since it drives customers back to the concession stand for drinks—where they buy another popcorn.

The organization of the marketing campaigns begins months before the release date. The campaigns use the most sophisticated methods available to target demographic groups, and intensify in the final week, often with saturation television advertising, in order to capture "impulse" moviegoers. Stephenson and other theatre owners rely on them to muster, if not to create, the audience for a film's crucial opening weekend. The campaigns require massive resources. The major studios spent, on average, $19.2 million in 1997 to advertise each of their films, a sum that would be considerably higher if it included the advertising provided by fast-food restaurants, toy companies, and other retailers in promotional tie-in arrangements that can amount to many times what the studio itself budgets.

Rather than attend the large reception, therefore, on our first night we dined with the representative of Coca-Cola, a company that exclusively "pours" the soft drinks in over seventy per cent of American movie theatres, including Stephenson's. Soft drinks are an important part of the movie business. All the seats in Stephenson's new theatres, and most other multiplexes, are now equipped with their own cup holders, a feature that theatre executives consider one of the most groundbreaking innovations in movie-theatre history. With cup holders, customers can not only handle drinks more easily in combination with other snacks but can store their drinks while returning to the concession stand for more food. Hollywood Theatres, which now offers an oversized plastic cup with unlimited refills, sold slightly in excess of eleven million dollars' worth of Coca-Cola products in 1997, of which well over eight million was profit.

ALTHOUGH most of ShoWest's official functions take place in convention halls and hospitality suites, much unofficial business was done in the sprawling coffee shop. It was there, early the next morning, that I joined Stephenson for a breakfast meeting with an analyst from J. C. Bradford & Co., an investment firm. Acquisitions were in the air; Kohlberg Kravis Roberts had just bought and consolidated two of the largest theatre chains. Stephenson, as he made clear at the outset, planned to partake in this industry consolidation by acquiring state-of-the-art multiplexes. Since he planned to finance this aggressive expansion by selling part of his company to public or private investors, he needed the services of investment bankers, who, in turn, needed a "story," or convincing rationale, to raise the money. Stephenson's story centered on stadium seating, in which every row of seats is elevated about fourteen inches above the row preceding it, allowing all customers to have an unimpeded view of the screen. While the seats take up more space, Stephenson said, "Our focus groups show that people now seek out theatres with stadium seating and will drive as far as twenty miles to find one that has it." Attendance increased between thirty and fifty-two per cent where he had installed such seating. Stephenson would repeat this story to four other investment bankers at similar kaffeeklatsches over the next two days.

A little later, Stephenson moved to a different table to meet with two of the top executives of another major chain. He had told me beforehand that he wanted to buy five of their multiplexes and sell them an equivalent number in

DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

ATTORNEYS WITHOUT CLIENTS 7:30 P.M.
M.K. Brown

different locations, or "zones." In the movie business, the country is divided into zones, as they were being informally called at ShoWest, that contain anywhere from a few thousand to a few hundred thousand people. The major distributors almost always end up licensing their films to only one theatre owner in each zone. Just over two-thirds of Stephenson's theatres are in zones in which he is the only owner, and he wanted to increase this number.

These talks ended inconclusively, and in the late morning I accompanied Stephenson to the convention hall, where we took assigned seats in the grandstands. Stephenson, along with thirty-six hundred other attendees, was there to see the first major studio presentation, Sony's "product reel." Sony's top executives sat on a dais, as if addressing a shareholders' meeting.

Jeff Blake, the president of Sony's distribution arm, said that last year Sony films had brought a new record gross into North American theatres: $1.27 billion. Indeed, Sony accounted for nearly one out of every four dollars spent on movie tickets in 1997. Vanna White, the television personality, then conducted a mock "Wheel of Fortune" game in which every clue referred to films coming from Sony this year, including "Godzilla" and "The Mask of Zorro." As Vanna White announced each title, actors from the film in question rushed onto the stage—among them such stars as Michelle Pfeiffer, Julia Roberts, Nicolas Cage, and Antonio Banderas. All of this was followed by excerpts from the films. A highlight of sorts came when the stage suddenly filled with dancers costumed as characters from Sony's movies. Robert Goulet played the part of Jeff Blake and sang, to the tune of "The Impossible Dream":

This is our quest,
To be king of the box . . .
There'll be lines round the block
When that big hunk Godzilla is finally
here
And you'll know what we've done for
you lately
When we beat the unbeatable year.

A PRIVATE meeting held afterward, in Sony's Las Vegas conference room, was far more grounded in reality. A top Sony executive immediately set the tone by observing that the presentation had cost Sony four million dollars (a gross exaggeration, it turned out) and then quipped that next year, instead of hosting the event, Sony would just send a ten-thousand-dollar check to each of the chains' film buyers.

It became apparent at this meeting that the negotiations did not concern whether a chain would show Sony films on their prescribed release dates; that was taken for granted. At issue were the terms under which they were to be played and positioned against the films of competing distributors—for instance, the number of screens they would be shown on in a multiplex, the guaranteed length of each film's run, the amount of free advertising there would be in the form of trailers and lobby displays, and the division of the box-office receipts. For example, regarding "Godzilla," the executive outlined the enormous marketing campaign, supported by worldwide licensees of three thousand "Godzilla" products, as well as promotional tie-ins with such retail partners as Taco Bell, Sprint, Swatch, Hershey's, Duracell, Kirin beer, and Kodak, which were designed to drive a huge and voracious audience of teen-age boys to their theatres. This particular audience, as he described it, was not concerned with the quality of the film, or even whether it was in focus, as long as there was action and popcorn. He joked that the theatres' potential popcorn sales should persuade them to agree to give Sony a larger opening-week cut. Joke or not, the implication was not lost on Stephenson's film buyer, although for the moment he successfully resisted Sony's suggestion. (As it turned out, the "Godzilla" campaign succeeded in "driving" people to pay seventy-four million dollars to see the poorly reviewed lizard in its opening, Memorial Day weekend.)

The next private meeting, in the hospitality suite of Twentieth Century Fox, was more relaxed. After offering Stephenson a soft drink, the Fox executive discussed the strategy for the summer season, which provides the largest audience for theatres. Indeed, of the nearly 1.4 billion tickets sold in 1997, some five hundred million were for the summer season, when, as the Fox executive put it, "Every day is a school holiday." (Another two hundred and thirty million were sold in the so-called holiday season, between Thanksgiving and New Year's.)

This summer, Fox was facing competition from a number of catastrophe films, such as "Godzilla," "Deep Impact," and "Armageddon," which early tracking polls showed were attracting the attention of large numbers of male teens. The polls I saw, which were conducted by the National Research Group, had divided respondents into five demographic "quadrants"—under twenty-five, over twenty-five, male, female, and a racial category—and asked about their awareness of, and interest in, upcoming films. On the basis of these data, along with other research supplied by the company, the major studios can avoid simultaneously competing in the same demographic categories and dividing up their opening-weekend audiences.

Even in March, the Fox executive reckoned that competitors' films, particularly "Godzilla" and "Armageddon," would dominate two crucial quadrants—male and under twenty-five—in the early summer. He therefore opted to counterprogram, which meant scheduling romantic comedies, such as "Hope Floats," that would appeal to the female and over-twenty-five quadrants. Although the Fox people had an easier style than their Sony counterparts, they wanted the same limited commodity: the chains' better screens, play dates, and in-theatre advertising. So did the four other distributors Stephenson met with during ShoWest. By his count, in four days he watched brief excerpts from some fifty films. "They all tend to blur together," he said, and plots were never described. Instead, the accompanying pitches identified them in such jargon as "Clearasil" (coming-of-age), "genre" (teen-age horror), "romantic comedy" (love story), "ethnic" (black characters), "franchise" (the carbon-copy sequel of another film), and "catastrophe" (volcano, comet/asteroid/monster, loud sound effects). The Holy Grail was a film like "Titanic," which appealed to all five quadrants.

THE last and longest meeting was with Disney's distribution arm, Buena Vista; its senior executives were eager to spend an hour or so discussing marketing plans with Stephenson. While they voiced some concern about the proximity of July's "Armageddon," in which the earth is on a fatal collision path with an asteroid, with Paramount and DreamWorks' May "Deep Impact," in which the world is on a fatal collision path with a comet, they had an ingenious scheme for differentiating their product. Holding up a rectangular box, their executives explained that it contained a kit that would help theatre managers to build a mock asteroid. Disney planned to distribute this package to theatres playing "Armageddon" and award prizes to theatre managers who used it to create the most forbidding cosmic rock. The theme would then be amplified through such stunts as end-of-the world parties hosted by local disk jockeys.

LATER, Stephenson, along with several of his top executives, toured the trade-show pavilions located in two giant tents behind Bally's, where delegates to ShoWest were somewhat greedily sampling popcorn, jelly beans, chocolates, licorice, frankfurters, nachos, and other snacks, many of which claimed to have innovative flavors and aromas. Others were getting a look at the nonconsumable products at the booths, such as loudspeakers, projectors, ticket rolls, cleaning equipment, marquee letters, plastic cups, and remote ticketing systems, such as MovieFone.

As we walked around, a theatre executive, who was assessing different popcorn-topping oil, said that salt was the secret to financial success, since it drives customers back to the concession stand for drinks—where they buy more popcorn. Stephenson stopped to try an oversized Wetzel's pretzel, which comes in flavors that include cinnamon, garlic, and pizza. According to the representative, the Wetzel's, though about three hundred calories, would appeal to diet-conscious non-popcorn-eaters, such as women who wait on the concession line with their boyfriends. This, of course, is a domain where the theatre owner is in control. "We are in a very high-margin retail business," Stephenson said. ♦

AGRICULTURAL NEWS

[*Adv. in the Skagit Valley* (*Wash.*) *Herald*]

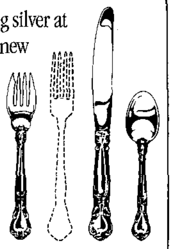
CAUTION:

Homeowners along Dike Rd., 1 day this wk, granddaughter will be learning to drive a stick shift.

Use caution after leaving porch. Farmers advised to place hay bales around barns, farm equip & slow moving livestock.

Driving a yellow Toyota pickup w/frightened old man aboard.

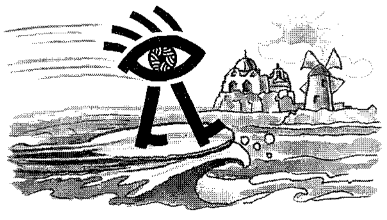
MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?®



Replace pieces or add to your sterling silver at up to 75% off retail. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware. Over 1,200 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your sterling pattern. *(We buy sterling silver, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.)*

Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305 / Mon.-Sat. 10-5
404 261-4009

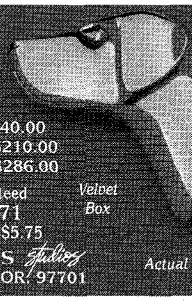


DEEP SEE INSIGHT.

Insight, biggest and bestselling travel series, turns its penetrating gaze on countless islands and seaside resorts. With stunning photos and insightful text, you'll see before you sail. All bookstores.

INSIGHT GUIDES

Retriever Pin



Sterling Silver $40.00
14k Gold $210.00
14k w/Diamond Eye $286.00

Satisfaction Guaranteed
1-800-235-0471
Visa, MC, AMEX S/H $5.75

Velvet Box

Actual size

ROGER NICHOLS Studios
17 NW Irving Ave. Bend, OR 97701

TEAK GARDEN FURNISHINGS

88 Page Colour Catalogue $3.00

Free Shipment from Stock

Interior & Exterior Use

Country Casual 1-301-926-9195
9085 Comprint Court Ste. 1938 Gaithersburg, MD 20877

Lost Corner Tours
Active Travel Adventures
www.lostcorner.com
Toll Free: 888-505-7880

AMERICAN CHRONICLES

SUMMER OF DELIVERANCE

The poet James Dickey chose the perfection of the work over that of the life. His son assesses the damage.

BY CHRISTOPHER DICKEY

I THOUGHT that I could save my father's life. For most of twenty years, I did not see him, could not talk to him, could not bear to be around him. I believed—I knew—that he had killed my mother. He had belittled and betrayed her, had humiliated her and had forgotten about her, then had watched her, over the course of a few years, quietly, relentlessly poison herself with the whiskey she had at her right hand all day long every day until she died, bloated, her liver hardening and the veins in her esophagus erupting, bleeding to death at the age of fifty.

My father was a great poet, a famous novelist, a powerful intellect, and a son of a bitch I hated, and that last fact was just a part of me. It was a cold knot of anger that I lived with, and that helped drive me to do the things I wanted and needed to do in my own life. I became a foreign correspondent—as far from him as I could be.

Anger was so much easier to deal with than love. And he made it so easy to be angry. He was drunk himself for most of those twenty years. If I didn't get him on the phone before eleven in the morning, there was no point in calling at all. He wouldn't remember, or couldn't speak coherently enough. And he never called me. So those times I got out of El Salvador or Nicaragua, Libya or Lebanon, feeling lucky to have survived and in love with the world, I could just barely bring myself to call him. We'd talk, but not much, and I'd say "I love you" when I said goodbye and "Fuck you" when the phone hit its cradle. What a shame, I would think, that I still loved him at all.

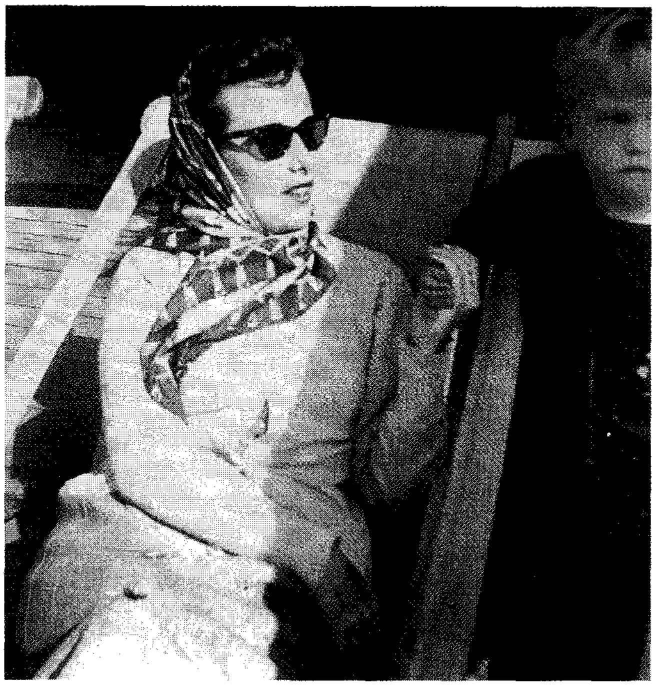
But I did. And that disturbed me much more than the anger. I understood my hurt. I did not understand him. I didn't begin to understand us.

In the summer of 1996, he was dying. But I would not admit that. We had to have more time, I thought. We had to learn, again, how to say out loud what we meant to each other. I thought that we could start by talking about his writing. So much of it was about fathers and sons. And about his novel "Deliverance," and the summer, twenty-five years before, when it was made into a movie. I thought maybe we would write a book together about that, and about how it changed our lives.

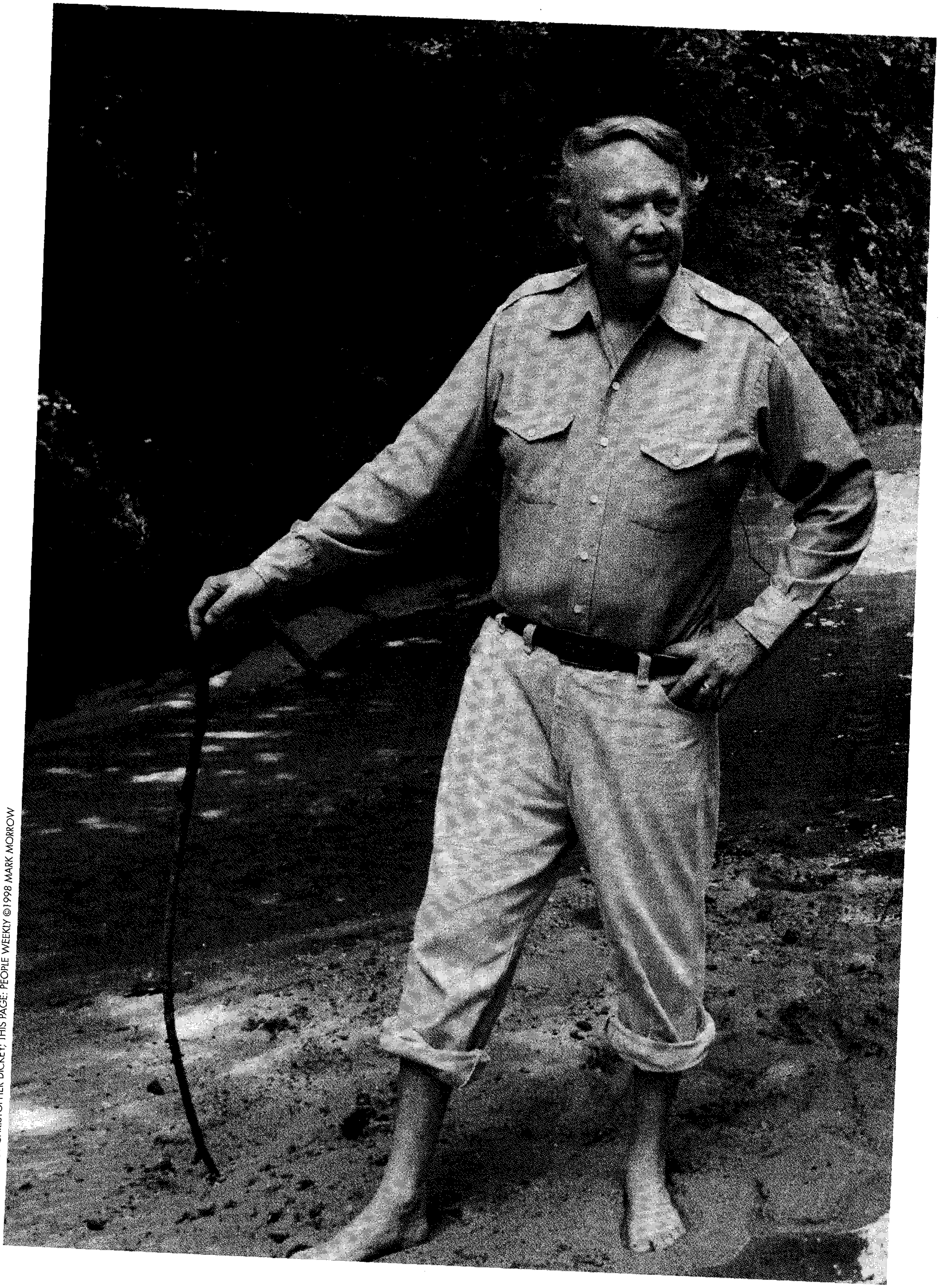
I thought that there was a time—when I was a little boy—when everything was basically right. My childhood was an adventure story, not a horror show. My father and mother had adored and spoiled me. I was "the firstborn son," as my father liked to say, and for seven years—until my brother Kevin was born—I was my parents' only child. Together, as a family, we travelled all over the United States and Europe. We made friends quickly, but said goodbye almost as easily. We felt self-contained.

My father was inventing himself. He was the son of a genteel Georgia lawyer turned gambler and of a patent-medicine heiress. He was a high-school football star, a kid cut out for Atlanta country clubs. But he went to war, in 1943, as a reluctant airman and returned an athlete-intellectual, a self-styled all-American Apollo. He became a professor, an advertising man, an itinerant writer-in-residence, a National Book Award winner, and the poetry consultant at the Library of Congress—"The Unlikeliest Poet," *Life* called him in 1966. By then he was one of the best-known, and most respected, writers of his generation.

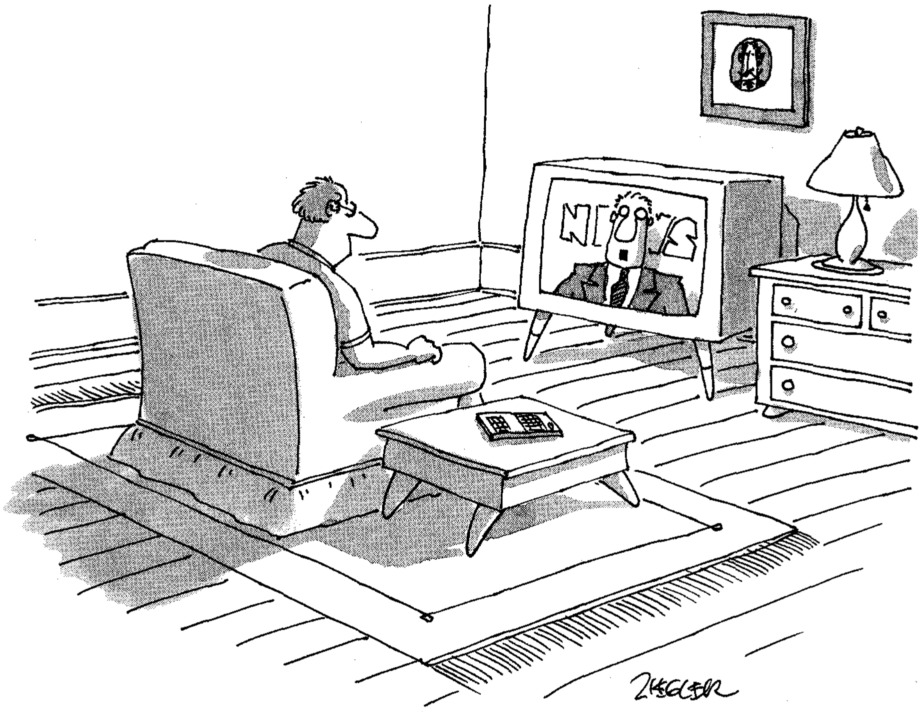
James Dickey was inventing all of us, too, as we went along. My mother, Maxine, was the beautiful, lonely daughter of a ne'er-do-well Danish immigrant and a fading flapper from the little town of Union City, Tennessee. She was an airline-ticket agent when she met Jim Dickey. He married her above a feed store, he liked to say. Now she was the wife of a poet and the maker of



Christopher Dickey and his mother, above. Right: James Dickey near his home in South Carolina, in 1982. "That magical tension between the way we were and the way my father imagined us to be became impossible to sustain."



OPPOSITE: COURTESY CHRISTOPHER DICKEY; THIS PAGE: *PEOPLE WEEKLY* ©1998 MARK MORROW



"Scientists confirmed today that everything we know about the structure of the universe is wrongedy-wrong-wrong."

homes, from Waco to the Côte d'Azur and on to the San Fernando Valley. My baby brother was, in those days, the beautiful child, the budding athlete. (Today, he's a radiologist on the faculty of Yale's medical school, in New Haven.) And I, as my father wrote to my mother when I was still in the womb, was "half animal murderer, part saint, sometime Anti-christ, pardoner and the fruit and consummation of our love and the living knowledge of the guilt we all lie down in, that we may permit another to rise above us." I was the designated son of God.

Of course, I had no idea. I may have sensed, but could not have known, how much Jim Dickey was driven by his own guilt over things for which he had been blameless—the chronic sickness of his mother throughout his life, the death of an older brother before he himself was conceived. He believed that his mother had risked her life to give him his, and he bore that belief as his own particular idea of original sin. I could not imagine that he regarded me as his redemption. I had no notion of how privileged, or how painful, our lives were. Nothing is extraordinary for a child, and it seemed normal to live, as we did, between faculty housing in Houston and a crumbling villa in Cap d'Antibes, between a ranch house on a quarter-acre lot in an Atlanta subdivision and a little home among the cliff faces of Positano.

My young father's imagination and excitement pulled it all together for us. His poetry was the voice of mythical heroes in back yards and war lovers come home to the suburbs, young men who thought they'd never survive, now become middle-aged men with sons of their own; of a stewardess falling through space toward the warm, plowed fields of the Midwest; of ordinary men alone and amazed in forests where fog enveloped the animals, a world of nature where the paradise of beasts is a heaven of killing, and the last wolverine cries, "*Lord, let me die but not die / Out.*" My father wrote in a journal, "Poetry occurs when the utmost reality and the utmost strangeness coincide." And that became the central idea in the way we lived our lives.

Movies, as much as poetry or the trips to Europe, were an essential part of the family's experience—things that all of us could share at the same moment. "Where Happiness Costs So Little," said the marquee of a theatre in Walker Percy's "The Moviegoer," one of my father's favorite books. And that was just about right. In the hot summers of the South in the nineteen-fifties, we seemed to live in air-conditioned movie houses. And all of us knew that one day we would make a movie of our own. Other families might talk about the farms they'd buy someday, or the homes they'd build. We talked about the films we'd make.

Then our travelling stopped: we made our last move—to Columbia, South Carolina—when I was sixteen. My father was almost at the height of his success. But he was drifting away from us by then, and we from him. He was gone a lot, "barnstorming for poetry," as he gave readings around the country. He was loving and being loved by people we did not know. When he was home, he was lost to us behind a fog of alcohol. My mother, more quietly, sipped Cutty Sark and soda. You could hear the tinkling of ice cubes in the kitchen at six in the morning. Our family dreams surrendered to the drinking, and that magical tension between the way we were and the way my father imagined us to be became impossible to sustain, and then oppressive. When I was barely seventeen, I went to college. At eighteen, I was married and was a father myself.

The morning after the wedding, in 1969, my father gave me the "Deliverance" galleys. "On the first day of the new life, and with every love," he wrote, and signed it "James Dickey." He had been working on that story from the time I was ten. It was just one of his projects, something to talk through on our long drives across two continents. A narrative. A novel. Maybe someday our movie. Now here was the book in my hand. And as I read it that night after my wedding, in a motel on the New Jersey Turnpike, I had to admit that it was very good. Much as I wanted to, I couldn't put it down. The book appeared in the stores in the summer of 1970 and quickly became a best-seller. The next summer, it was made into a movie, with Jon Voight and Burt Reynolds. And after that nothing good was the same.

THE plot was simple and strong. Four Southern suburbanites decide to go canoeing in the last remnants of the Appalachian wilderness. They are Lewis Medlock, a survivalist determined to master nature single-handed; Ed Gentry, a friend, whose only real acquaintance with the wild is what he sees reflected in Lewis's fierce excitement; Bobby Trippe, a soft denizen of sales meetings and country clubs, who is just along for the ride; and Drew Ballinger, a conscientious family man, who, like the rest, has no idea what he's getting into. These four plunge into a wilderness populated by few and brutal inhabitants—a terrifying place, where one of them is sodomized at gunpoint, one is killed, one almost loses a leg, and all of them learn, of necessity, to murder.

I had known some of these places. My father had taken me onto the mild rapids of the Chattahoochee in an aluminum canoe when I was hardly big enough to see over the gunwales, and we'd gone hunting with bow and arrow for the first time when I was eight. I'd seen the silent flight of deer over fences as we staked out frozen cornfields, and seen the arrow tremble on its rest as the tension of the string grew too much to bear. I'd seen young men climbing cliffs bare-handed above the Italian sea, as Ed Gentry in "Deliverance" is forced to climb the gorge above the Georgia river. I'd watched as my father once tried, helplessly, to confront a narrow-eyed sheriff in Winslow, Arizona, thinking that the law was on his side, and then found that it wasn't—at least, not in that town. I'd never forgotten the night in Atlanta when my father and his friends Al Braselton and Lewis King came back hurt and scared from a trip on the Coosawattee because the river had got the best of them. Afterward, Jim Dickey always joked about "what really happened" that day and who was really who in the novel. But I knew. The four suburbanites, the narrow-eyed rednecks—all those men were Jim Dickey.

The novel climbed the best-seller lists quickly. I watched from a distance, proud and a little appalled as my father loomed larger and larger in the book reviews, in magazine articles, on talk shows and during publicity tours: he was combative and funny, drunk and outrageous and ruthless. Talk and testosterone were taking over, with heavy hits of Jack Daniel's to keep things going.

I had been trying to escape, but the making of the movie brought me back to my father. How could it not? Movies, remembered or imagined, had become our last common language, our great common hope. This, at last, was the real thing. None of us wanted to miss the making of it.

It was May of 1971 when Hollywood moved to the little town of Clayton, Georgia. My father, my mother, her mother, my twelve-year-old brother, and my wife and my child and I all followed. My father took with him his bows and arrows, guitars, and tape-recorded music to show the filmmakers just what he wanted. We were headed into the mountains of "Deliverance" thinking we were pioneers but thinking, too, that we already knew our way around "the Country of Nine-Fingered People," as it's called in "Deliverance," because there's so much inbreeding and there have been so many bad accidents that everybody is missing something. This was a place we knew about, and knew enough to fear, but it was ours. This Hollywood crew—they wouldn't have much of a feel for North Georgia.

When we got there, we were put up in A-frame chalets around the golf course of the Kingwood Country Club. Clayton, it turned out, was a burgeoning resort area, an outpost of Atlanta. Within the confines of the club, at least, Hollywood was right at home. And we were no longer sure what to expect.

The evening we arrived, the director, John Boorman, gave a party for the author, to introduce him to the cast and the crew. My father had originally wanted Sam Peckinpah to direct. "You know, Mr. Dickey," Peckinpah told him, "I am famous for what they call my blood ballet." My father figured that there was plenty of room for that in "Deliverance." And Peckinpah had told him that the business of the filmmaker, like that of the poet, was "to create images people cannot forget." But the studio went with Boorman, who had directed four films, including two pretty good, pretty cost-conscious action movies with Lee Marvin. When I met Boorman, it seemed to me that he had nothing to do with this place or this story. With his long hair and pastel sneakers, floppy hats and British locutions, he was just a spectator here, I thought. He couldn't make our movie.

Boorman's wife, a German named Christel, was with him, and so were his four children, all blond. The whole atmosphere was supposed to feel "like family." But things had already started to get a little sullen that first day. My father had been handed the shooting script that he thought he'd approved, but this one started on a terse note: "Scenes 1-19 omit." This was going to be an action movie that began and ended on the river.

As we drove up to Boorman's cottage, we passed Burt Reynolds, who was going to be Lewis, heading the other way. He wore a wide-brimmed Stetson, which he doffed as he drove past my mother. It was the first time we had seen him. "Afternoon, Ma'am," he said.

Jim Dickey stalked into Boorman's living room the same way he would have crept up on a bear in West Virginia—or as if he were the bear. I'd forget sometimes what a big man he was, what a huge presence, but when he'd been drinking—as, of course, he had this night—he lumbered dangerously through the fragile auras of strangers in small spaces. Boorman followed behind him to make introductions—and to watch. Dickey was introduced to Ronny Cox, who would play Drew. Tall but ineffectual, his hair bleached blond at the time, Cox resembled Rod McKuen, whose book of sentimental verse, "Listen to the Warm," was a best-seller. This did not enhance Cox's image in my father's eyes. Jon Voight came to the party a little later. He still wore the credulous look of Joe Buck, the baby-faced gigolo in "Midnight Cowboy." He was beginning to grow a mustache in order to give his features a little maturity, but he seemed way too young to play Ed. Someone told him, "Dickey has arrived." He fixed himself a drink at the bar near the door. Would he like to meet Dickey now? Voight stood up to his full height and took a deep breath. "I guess now's as good a time as any," he said, and into the living room he went. He'd heard tales about the way Dickey came on, the way Dickey could get to you.

After a while, my father worked Cox and Voight over to a table by themselves. He was uncomfortable with most of the others at the party—moneymen, secretaries. They were Boorman's people. It was the actors my father wanted to talk to—to perform for—and so he did.

"Do you really want to play Drew?" Dickey asked Cox.

Boorman was listening from across the room.

Cox looked scared, but managed to say, finally, with overintense sincerity, "I really do."

Dickey paused for effect, let the anxiety linger for a second, then slapped Cox's knee and smiled. "Good," he said. "Because I want you to."

Cox and Voight grinned. Boorman let out his breath.

For the next few days, the actors were rehearsing, waiting for Ned Beatty, who would play Bobby Trippe, to arrive. The crew was getting used to working in the mountains and on the river, running tests, sorting out equipment. Cox and Beatty were theatre guys, not movie people, but Beatty's reputation impressed everyone. He was late coming to Clayton because he was finishing the run of a new play by Ionesco. He was serious, or was supposed to be. But the first time I met him he was wading around in just his tennis shoes and pants—fat, playful, childish, and funny. "I like to get my feet wet," he said, with a well-honed grin.

Boorman would invite small groups of people over to his house in the evenings to play Ping-Pong and have drinks. He was trying to build that sense of an informal community, full of confidences, in which people could trust their emotions and reveal their secrets, and where he would be the only man who understood it all and made it work. But as long as Big Jim Dickey was there nobody was going to believe that.

After a few days, my mother, her mother, and my brother left. But my father stayed. He said that he thought he was needed for the music—he'd heard a song called "Duelling Banjos" at a folk concert in Portland seven or eight years before, and he'd brought the tape and he could pick out the tune on his guitar for anyone who wanted to hear it. He wanted it in the movie. And it was so right that Boorman took to the idea. Then Dickey continued to stay—for the actors, he said. Boorman was still rehearsing them in semi-secrecy, but they were coming on the sly to see Dickey for background on the characters and even for voice coaching. Voight recorded Dickey's accent.

I was slated to stay on as a stand-in, a warm body around whom lights and camera angles are positioned, so that the actor will be able to come on fresh for the actual shooting. It's about as lowly a position as you can get on a set. Later, my father told interviewers that he worked on the movie himself partly because he wanted me to get that job. It was the kind of thing he'd say which always left me uneasy. There was no question that he'd got me the job, but there was no question that he was eager to work on his movie whether I was there or not. "We need to have a very long script conference, I need to see the locations, and a lot of other things," he wrote in his journal a couple of days before we drove up. "It is going to be an awfully hard-working summer, but I am really ready for it, and will not give down. It is going to be one hell of a film."

As my father, my wife, our year-old son, Tucky, and I were settling in for the long haul, Boorman asked Dickey to lunch at the Kingwood Country Club. In the late afternoon, my father was back, knocking on the door of my room. Tucky was napping. We were watching soap operas.

"I'm leaving," my father said, as if his world had crumbled. Boorman had said he was interfering too much, said the actors were upset by his presence. Boorman had said, "Jim, if you want to direct this picture, fine." Dickey had said, "Of course not"—that John was the director, John was the auteur. And John had said that in that case he thought it would be best if Jim left.

My father gave a long sigh and shook his head, and said to me, "So—I guess I'll be going sometime this evening."

"I THINK it was largely Burt," my father said when we were going over this ancient history years later. "Do you remember that publicist up there? He gave me to understand that I made Burt nervous."

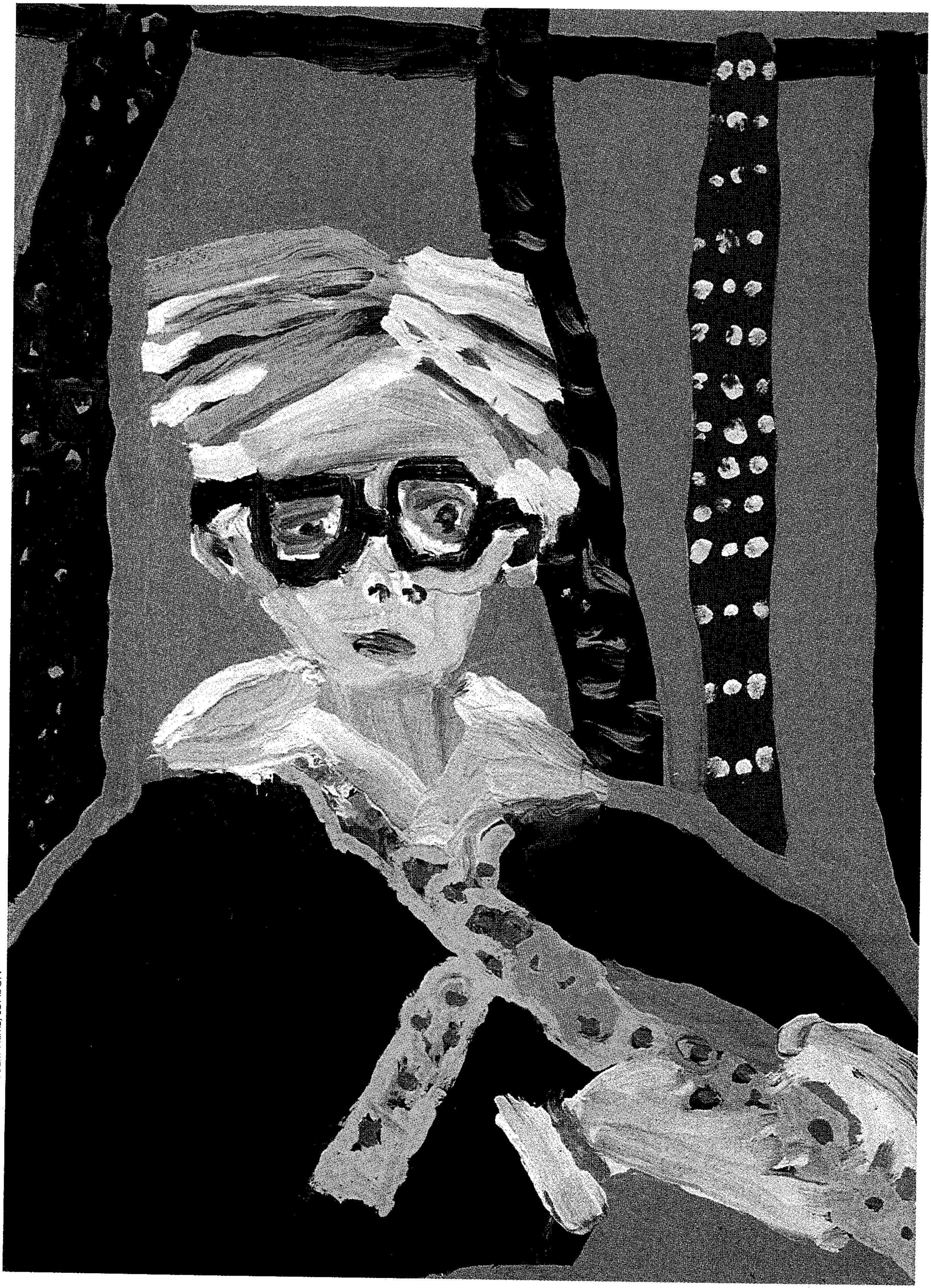
I think that my father made everybody nervous. Cox, Beatty, Voight, and Boorman, too. Especially Boorman. But it was true that Reynolds seemed the most fragile. The making of "Deliverance" was a big break for everybody connected with it. It meant more money, more work, more fame. But Burt, a former stuntman who wanted to be a star, was looking for respect. He was sharp, funny, and self-deprecating, taking shots at himself before others could get them in. But he was excruciatingly sensitive about his height, supplemented by lifts in his boots, and about his hair, which was disappearing fast. And if he was going to make it in this movie he was going to have to act. He was going to have to concentrate. He was going to have to feel just about as sure of himself as he ever had in his life. And Burt certainly didn't need Jim Dickey, who really was big, who had played a little football, too, and who could be the redneck in the morning and the intellectual in the afternoon—who was half Lewis Medlock himself—to tell him anything, anything at all.

"I just couldn't handle his act—his Jim Bowie knife on his belt, cowboy hat, and fringed jacket," Reynolds wrote in his autobiography.

WARNER BROS. got some of its extras that summer out of local jails. One was released into the producer's custody every morning and went back to bed behind bars every night. A lot of the local hires had never seen a job that paid so well. "I found out a long time ago I could make more money raisin' chil-

NEUROTICA

Modern painters have frequently renounced formal finesse in favor of a vehement and raw ineptitude, as if they were thumbing their noses at the useless refinements of tasteful academicians. The seventies pseudo-movement "bad painting" was an example of this trend in the United States. Lately, the "young British art" has gained recognition throughout the world for its disrespectful reinventions of the postwar avant-gardist movements—Minimalism, Conceptualism—that generally passed Britain by on their first go-around. Last fall, in an exhibition at the Royal Academy entitled "Sensation," the ambitious Saatchi Gallery showcased many of the Y.B.A.s. Now Saatchi has published "The New Neurotic Realism," a book featuring more than thirty artists. Among them is Martin Maloney, who stands out for his gross yet witty pictures, such as "Choosing a Tie," a detail of which is shown at the right.



COURTESY THE SAATCHI GALLERY AND ROBERT PRIME, LONDON dren than raisin' hogs," one of the older ones liked to say. But, even by mountain standards, the work could get boring. "Ain't had so much fun since I cut my toenails," you'd hear one of them say.

I asked a reputed moonshiner how he had wound up in jail.

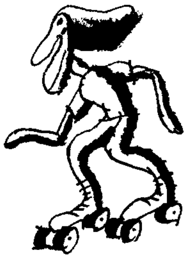
"Well, it was like this. I wadn't doin' nothin'."

"Uh-huh. How come they arrested you, then?"

"I wadn't doin' nothin'."

"Uh-huh."

"And this trooper, he commenced to beatin' on me with his stick. I just sat there, and he kept beatin' and beatin'. Well, finally, I just had to get out of the car and unconscious him."



Other mountain people used in the movie weren't so tough; in fact, they were terribly vulnerable. The face that you don't forget when you see "Deliverance" belonged to a boy of fifteen named Billy Redden, who had the role of a retarded banjo player. His thin-lidded eyes and simple grin are haunting on film, and they were just as disturbing to see on the set. Billy seemed lost. He went around bumming cigarettes, proud of himself for smoking in public, more interested in his Marlboros than in almost anything else that was going on. And he did try to do as he was told, but some things were beyond him.

The movie opens with a sequence at a backwoods gas station, where Drew on the guitar and this boy with his banjo start out just sort of picking a few notes, then take off into a burst of bluegrass virtuosity: "Duelling Banjos." Nobody ever expected that Billy could play that piece, or any piece. The music was all going to be dubbed. But Billy couldn't even fake it. He could make his right hand strum more or less convincingly, but he couldn't imitate the fretwork with his left hand at all. In the end, the scene was set up with Billy sitting on a kind of swinging bench and another little boy hidden beneath it, whose left hand up Billy's sleeve was faking the fingerwork for the camera.

In the next scene, Ed looks through the window of a small shack and sees an old woman, whose face is covered with skin cancers, tending a spastic child, whose head lolls pitifully to one side. The girl was thirteen, but you would have thought she was five or six. Of course, Hollywood paid these people and treated them as gently as it knew how, but it was hard to get over the feeling as the lights went on and the cameras rolled that souls were being stolen here.

"DELIVERANCE" was filmed in sequence. The first day on the Chattooga River, the camera crew and the actors set out early in the morning in a flotilla of rafts and canoes. They barely made it a mile downstream. They broke one of the canoes in half. They ripped the bottom out of a raft and spilled thousands of dollars' worth of camera and sound equipment into the water. No one was hurt, but everyone was soaked, tired, worried, and maybe a little scared. The characters in the story had got too far into these woods, too deep into this river. The fact was that you didn't know what might happen up here.

Among the chalets and cottages of the Kingwood Country Club, Boorman and the actors returned each night to lives of quiet domesticity. Early in the shooting, Reynolds was joined by Numero Duo, as he called her. She was polite, good-humored, and looked as if she were as tough a cracker as ever waited on tables at an all-night truck stop. But by the time the filming was halfway down the river she'd been replaced by Numero Uno. Her name was Miko Mayama, and she was from Japan. Burt would sit in a big armchair, as if on a throne, and Miko would sit at his feet, as if there were no other place for her in the room. For entertainment after a dinner party, they played skittles. Whatever happened on the river, life was deliberately, almost desperately, tame at the Kingwood Country Club.

Every couple of weeks, my mother and father would come back to Clayton, and Big Jim Dickey would try to impose himself on the set again, but the movie was out of his control, and everybody knew it—maybe even he knew it. Though he'd had a partial reconciliation with Boorman, he was still resentful, and was still drinking hard. He took to calling all the actors by the names of their characters. "Lewis! Come here, boy!"

One night at the buffet at the Kingwood Country Club, I was talking to Ned Beatty's wife, Belinha, and we were watching Jim Dickey do his thing. He was acting out one of the scenes he'd written but was having trouble keeping his balance. He was drunk—obviously drunk—but everyone seemed to be enjoying the show. Belinha knew that I was upset. "When you're a star, you can do anything," she said.

I was trying to convince myself that it was the people around my father who were really to blame—bored people, looking for a way to be in touch with a poet's effusive, effulgent, half-mad energy. They wanted him to dare to do the things that they would never do, and maybe to make them dare a little more, too. So they would drink with him until he was falling down, in the hope that he would say something brilliant, or outrageous, knowing they could say to themselves and others that they'd lifted a glass—a lot of glasses—with Big Jim Dickey.

WARNER BROS. had built a dirt road to a dark laurel thicket by the river. This was where the rape scene was going to be filmed. The script called it Resting Place.

It is the second day of the story. Ed and Bobby, in one canoe, have got separated from Lewis and Drew, in the other, and they pull over to the side of the river to wait for the others to catch up. They see coming at them out of this dark forest two mountain men, one of them carrying a double-barrelled shotgun.

One of the mountain men, the smarter of the two, was played by Bill McKinney, a serious character actor, whose main obsession off the set seemed to be looking after his body. Each morning, he swallowed dozens of vitamin and mineral pills, and when he talked to you he'd study with casual fascination the veins and sinews standing out on his forearms. Burt claimed that he'd seen Bill running naked through the Kingwood golf course in the early mornings.

The other mountain man was played by Herbert (Cowboy) Coward, who had worked with Burt a few years before, at one of those Wild West shootout shows in a rickety amusement park in the Smoky Mountains. Cowboy was no actor, but the script called for the character to be missing his front teeth, and Cowboy looked as if his had been knocked out with a ball-peen hammer. The character had to seem at once terribly stupid and terribly frightening. Cowboy could do that. He never left character. But when he talked he usually stuttered, and, when he tried not to stutter, words would come out in a weird order. "You ain't a-goin' no damn wheres" was a line that stayed in the movie. "I'm g-g-gonna lay a b-b-b-big long dick right in your mouth" was one that didn't.

The stars rehearsed, memorized their lines, or practiced canoeing. All of them were getting pretty good at the white water, and out on the river—most of the day, anyway—at least there was sun. But at Resting Place the mood was getting darker. Ned Beatty no longer played the happy fat boy around the set. He was getting harder to talk to—was brooding, concentrating.

One of Boorman's great talents is the way in which he orchestrates the movement of his actors through the frame, and the movement of the camera around his actors. His cinematographer, Vilmos Zsigmond, set up a master shot in which the actors played out the entire scene. Ed is pushed up against a tree and strapped there by the neck with his own web belt. McKinney takes a big hunting knife that Ed was carrying, and asks him if he's ever had his balls cut off, then cuts a line down Ed's chest just to watch him bleed. Bobby is standing at a distance. McKinney tells him to drop his pants. Cowboy points the shotgun at him and gives a big grin that is no less horrifying for being so ludicrous, so hungry. When Bobby is stripped to his undershorts, he panics and starts to run. McKinney chases him; Bobby is trying to scramble up a steep hillside on all fours, but the earth and leaves slip away beneath him. McKinney grabs him, pushes him up the bank for a few feet, then follows him, pawing him, squeezing his ass and his breasts as he is sliding and falling back down into the rotting leaves. He grabs Bobby by the ear and the nose like a pig and half pulls him, half rides him to a decaying log, forces him to lie over it, and rapes him.

An assistant director called me from the sidelines and had me follow the actors through the scene. I was going to stand in for Ned while they set up the lights and the track for the camera. I didn't have to take off my clothes. All I had to do was go through the general motions—stand on the marks set up during the rehearsal and crawl as if in slow motion up the steep bank covered with leaves. No one led me by the nose or treated me like a sow. But I had to lie down over the log, with the wood pressing into my stomach, and there were no jokes—nothing for anyone to say—that could keep me from feeling humiliated.

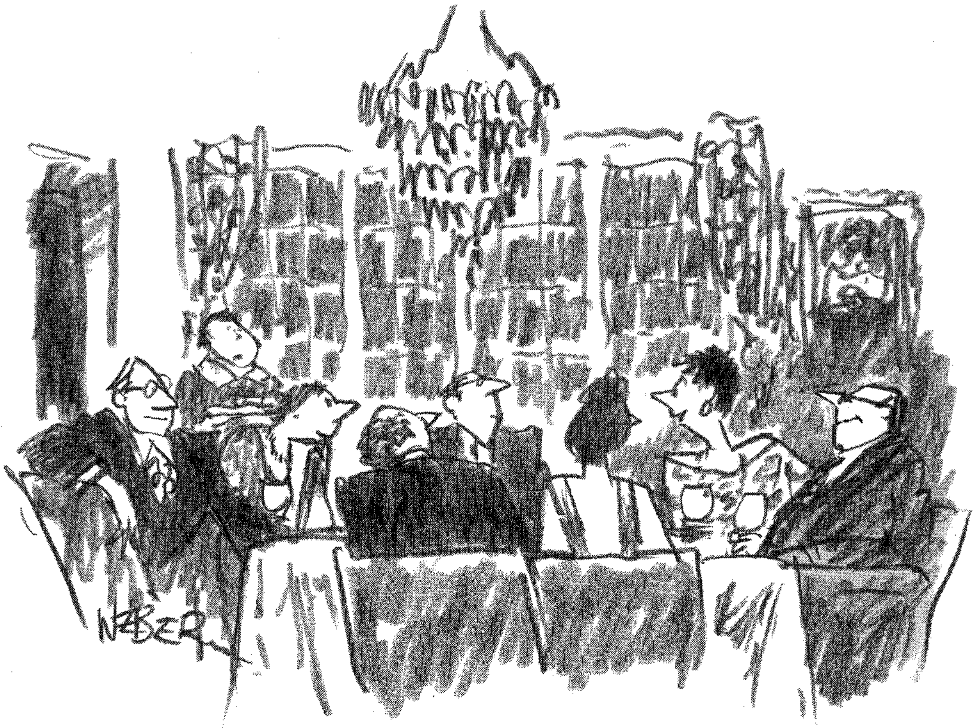
Jon and Ned and McKinney and Cowboy came back onto the set. They'd been looking for a way to match dialogue to action, and somebody had the idea of making Ned squeal as McKinney forces him over the log. "Squeal like a pig!... Squeeal!... Squeeal!" And Ned does, in terror at first, and then, slowly, horribly, the squeals become groans of pain. Finally, Boorman calls "Cut." Then the action is run again, and again, each time growing more grotesque.

That night, I called my father. I was sick of the film, sick of the whole story. And I wondered why the hell he had to have this homosexual rape. "I had to put the moral weight of murder on the suburbanites" was what my father told me. It was what he always said. He had to portray the mountain men as such monsters that the suburbanites would decide not only to kill but to try to cover up their crime. Lewis can shoot McKinney in the back with an arrow and look around at this forest about to be inundated by a dam and say "The law? What law?" and every man watching will think, Yeah, bury the son of a bitch.

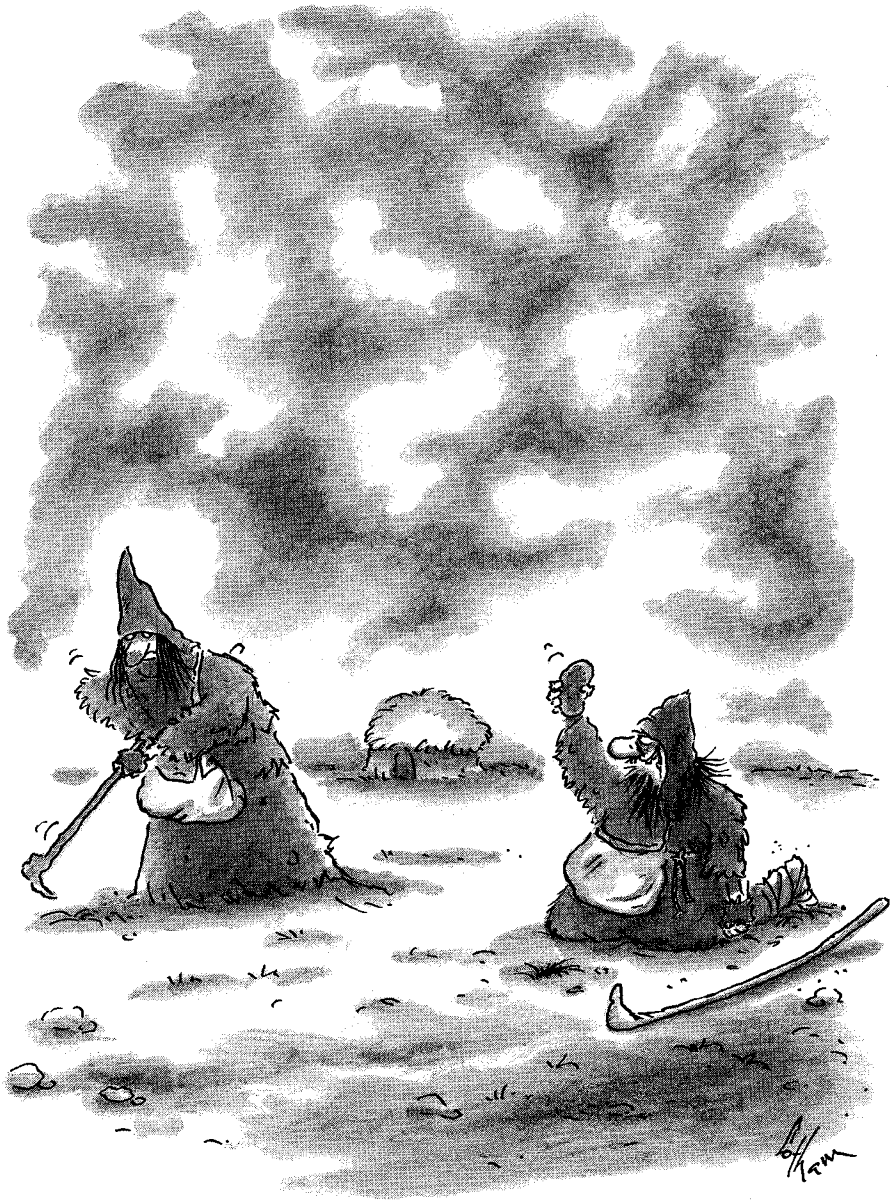
I understood that that was the way it was supposed to work. But I didn't think that my father understood what had happened that day of filming by the river. In the book, I said, you can read the rape scene and know it happened, but you get around it and go on, and get other things out of the novel. In the movie, though, the rape scene was becoming what the movie was about; it was the thing everybody was going to remember. "Squeal like a pig!" Not Lewis's survivalism, not the climb up the cliff, not Ed's conquest of his own fear. It was all going to be about butt-fucking.

"You're wrong, son," my father said.

WHEN the shooting was almost over, my father was given a part to play on the screen. He was going to be Sheriff Bullard, who doesn't really believe the story that these city fellas tell



"Steve tells me that when he was in Beijing he discovered a rather good little Chinese restaurant."



“The economy’s never been better. Here’s another potato!”

• •

him about what happened on the river but lets them go anyway.

My father had never acted before. Not as such. And it embarrassed me to watch him on the set. But when I watch the movie now and see those scenes I think that he was just about perfect. He is big and menacing, and there is a little of the mean-eyed Winslow sheriff in him. But there is also this genteel insecurity as Bullard tries to cope with the hinted atrocities taking place in his county, and there are several times in his brief appearance when he is just so much like my father—even the best of my father, sober and thoughtful and picking his words with real care—that I am glad just to be able to see him. It is an image I cannot forget.

“DELIVERANCE” didn’t reach the theatres for another year. There were technical problems, and there was a dispute about the script. Boorman had dropped so many speeches and introduced so many lines during the shooting—including “Squeal like a pig!”—that he wanted to share the writing credit. The conflict went to arbitration, and James Dickey won.

Eventually, I went with him to the theatre where “Deliverance” was showing. He wore his purple-fringed leather jacket and his big Stetson hat with the pheasant-feather band. Sometimes long strands of hair that he combed over the top of his balding head would come loose and drop down over one ear, giving him the look of a cowboy who had been half scalped. The smell of alcohol oozed from his pores. And he stood in the long line—even walked up and down the lines—as people waited for tickets. “You see that?” he’d say. “That’s my movie.”

It seemed to me then, and for a long time afterward, that forces of self-indulgence and self-destruction, which were always there in my father but had been held in check, at least some of the time, were cut loose by the movie’s success. It was no longer enough for him to write muscular, virile poetry. There was an expectation that he would live it—be it, somehow, in his middle age, just at the moment when he could feel all that slipping away from him. As he struggled to be what he was not, people loved the spectacle. *Playboy* ran a story about my father in 1971, and the first page told the tale. “THE STUFF OF POETRY,” the headline said, was “a little guitar picking, fast-water canoeing, booze, archery and weight lifting—if you happen to be James Dickey in search of deliverance.”

The show became a parody. Then a bore. A columnist for the Atlanta *Journal-Constitution*, Joe Cumming, Jr., picked up on the theme and the myths, mincing his words for the sake of libel laws. Dickey had been “everybody’s darling—the moonshot poet who gave us the inspired new perspective on ourselves with ‘the blue planet’; he toured with Russian poets; visited Picasso. . . . Then his fame turned infamous. Stories floated about of unseemly and unsober behavior, even as his popularity grew as a guitar-pickin’ reader of poetry on the college circuit. The little wine and cheese faculty affairs became a legacy of Dickey trying to convert them to larger affairs—with faculty wives. He became the South’s favorite gossip topic. We had need of such—a naughty native son to be scandalized by.”

Meanwhile, his wife was dying. Her delicate face was swollen, and in it her eyes had grown liquid. She talked more and more about the things my father had given her: the Cadillac, a mink coat, a few bits of silver jewelry from Georg Jensen, a new vacation house at Litchfield Plantation, down on the South Carolina coast. She was clinging to it all, still trying to be a wife and make a home, even as the people she was making it for were leaving. She had no real friends to talk to—really talk to—about the hurt of being with my father and the loneliness of being without him, no one with whom she could share her private anger at all the public love affairs. Her mother had moved to be near her, but this mother, who had more or less abandoned her when she was young, was no consolation now that she was growing old. The two of them would sit together and drink into the late afternoon, my mother's mother chain-smoking, slurring her words, inciting my mother, but never giving her any idea of what she could do to change her life except hate my father more and have another Scotch.

I WAS gone—living in D.C., working at the Washington *Post.* I had given up on my father and mother and brother, hoping to save myself. Jim Dickey had always been interested, he liked to say, "in the creative possibilities of the lie." He believed that the poet "is not trying to tell the truth, but to make it." But the lying wasn't limited to the poem. And, in truth, he had come to lie the most about the people who loved him most, until we felt that he didn't so much know us as imagine us. Which is not to say that he couldn't see us for what we were. He could, sometimes. And his disappointment was impossible to endure.

So was his feral cruelty. My mother died in October of 1976. My father was determined to remarry right away. One night, when he passed through Washington, I found him in his hotel room falling-down drunk. Blearily, but with more calculation than I realized at the time, he reënacted her death for me: blood gushing from her throat, screams for her mother—as if she had rejected him, and that gave him every reason, and every right, to marry someone else as soon as possible.

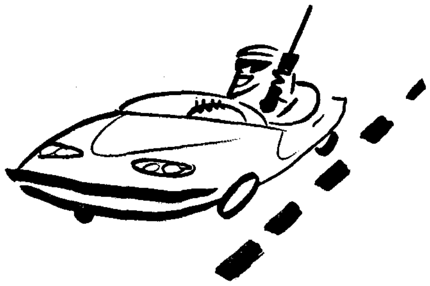
Two months after my mother's death, I read about my father's wedding in *People:* "FOR NEWLY WIDOWED POET JAMES DICKEY, DELIVERANCE IS A BRIDE NAMED DEBBIE." She was younger than I was—less than half his age. They posed with mock formality for the invited paparazzi. "The day began," the caption coyly informs its readers, "with a champagne brunch." And what I thought was: Somebody needs to take care of you, Dad, and better her than me. Then stories started coming about violence. There was something about her stabbing him with an arrow. There were press reports about his drinking. There was an incident—but I wasn't sure what it was—during a trip they took to Mexico as cultural envoys for the Carter Administration. Years later, in 1986, he had brain surgery to relieve the pressure of bleeding beneath the skull. He denied that Debbie had hit him.

By then, they had had a little girl. I did not know, and dared not think, how she was being raised. There was nothing I could do, I told my father's friends. He had decided on this woman, this life, this late-in-life child. I couldn't do anything about the decisions he'd made.

Taking refuge in my helplessness, I kept my distance. My first marriage fell apart, and I made another, better one—to Carol Salvatore, a beautiful Italian-American with a much deeper sense of how other families are, and can be, than I had ever had. We left the United States in 1980. In Central America, in the Middle East, in Europe—in guerrilla wars and Gulf conflicts—I thought I was getting on with my life.

By the early nineteen-nineties, I was as much my own man as it was possible for me to be, and nothing that I wrote or did was identified with my father in anyone's mind except my own. Despite all the years and all the distance, the knot of anger inside me had become a void I did not know how to fill.

Finally, in the summer of 1994, at Carol's insistence, I went back to South Carolina. One of the first things I found was that Deborah, my father's wife, was a drug addict. In 1991, she was caught in an abandoned building injecting cocaine. My father forgave her, always. When she pleaded guilty to one count of possession, he told the court he would "stand beside her until death and mourning."



But death and mourning were closer than we knew. In October, 1994, my father was hospitalized with alcoholic hepatitis. Deborah, by turns protective and abusive, seemed unable to help. But I couldn't walk away this time. Because of my sister, Bronwen, it was no longer possible for me to say there was nothing to be done. For thirteen years, she had learned how to survive, and even to excel, in the dense atmosphere of madness and love, drunkenness and genius which surrounded my father. She was intelligent, pretty, perceptive, funny. But things were just too crazy now. Something had to be done for her. And through her, I believed, something could be done for all of us. Over Christmas, we two grown sons and this young sister entered into a kind of conspiracy to break the cycle of destruction: to save Bronwen and assure her future; to rescue our father, and maybe even salvage Deborah; and, finally, to save our exiled souls.

Jim Dickey had survived an attack of liver disease so fierce that eighty per cent of patients in a similar condition die. His body cavity was filled with fluids, like a water bed. His face was skeletal and shrunken. The hole where fluid had been drained from beneath his skull nine years before showed a deep pit in the skin of his forehead. It seemed clear that he was afraid—physically terrified—of his wife. That Christmas, he spoke into my tape recorder. "For God's sake, keep hold of that tape," he said. "Don't let Deborah get hold of it. It would be worth my life." He touched the dent in his skull. "It was her who caused all this to happen." He meant that she had struck the blow that caused the bleeding.

I did not know then if that was true, and I still do not. Deborah, who is straight now, denies the blow to my father's head. All I knew for certain then was that my father was very weak, physically shrunken, desperately out of breath from a fibrosis of the lungs, which got worse even as his liver got better. But he was sober. And he spoke now, as he had not for many years, with dazzling lucidity. We could talk. We could work together.

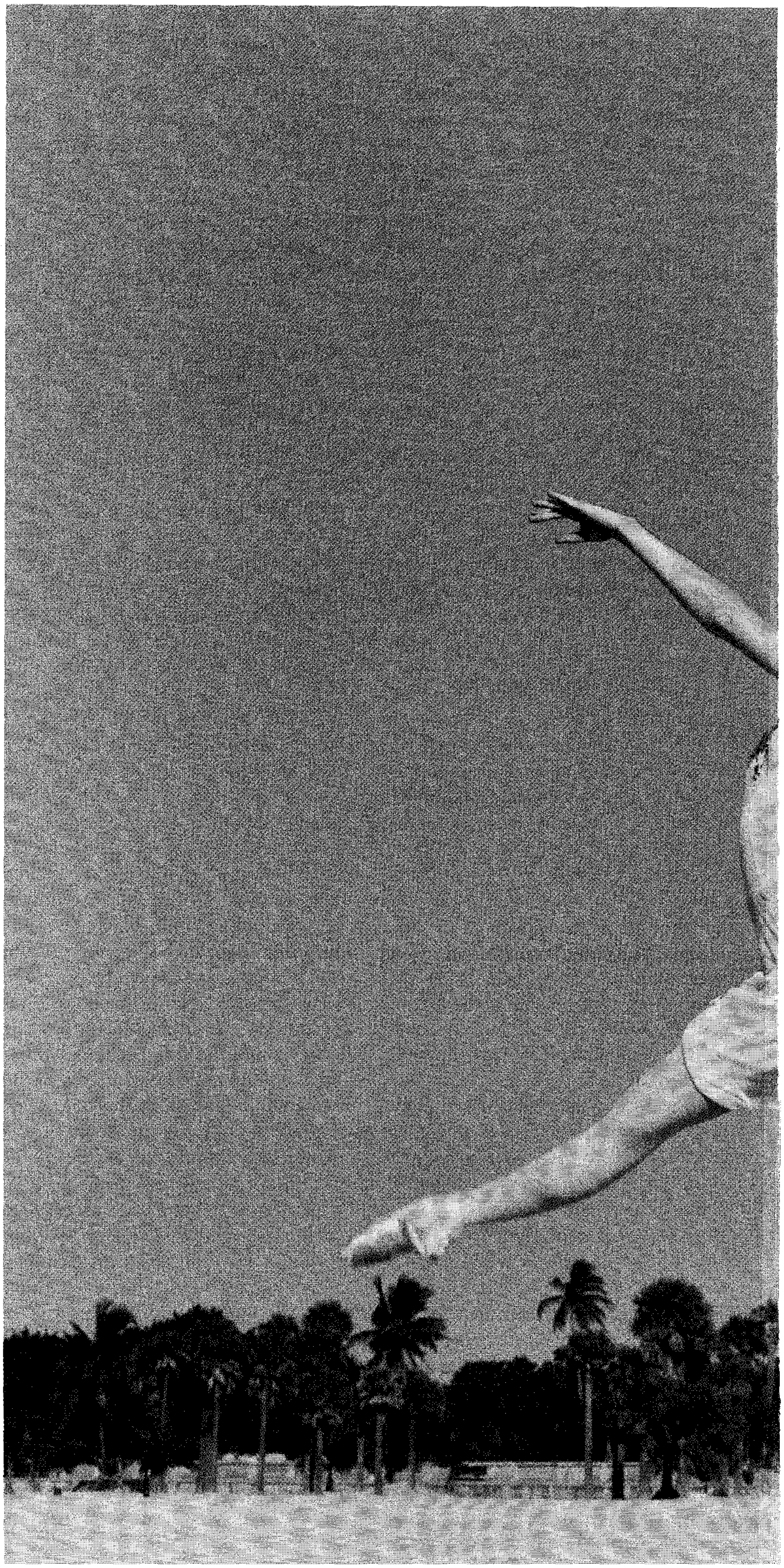
Within three months, Bronwen had been accepted at one of the best boarding schools in America. Within a year, Deborah had moved out of the house and was seriously committed to treatment for her addictions. We were scattered, but were drawing together.

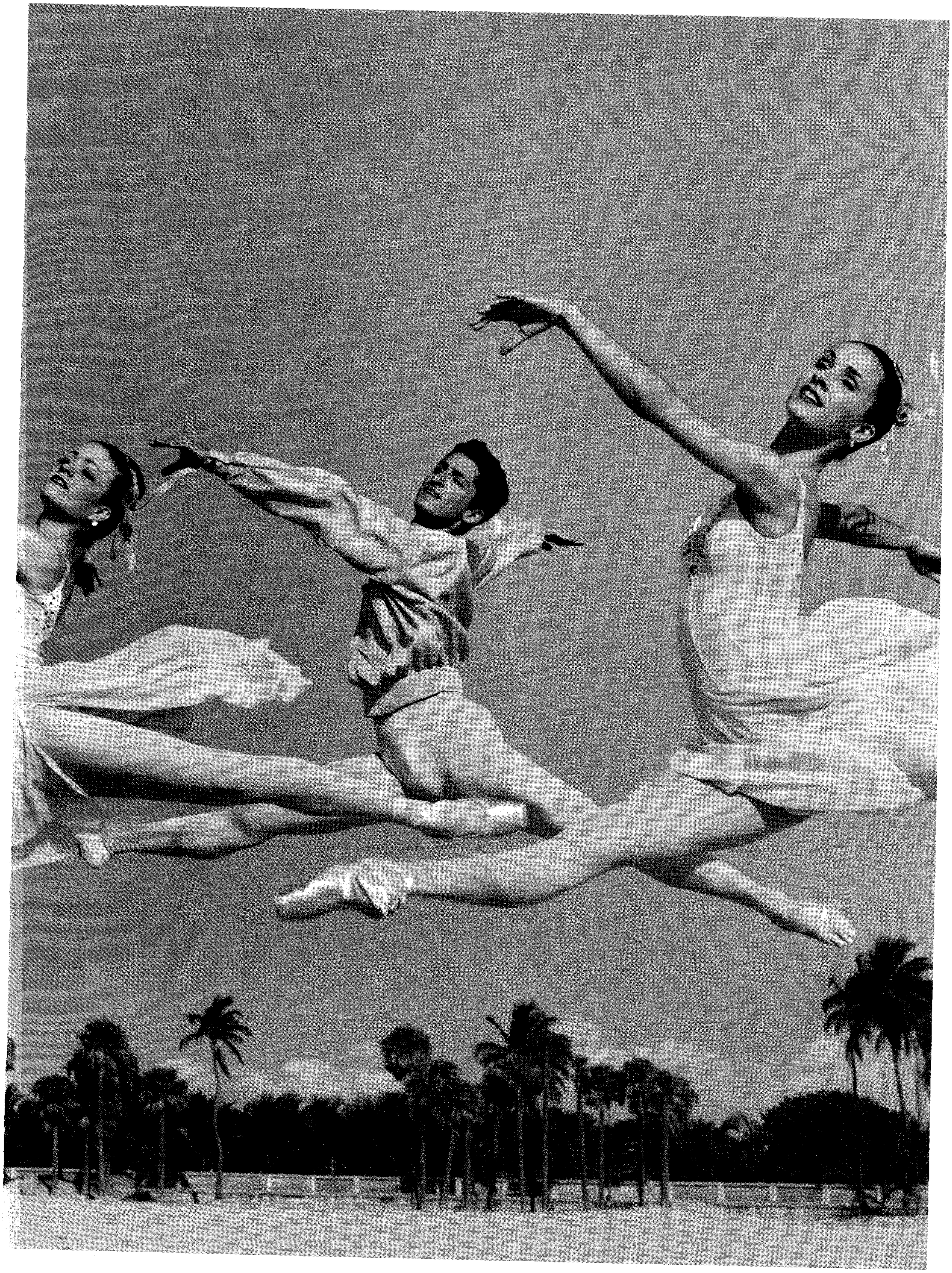
JULY, 1996. My wife, my fifteen-year-old sister, my father's secretary, my father, and I had driven to the house in Litchfield Plantation, which he had rarely visited after my mother's death. She had decorated it twenty years before with white rugs and pastel furniture and abstract art—with her own special memories and her own sense of order. My father liked to say he had bought the house as a tribute to her. He liked to show that James Dickey, the intellectual and poet that he was, the whiskey-slugging "Deliverance" novelist-screenwriter celebrity that he became, could buy her by far the best house in this elegant country-club community—three stories, with skylights on the third floor. Certainly it

DANCING FOR MR. V.

In 1986, Edward Villella, the former New York City Ballet principal dancer from Bayside, Queens, started a troupe miles from home, determined to create his own version of a "Balanchine company." Although the Miami City Ballet is now on solid footing critically and financially, it still has not played Manhattan—perhaps Villella, who chronicled his often fractious relationship with Mr. B. in his memoir, "Prodigal Son," knows what a ruckus his homecoming would create. In the meantime, local balletomanes may take in this Southern interpretation of City Ballet from July 21st through July 25th, at the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, in Becket, Massachusetts. The company will present some of its own works mixed with classic Balanchine pieces, such as the soaring "Valse-Fantaisie," in which Shannon Parsley, Jared Redick, and Deanna Seay take flight.

Photograph by Philip Trager





had become her refuge—in the end, not least, from him. Now, so long after her death, the grounds were maintained just enough for appearances. In the living room, a picture window had been replaced after a hurricane blew through it, but the white wall-to-wall carpet had been left with the rot and the watermarks of the storm. Small creatures from the marshes had found their way into the house and died and dried in the sun. Wasps by the hundred lay on the sills or were embedded in the rug.

It had been a long drive. The others had gone to bed, upstairs. My father and I watched the last recap of the first day of the Atlanta Olympics. Now it was after midnight, and the ceiling lights in the living room didn't work, and the few lamps left in the house had been broken, bent, smashed. All the lampshades had disappeared. I wasn't sure why. The bare-bulbed glare in the one living-room lamp was oppressive.

"Let's roll," said my father, bracing himself for the climb to the bedroom on the third floor, beneath the skylights.

"You could sleep down here," I said. "It would be easier." All he had to do was stretch his long, fragile body on the sofa where he was sitting. I would bring a blanket and make a bed for him. Then there would be no need to move the oxygen-generating machine; no need to get out the backup bottles of air; no reason to strain the petrified lungs that worked so hard to take in so little. No chance of a fall. The machine sat safely in a corner of the room whispering "Sh-h-h," pausing, "Sh-h-h," with its own reliably calibrated breath, feeding pure blood-reddening oxygen to him at three and a half litres a minute through a thirty-foot plastic tube coiled near his feet.

"No," he said, adjusting a plastic loop draped over his ears and beneath his nose which sifted the air to him. "I want to be in my room."

"I know," I said.

We had strategized the ascent to the bedroom like Alpinists, from base camp to summit. First, we had to get to the staircase. I shoved aside the battered coffee table, clearing a path. Focussed and determined, decrepit when he moved but still oddly athletic when he thought about moving, my father made his way twenty feet, to a little camp stool at the bottom of the stairs, and sat down, exhausted.

We waited. "It'll get easier," I said.

"Sure," he said. "Sure it will."

"Ready?"

He stood with concentrated effort and an upward push of his body, and lost his balance. I caught him, held him up, and then, slowly, steadied him. One step. Two. I touched his arm as lightly as I could, and watched the fear on his face give way again to determination. Three, four—eight steps to the first landing, where a chair was waiting. He eased himself down into it, completely winded.

"I'll take the machine up," I said.

He raised his hand, ordering me to be quiet. A minute passed slowly. "O.K.," he said, shaking his head to clear it.

"It'll just take a second to get it up there," I said. He would keep the plastic hose with him, but for a couple of minutes no air would come.

He waved his hand, said nothing.

The machine was about as big as a hotel minibar and probably as heavy. I held it next to me as I climbed, afraid that I would lose my balance. I had always tensed up around my father, always been clumsy. I was forty-four years old, and that hadn't changed.

One flight, the landing, one flight, the second floor, another flight and another landing, and, finally, the last flight, to the top floor. I set the machine down delicately, then stood and stretched with some slight sense of accomplishment as I felt the muscles in my back and shoulders pump up a little from the strain. I found a plug, hit the switch. The machine sighed to life. The little ball floating in a tube on the front climbed to the three-and-a-half-litre line and steadied.

"Five!" he shouted from below, and I wondered where he got the breath. "Five! Got to have it!"

I adjusted the knob, watched the ball rise. "You got it!" I shouted down. I couldn't see him from where I was. I shook out the long plastic tube to make sure it wasn't kinked and he had some slack. It went taut. And jerked.

Then jerked again.

And again.

Damn!

"Chrissy?" His voice sounded as O.K. as it could. "Chrissy? What's that?" He jerked on the tube again, like a fish striking a line.

He was playing. Ah, God! He was calling up memories of summer vacations forty years before on a long pier in Florida: memories of a father teaching a son the secrets he'd held on to from his own childhood, that code you build up over a lifetime—how to hold a marble and aim it and shoot it, or how to make a predator call from a blade of grass between the thumbs, or how to know when a fish was striking a hand line or a crab was just sawing at it. I jerked gently on the tube to set the hook, just the way he'd taught me.

"We'll stay here awhile, here on the landing," he said when he could get any words out at all. I sat on a step waiting, looking out the big window at a few leaves that were lit by spotlights outside and a lot of darkness that was not. Finally, he said, "What do you think of the movie?" And he shook his head.

My father's third novel, "To the White Sea," about a murderous American loner let loose in wartime Japan, had been bought by Hollywood, and the producer was enthusiastic, as producers tend to be. But the project was out of my father's hands. Others had written the screenplay this time, and the old man had been reading the script.

"The string," I said.

"Yeah."

He'd fixed on the vignette where Muldrow, the killer and hero, has been discovered by two little children on a moonlit night near a Japanese farmhouse. Muldrow might murder them, but instead he weaves a little string figure, a sort of cat's cradle, with his fingers.

The screenplay made this a brief, odd encounter. But my father wanted to draw it out, as it was in the novel, for all the tension it could hold. He wanted Muldrow to weave a string ladder with his fingers and hold it up against the moon for the children to see, and move it so that the moon climbed diamond-shaped rungs. Then he wanted Muldrow to take this circle of string and

CONCH

Cry of something

Forgot and empowered   intact both dead and alive:

Gland-cry   clear, clean,
Discreet, undiminished, hovered-in

By you, infinitely encircling what the shudder-
dark under the mullet-field's spread
Inch of undercover in the sun

Says: inexhaustibly lost sound

Of the shell, it speaks
Only itself,
Delaying, unmarvelling, unmoralizing:
Limitless last word
Released from spiralling.
There is no
Whole truth, but this is what we have,

And it goes on
Beyond impact, beyond reach, beyond recall,
Not passing

As I catch myself
Catching myself listening to the conch
Without the shell: the one voice, now,

For my son coming naked from the ocean,
Myself created new-human

By limit, father-rooted in sand.

—James Dickey

hang it around the neck of one of the children, so that, as you saw the knot at the throat, you couldn't be sure if Muldrow would strangle the little boy or not.

As my father talked, I saw the string as he had woven it for me one afternoon on the steps of his mother's house in Atlanta, in the nineteen-fifties. I was three or four, still small enough for him to coax a thrilled little-boy laugh out of me by tossing me in the air on a long, warm afternoon after a Sunday dinner with the family. But he had got tired of that game and wanted to show me another, and he had brought out a circle of string from someplace. "I'm going to cut off my head," he said, wrapping the thread around his neck, then lacing it through his fingers. I knew it was just a trick, but my heart still picked up speed. And then he clapped his hands and, as if by magic, the string passed through his neck. But his head was still there. And I was amazed.

Another trick: His powerful fingers, made for holding a football or pulling a bow, now wove the string as delicately as the legs of a garden spider knitting its web. And then, with a turn of his wrists, there appeared, stretched between his hands, the ladder. "Climb it with your fingers," he told me, and when I reached the top rung he drew the strings together to catch me there.

Years later, as an adult, I had read through a collection of my father's poems and come upon "The String." It described how his brother, who died before he was born—the one whose death, in my father's mind, was the reason for his own birth—had lain in his sickbed making string figures hour after hour:

> Except when he enters my son,
> The same age as he at his death,
> I cannot bring my brother to myself.
> I do not have his memory in my life,
> Yet he is in my mind and on my hands.
> I weave the trivial string upon a light
> *Dead before I was born.*

The image haunted and reassured me. It seemed a perfect expression of family, of loss and regeneration, this story of "a skeletal, blood-sharing child."

> A man, I make the same forms
> For my son, that my brother made,
> Who learnt them going to Heaven.

Right there at the old house in Atlanta, where the air smelled of green moss and pine straw.

And now, as we sat together on the landing, six months before his death, I asked him about his brother and the string.

"I made that up," he said.

"Yeah?"

We were back to the creative possibilities of the lie. One of the great lessons he'd learned in poetry, he said, was from Monroe Spears, who taught him at Vanderbilt in the nineteen-forties. Spears had been telling him what he needed to do to improve a particular poem—"What should happen here is"—when my father had said, or so he said he had said, "It didn't happen that way." And Spears had told him, "No artist is bound by the truth." A great lesson, my father thought.

We sat there on the landing for a while longer, not talking, waiting for breath from the machine.

"But you're a journalist," my father said. "So the truth is important."

"In journalism, it is."

He considered that proposition for a time, as if waiting for more or better air.

"Remember this," he said. "As if these were my last words. No matter what anybody says."

"I'm listening."

"Remember what I was—to you." ◆

LETTER FROM LONDON

A ROYAL DEFEAT

Prince Charles's campaign for a traditional architecture is a shambles, and in London the modernists reign.

BY PAUL GOLDBERGER

LAST week, Queen Elizabeth presided at the dedication ceremony of the new British Library, a sprawling, eight-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar pile of brick and concrete within sight of St. Pancras Station. In a speech she called the building "remarkable" and "a labor of love." The Queen was emphatically not accompanied by the Prince of Wales, whose opinion of the building had already been expressed, in somewhat less diplomatic language than his mother's. The British Library, Prince Charles said in 1988, would be "a dim collection of brick sheds groping for some symbolic significance" and would resemble "an academy for secret police." That royal excoriation was so harsh that the library's architect, Colin St. John Wilson, later claimed that it had led to the demise of his practice.

Until very recently, the Prince has rarely passed up an opportunity to comment on a new building. His attempt to direct the course of British architecture toward more traditional designs has been the major project of his adult life, and no member of the Royal Family has been as outspoken on any subject as Charles has been in his jihad against modern architecture. Lately, however, the Prince has been more or less silent on the subject. He has offered a few remarks in defense of Poundbury, a quaint neo-traditional village that he commissioned in Dorset, but the sweeping pleas to reject modernism and bring back classical architecture have stopped. Charles's stoic silence about the new library, a banal and wildly unpopular building that even many modernists dislike, does not mean that he has changed his views. But he has evidently come to believe that his architectural crusade has interfered with his project of turning himself into the kind of heir to the throne that the British public seems to crave. And, indeed, Charles is no longer seen as an indifferent father and an amiable dingbat who talks to carrots. Rather, he is now spoken of in the respectful tones befitting a future king.

THE refurbishing of Charles's public persona is only part of the story. The reality is that the Prince's vision of Britain—equal parts Christopher Wren and Ralph Lauren—has been defeated, overwhelmed by a wave of sleekness that has given London more glass and stainless steel than New York and fresher architecture than Paris. Modernists dominate the British architecture world today as never before. Richard Rogers, the sixty-four-year-old architect who, in the late nineteen-eighties, led the opposition to the Prince, is now Lord Rogers, and he and his fellow-modernist Norman Foster, now Sir Norman, are the most powerful architects in the land.

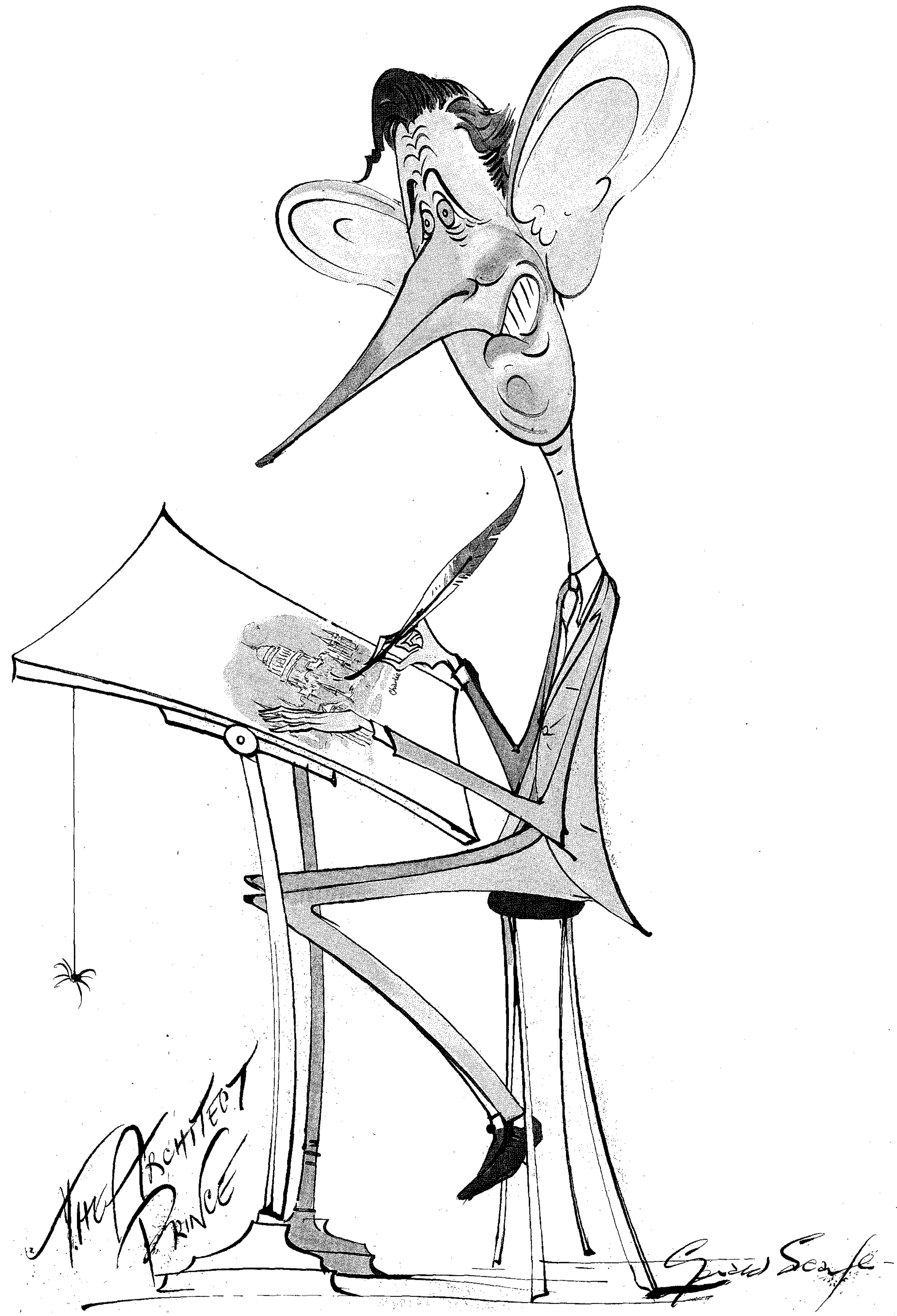
The Prince declared war on modern architecture in 1984, in a speech in which he called a proposed addition to the National Gallery "a monstrous carbuncle on the face of a much loved and elegant friend." With those words, he instantly became the world's most famous architecture critic, and a new age of British classicism seemed imminent, with him as its patron. With advisers like the classicist Leon Krier and the *Financial Times* critic Colin Amery at his side, Charles founded a school to teach classical architecture, started a magazine, wrote a book, produced a television special, commissioned Krier to design Poundbury, and watched with pleasure as plans for modern commercial buildings in London were tossed out in favor of more traditional designs. The future of architecture in Britain seemed to belong to architects like Quinlan Terry, a stuffy classicist best known for an office building, along the Thames in Richmond, designed to look like a series of classical false fronts—a building the Prince called "an expression of harmony and proportion."

Modernists like Rogers and Foster decided to find work abroad. James Stirling, whose proposal in 1986 for an office building near the Bank of England had been described by the Prince as looking "like a 1930's wireless," did a lot of his work in Germany and the United States, and declared that if he won the commission to design the Getty Center, in Los Angeles—he was one of three finalists—he would immigrate to the United States.

But today Charles's magazine, *Perspectives*, is defunct. His school, the Prince of Wales's Institute of Architecture, has had four directors in six years, and has been denied accreditation by the Royal Institute of British Architects. The school's board now consists of lawyers and is run by Hilary Browne-Wilkinson, the solicitor who handled the divorce of Charles's longtime lover, Camilla Parker Bowles. Poundbury, partly built, is a theme park of a hundred and forty-two houses—pretty but of little significance beyond its connection to its royal squire. As far as Britain's architectural culture is concerned, the Prince is now under a kind of intellectual house arrest.

Meanwhile, the exiles have returned in triumph. Foster and Rogers now head an entire school of British modernists, which includes Nicholas Grimshaw, who designed the glass-roofed terminal for the Eurostar, the Chunnel train, at Waterloo Station; members of the firm Arup Associates; Michael Hopkins; Lifschutz Davidson; and David Chipperfield. Together they constitute the most cohesive and vibrant group of modernist architects in any

GERALD SCARFE


The Architect Prince
Charlie
Gerald Scarfe

An adviser to the Prince says, "He is deeply suspicious of technology and science, and he remains suspicious of modernism."

country in the world. The work they are producing is very different from the Le Corbusier-inspired "new brutalism" of the previous generation of British modernists, a style typified by Denys Lasdun's National Theatre, on the Thames. The new work is brighter, lighter, more exuberant, enthralled by technology, and as sensual as it is spare. For the first time in decades, there is a clear British architectural style, and most of it is very good. But it is nothing like what the Prince of Wales, who tried harder to put architecture on the public agenda than any leader since Thomas Jefferson, intended it to be.

PRINCE CHARLES has no formal training in architecture, but his sincerity has never been in doubt. Big, harsh modern buildings offended his sensibilities, and he knew that the difference between living in a council highrise and living in Kensington Palace was not only a matter of how much space you had. The problem, friends say, is that Charles is not particularly interested in the twentieth century. He is reportedly happiest at Highgrove, his eighteenth-century country house, and is made uncomfortable by cities, going to considerable lengths to avoid spending the night in London. Charles's architectural education, one of his friends has remarked, consisted of "looking out the window of a Rolls-Royce listening to his mother and grandmother saying, 'Isn't all that ugly?' "

In launching his architectural crusade, the Prince made an error in judgment. From the outset, he cast the issue of Britain's architectural future in moralistic terms, as an argument "between the inhuman and the human," he wrote in his book "A Vision of Britain." The more he sermonized, the more he sounded like a well-bred reactionary. Charles got people talking about architecture, but his solutions were vague and sentimental, and he had no coherent plan for making things better. And he failed to understand a basic historical fact about British architecture: it has always valued eccentricity. Most of the greatest British architects—Nicholas Hawksmoor, John Soane, William Butterfield, Edwin Lutyens—have broken rules, not followed them, and have developed highly personal ways of building. But here was the Prince saying that rules mattered more than ever, and were morally superior, too.

"I dislike you both the same."

Stephen Bayley, a founding director of Sir Terence Conran's Design Museum, in London, recalls meeting with the Prince to invite him to give the dedication speech for the museum's opening, in 1989. "We went to St. James's Palace and showed him the model, and all he said was 'Mr. Bayley, but why does it have a flat roof?' "

Charles surrounded himself with people who shared his vision of Britain. Even so, several years into his campaign against modernism, schisms started to develop within his inner circle. Some of his advisers continued to argue that his crusade would bring him closer to the people, but others thought it was simply making him look stodgy. By the time the Labour Government took over last year, the anti-stodge camp was in the ascendancy. If Charles was ever going to convince the people that he had some of the contemporary touch that had made them love Diana, going on and on about how much he hated everything modern just wouldn't do.

"There have always been two conflicting issues—the agenda of the Prince of Wales and the agenda of the palace," an architectural historian who used to teach at the Prince's institute told me. The palace, he said, wants "to smooth the route to the throne and remove the Prince from any controversial activity. He ruffled so many feathers." (Another friend of the Prince said to me, "Put not your trust in princes—they cannot run things, because they are run themselves.")

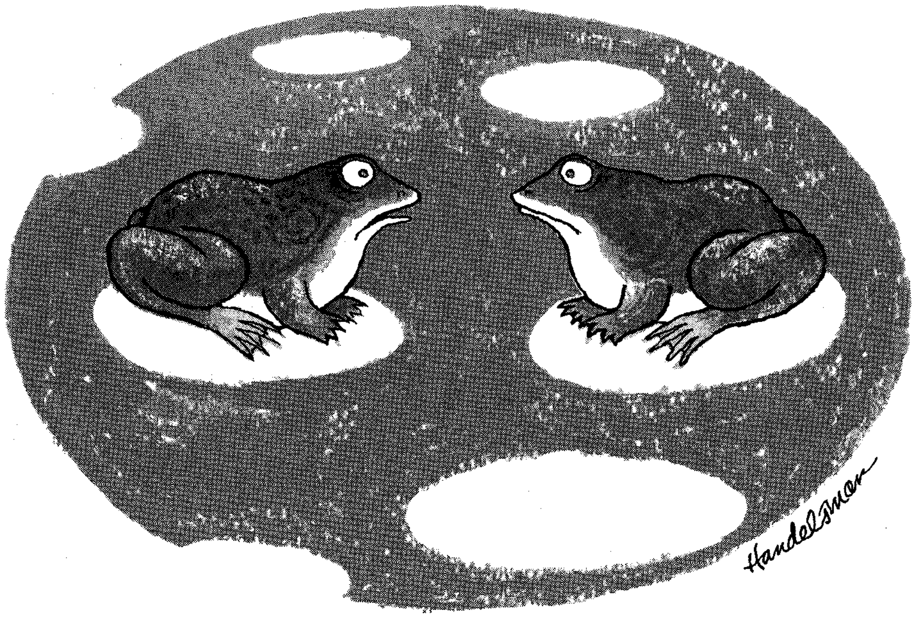
Now Charles is being advised by a group of people with no connection to architecture, image shapers who are said to be close to Camilla Parker Bowles. Since there seemed little chance of persuading Charles to moderate his views on architecture, these new courtiers have tried to shift him off the subject altogether. "He can no longer be the agent provocateur—he cannot be engaged in an intellectual battle with everyone else," Paul Finch, the editor of *Architects' Journal*, said to me. "They will not allow it."

WHEN Charles first took on the architectural establishment, it was difficult not to applaud him. Back then, most modern architecture in Britain was awful. New brutalism had been embraced with more enthusiasm in Britain than anywhere else, and London, for a while, seemed to be the world capital of concrete slabs. In Charles's second major speech on the subject, he declared that modern architects had done more damage to London than the Luftwaffe, and the British people cheered.

The Prince's populist affection for old-fashioned buildings turned out to be right at home in the Britain of Margaret Thatcher. Even though the business and real-estate communities were at odds with the Prince when it came to such big nineteen-eighties projects as the office complex at Canary Wharf, whose American-style skyscraper Thatcher loved and the Prince despised, those communities could easily agree with him about architectural tastes in private homes. What better way to celebrate the newly created wealth of the boom years than with a shiny new neoclassical villa? Charles's architecture crusade, excised of its moral fervor, became closely associated with Thatcherism, almost in spite of itself. Classical architecture felt rich, and in the eighties rich was good.

Sometimes more than just a conceptual connection bound Charles's crusade to Thatcherism. There was, for example, the reconstruction of Paternoster Square, a site adjacent to St. Paul's Cathedral occupied by a dreary set of office buildings from the sixties. In the eighties, a developer planned a new Paternoster Square, and invited six prominent modernist architects, including Richard Rogers, to submit schemes. Rogers's plan was reportedly the favorite, but the developer, worried that it wouldn't pass muster with Charles, chose a scheme by Arup Associates instead. Arup fared no better than Rogers; Charles's lack of enthusiasm led to the abandonment of the whole competition, and the decision was made to start all over again with an elaborate cluster of classical palazzi, intended to make Paternoster Square into a showpiece of London's new classical revival. That version, which was put together by a consortium of American, British, and Japanese developers and included buildings by John Simpson and the American classicists Allan Greenberg and Thomas Beeby, didn't get built, either. The project stumbled when it became obvious that the buildings, designed to please Charles, would be too expensive and were too awkwardly laid out to make sense as office space. It was an attempt "to produce seven masterpieces at the same moment—an impossible scenario," as one of the developers put it.

So the old Paternoster Square still stands, more desolate than ever, its empty concrete buildings facing a littered, windswept plaza. A few months ago, developers unveiled a new, more modest, more practical plan for the area. Even if the new project is built, it will do little to change the general view of Paternoster Square as a powerful emblem of how Prince Charles's architectural ideas have become increasingly irrelevant in the Britain of Tony Blair.



"So they hold this conference to figure out why we're becoming extinct, and guess what they have for dinner."

• •

THE architect Richard Rogers has been the Prince's fiercest and most eloquent opponent. He was born in Italy into a family of English intellectuals, studied architecture at Yale, and first gained wide attention as the co-architect, with Renzo Piano, of the Centre Pompidou, in Paris. The Pompidou, which opened in 1977, immediately reënergized the Paris art and architecture scene, and it gave Rogers instant status as a kind of radical within the establishment. In 1989, while most of the architectural profession in London was retreating in fear and confusion before Charles's onslaught, Rogers published a strongly worded counterattack.

"If princes want to argue, they should stop being princes," Rogers said in an interview in *Marxism Today*, and went on to call Charles's attempts to direct the architecture of public buildings "very vicious and questionable democratically. This is the reason that in the past some countries beheaded their kings." Rogers, whose socialist leanings and fondness for being in the public eye made him a natural spokesman of the architectural opposition, tried to meet with the Prince. But, he said, three different meetings were cancelled by Buckingham Palace.

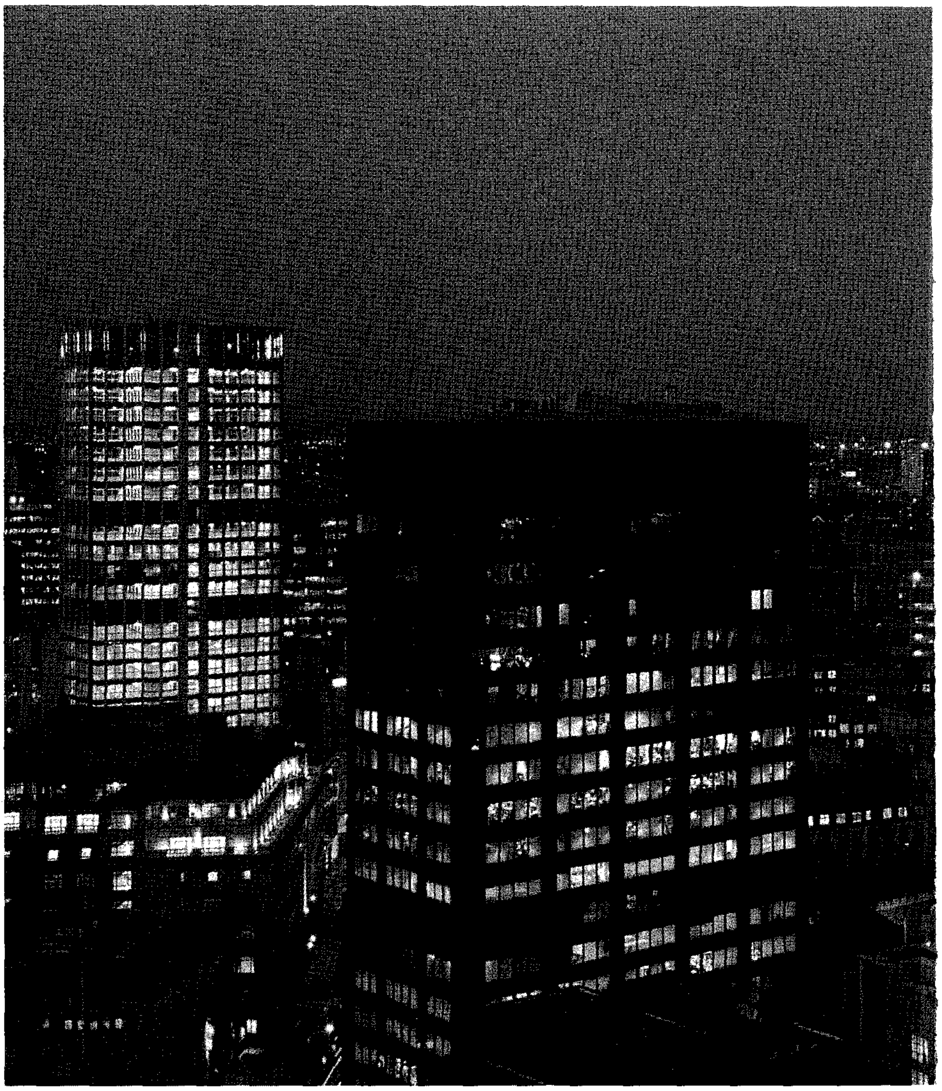
Today, Rogers is the most politically influential architect in England. He has designed the Millennium Dome, in Greenwich, and has completed the sleek new London headquarters for Lloyd's and Channel 4. He and his wife, Ruthie, who operates the fashionable River Café restaurant, are among Tony and Cherie Blair's closest friends. He has been appointed to run a national government task force on reclaiming derelict urban land, and he has become an ardent environmentalist, arguing that advanced technology will allow architects to create modern buildings that will use less energy. Rogers has carved out a position for himself at the intersection of political and architectural power, giving him the very role Charles had presumed for himself as the nation's aesthetic conscience.

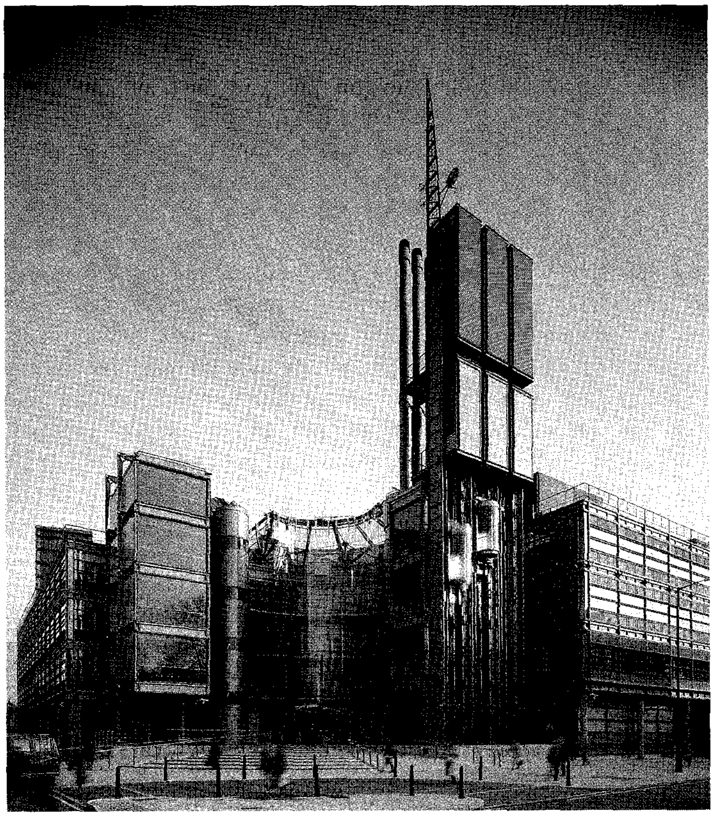
When Rogers speaks, he even sounds like a politician. "Britain and Tony Blair are saying we have to be seen as a creative society," Rogers told me. "There is a tremendous attempt to show that Britain is good at more than preserving the past."

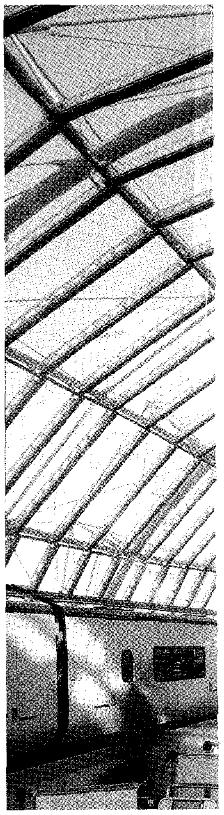
THE Prince of Wales's Institute of Architecture is housed in a pair of faded John Nash villas in Gloucester Gate, opposite the northern reaches of Regent's Park. Both the buildings and the location sound grander than they are; despite imposing Doric columns and six-over-six windows, the houses have seen better days, and the neighborhood is funky Camden Town, a long way from Belgravia. I had expected something with the polish of a wealthy foundation, but when I visited, on a recent spring afternoon, I found a set of shabby rooms embalmed in eerie silence. (Adrian Gale, the institute's current head, compares the premise to "a third-rate provincial hotel.") A bust of Charles stands in the lobby, not far from a small desk at which the institute's few publications are for sale.

Charles originally conceived of the institute as both a school and a research center, but it has developed a reputation as "a finishing course for people who weren't quite sure what to do—rich kids coming for a year of drawing or painting," in the words of one former faculty member. The only academic program that ever really got going is "the foundation," a one-year introductory course in architecture. At its busiest, the school has never had more than about sixty students.

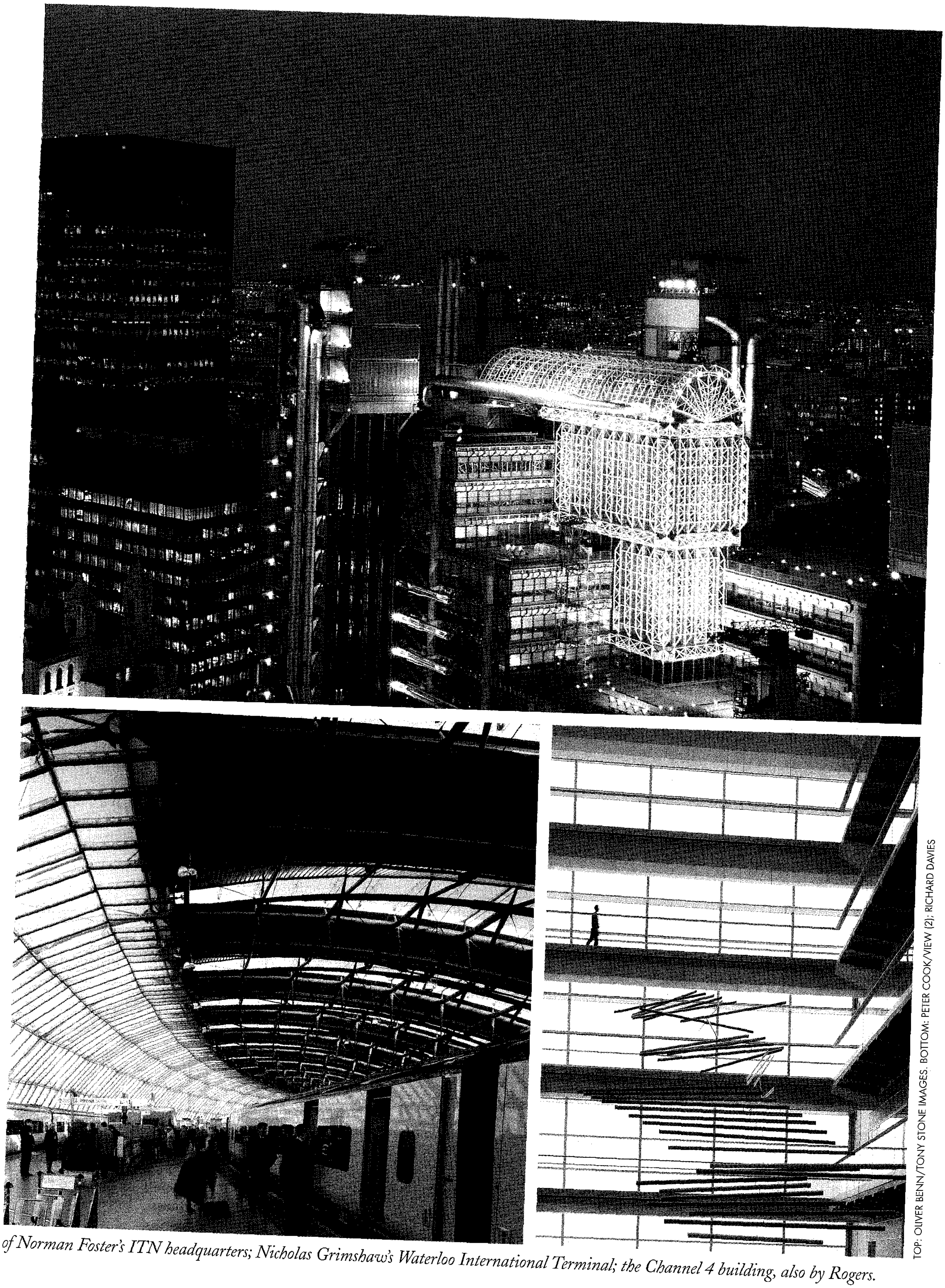
From the beginning, the institute has been riven by turf battles among rigid classicists—for whom the place was a vehicle for promoting their own narrow vision of what architecture should be—more social-minded architects, and various New Age types to whom some of Charles's other interests appealed. (One such group, called Temenas, was described by a friend of the Prince as "an alternative spiritual group—they be-







Clockwise from top: the Lloyd's building, by Richard Rogers, at right; the central atriun



TOP: OLIVER BENN/TONY STONE IMAGES. BOTTOM: PETER COOK/VIEW (2); RICHARD DAVIES

of Norman Foster's ITN headquarters; Nicholas Grimshaw's Waterloo International Terminal; the Channel 4 building, also by Rogers.

"Sorry, it's not the governor, but you still have about three minutes to take advantage of your pre-approved status on an eight-point-four-per-cent-A.P.R. platinum card."

• •

gin their meetings by lighting a candle and talking about sacred geometries.") Architects, scholars, and critics figured that there was no better way to promote their own agendas than to get close to the Prince. As one architect said, "A hopeless bureaucracy of people uninterested in architecture was created."

Since Charles does not finance the institute but gives it only his sponsorship, its program has been shaped in part by those who pay the bills, estimated at two million pounds a year. The benefactors seem to be people who wish to maintain ties to the Royal Family, such as the philanthropist Drue Heinz and several Middle Eastern potentates, who in 1993 persuaded the institute to house a department devoted to Islamic design.

"I knew it was time to go when Lord Morris"—the institute's chairman from 1992 to 1997—"asked me who Norman Foster was," one former faculty member told me. Foster, in fact, gave a lecture at the institute in 1995, and was promptly attacked in an interview by Richard John, a dogmatic traditionalist who was the institute's director at the time. The turnover in directors has had less to do with Charles's management style than with the whims of the Prince's courtiers, who have veered back and forth between trying to improve his image and trying to please him. "I remember him once saying, 'I can't stand being involved with so many people who don't agree with me,' " one of his friends said to me.

The appointment, in January, of Adrian Gale, a modernist who once served an apprenticeship with Mies van der Rohe, to run the institute was viewed by diehard classicists as the final admission that the Prince's vision had failed. *Architects' Journal* published a cartoon of the Prince kneeling before the Seagram Building, with Gale's head perched on the top. But Gale's hiring is both less ideological and more political than it appears. Gale's wife knows Hilary Browne-Wilkinson, who recently took over the institute's board. When palace spin doctors reportedly demanded a new and manageable chief, Gale, the retired head of an architecture school in Devon, was a comfortable known quantity.

I asked Gale why he had agreed to become the institute's director, and he replied, "This is not something I sought or expected or even necessarily wanted. I came here with one single purpose, which is to get this place taken seriously."

Gale, an affable, white-haired man who was wearing a beret and a dark suit, acknowledged the distance between himself and the classicists who used to surround Charles. " 'New' is a word that you can use at the institute, but 'modern' is not," Gale said. When he first met with the Prince, he recalled, Charles "spat out the word 'modernism,' it flew past me and hit the wall, splat. He is deeply suspicious of technology and science, and he remains suspicious of modernism."

Gale sees himself as caught between what he calls "the princelings" in the palace, who would like to see Charles close down the institute, and the traditionalists, who complain that Gale is making a mockery of the Prince's original vision. He believes that the institute can be saved only if it can be redirected toward more socially responsible ends than teaching students how to draw Corinthian columns. "The Prince knows that we're in the Last Chance Saloon," he said to me. The institute, he says, has been "a laughingstock. The teaching has been superficial—about how you dress the building, not about space, not about soul."

The Prince, Gale believes, sees architecture the way he does, as something profound. "Both Mies van der Rohe and the Prince recognize that buildings have souls, that they have a spirit about them," Gale said. But he spoke of the Prince almost wistfully; to Gale, it seems, Charles is the student he knows he could convince, if only the Prince would pay attention.

Some of Charles's acolytes take a different view of the institute. "The Prince's brilliant ideas have not been defeated—only his institute," Rodney Cook, an American classicist who helped start a foundation in the United States to support the institute, told me. "The modernist establishment waged a campaign against him, and they defeated him. It's pretty hard to fight the establishment, but that's what he tried to do."

If Britain's modernists weren't exactly in the mainstream in 1984, they are unquestionably the establishment today. While the Prince remained stuck on the same idea for a decade, these architects worked on important commissions all over the world. James Stirling's Neue Staatsgalerie, in Stuttgart, a mixture of rich stone and bright, even garish color, brilliantly turned classicism inside out and became the most important museum of the mid-eighties. Foster's monument to custom-made high tech, the Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank headquarters, provoked skepticism with its billion-dollar price tag, but it was widely admired aesthetically. Rogers was the only one of the three to do his most notable work at home. His headquarters for Lloyd's, in the City of London, is a skyscraper with such richness and visual complexity that its very existence seems to refute the Prince's argument that modern architecture has to be brutal, cold, and mute.

By the time the Prince's classical crusade had peaked, Stirling, Foster, and Rogers were at the top of their profession, and the world recognized it, even if the Prince of Wales did not. They were having considerable effect on their fellow-architects, too, replacing the brutalist style of the previous generation with something that was lighter and more nimble and more sensitive to the need for public space.

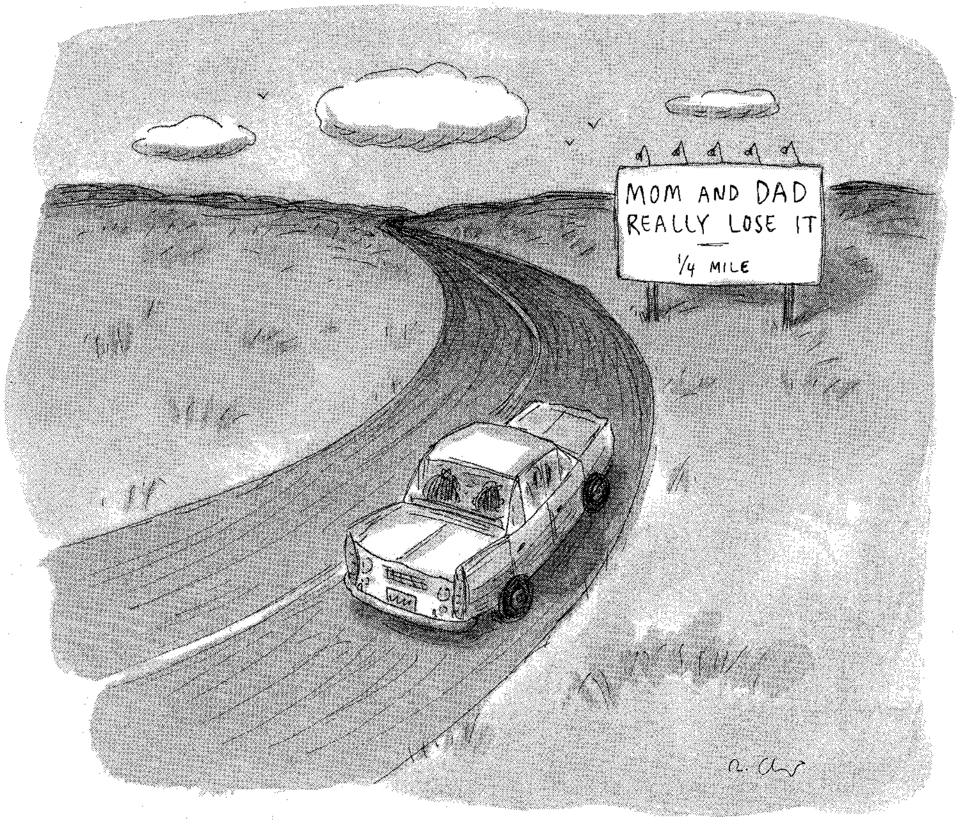
Rogers, in victory, no longer sounds like the architect who took on the Prince, whom he now describes as "slightly cornered by his own structure." Neither does Foster or Nicholas Grimshaw. "We've been very well treated by Prince Charles," Foster said to me, sitting at a round table at the end of his cathedral-like drafting room, across the Thames from Chelsea. "His heart is in the right place. There is a difference between him and the advisers who have clustered around him. I am not going back into that debate." He paused for a moment. "But can you name one single building that came out of that debate? One emblematic building? One Guggenheim Bilbao, one important thing? There was nothing."

Grimshaw is similarly relaxed about his former royal opponent. "I think you could give the Prince some credit for starting the debate, and a lot of what he said was quite heartfelt," said Grimshaw, whose tiny office is decorated with a framed photograph of his classic Citroën DS-19. "But I believe that we represent the mainstream. We have a tradition in Britain of exploring materials, of shipbuilding, of good, construction-oriented design."

If there is a problem with British architecture right now, it is not with its quality but with its uniformity: Foster's work may be the sleekest, Rogers's the most futuristic, Grimshaw's the most structure-driven, but they are more similar than they are different, and there are not many lively voices dissenting from their mode of reserved modernism. British architecture is better than it has been in half a century, but the modernist establishment has become, in its own way, something of an academy. Modernism, however much it may be evolving, is hardly the avant-garde. (Indeed, at the end of the twentieth century it is a somewhat conservative force, which is why architects and politicians in Britain have become so comfortable with one another.) The modernist victory feels almost too neat, particularly since James Stirling, by far the most idiosyncratic voice in British architecture of his generation, died in 1992, too soon to see things turn around. Despite having created a masterpiece in Stuttgart, Stirling died thinking that he was not respected at home. But he, too, has won: his building at No. 1 Poultry, in the heart of the City—the one that Prince Charles denounced as a nineteen-thirties wireless—was finally completed this spring, and its stone turrets and chartreuse and pink trim add the one note of joyous bombast to the otherwise cool sleekness of new London architecture.

Paradoxically, the man whose very name connotes the establishment, the Prince of Wales, is now an outsider, his power drained by his indifference to the forces at work around him. Charles wanted to be able to influence the course of architecture, and, at the same time, to retreat behind royal prerogative when asked to account for his actions. Still, he has always managed to maintain a certain noblesse oblige. When he finally met the architects whose National Gallery design had provoked his famous carbuncle remark, he spoke politely to them, and reportedly found them quite gracious. The Prince said, "I'm sorry it had to be you."

They replied, "We're sorry it had to be you." ♦

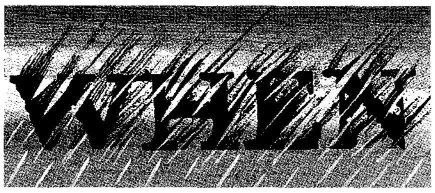


FICTION

DREAM PICTURES

A typhoon and a troubled boy.

BY KENZABURO OE



WHEN my son was born with a bright-red lump the size of a second head attached to the back of his skull, I found myself unable to reveal the actual situation to either my wife or my mother and, having installed the baby in intensive care at N. University Hospital, I wandered despondently in circles. Two and a half months later, I asked Dr. M., who had been caring for my son—and looking after me as I struggled to recover from the shock of his birth—to perform surgery.

My terrified mother arrived in Tokyo the day before the operation, and that evening my wife tried to cheer her; still in her twenties and not yet fully recovered from the difficulties of the birth, she resembled a baby chick being blown around in the wind. I sat there, in our combination living-and-dining room, banging my rattan rocking chair against a glass cupboard and feeling out of place as I watched the women talk. They sat on the synthetic rug on the wooden floor of the adjoining room, facing each other across a small trunk, their heads nearly touching. Strangely, for two people with such a difference in age and no blood ties, they looked very much alike.

My wife spoke absently, her voice thin and frail. "Eeyore doesn't respond to his parents' voices like a normal baby," she said, using the nickname I had chosen for the baby. "If there's a time during the surgery when life and death meet, we won't be able to call him back to the side of life. It worries me sick." She had been saying the same thing for days, and my response had been that a normal child wouldn't be much better off if that happened, and that all we could do was leave it to the surgeon and hope for the best. But my mother's agitation resonated with my wife's and amplified it. With emphatic nods that shook her skinny neck, she said, "That's exactly how it is! In our region, the voice of a relative has often brought a person who was about to die right back to life—" She inhaled sharply and seemed to bite down on her tongue.

In an attempt, selfish when I think about it now, to find someone with whom I could discuss the abnormality of my son's birth, I had gone earlier to talk to my mentor, Professor W. He had flushed bright red from his face to his neck. "In these times it's not always clear that it's better to have been born than not to have been born," he whispered, in the tone of voice he might have used to tell a joke about a sad and painful incident.

"If the body itself incorporates qualities that lead toward life and toward death, and if a baby reaches the border between the two, let's honor the baby's freedom," I suggested to my mother and my wife. "It's not always clear that it's better to have been born than not to have been born in times like these!" But they both ignored these words, which I had spoken diffidently as I banged my chair against the wall in the cramped room.

Thanks to Dr. M. and his assistants, the long operation was a success, my son was liberated from the glistening lump, and my wife and my mother were understandably overjoyed. As a young father, I was also very happy, but when I remembered the conversation of the night before the operation I felt constrained and embarrassed about showing my joy.

WHILE Eeyore was still a child, my wife and I often discussed his apparent inability to dream. And as he grew older I repeatedly tried to engage him in conversation about it.

"Eeyore, do you really not dream? You go to sleep at night and wake up in the morning; hasn't it ever seemed that sometime in between maybe you're at a concert? Don't you ever remember anything like that when you wake up?"

"My gosh, that's difficult! I forgot!"

"It has happened but you've forgotten? Or you don't remember because nothing like that has ever happened? You take your medicine at night and go to sleep and nothing happens? Or while you're sleeping you have a feeling you're listening to music, anything like that? Eeyore, that's called having a dream."

"Listening to music—Mozart wrote a song called 'Dream Picture,' K. 552. Gosh! I haven't heard it. I'm sorry!"

Fruitless as it was, at least my son participated willingly in this exchange. This was the rare exception. As I repeatedly tried to discuss dreams with him, he began to protest adamantly: "That's enough. I want to stop now!"

To my wife, who listened in silence, his resoluteness was terrifying. I suppose she was afraid that the day would come when Eeyore would close his mind to all things in the world, our family foremost among them, with a final "That's enough. I want to stop now!" I tried to console her, but I, too, fretted. I was made uneasy by another image of dreams and of fathers and sons. I had not created the image—which was of Abraham and his son, Isaac—but it had planted itself inside me in the form of words:

> "My son! I have beheld a dream in which I offer thee in sacrifice."
>
> "O my father! Do as thou art commanded: Thou will find me, if God so wills, one practicing patience and constancy."

I had sometimes called to mind this glorious dialogue when, alone in the middle of the night and buoyed by the power of alcohol, I was confronted by a thought that I could only let pass through me like a storm, with my face flushed and my head bowed, a thought that will circle around me my entire life. For the first five weeks or so following my son's abnormal birth, I had longed for his death. My longing was not based

FILIP PAGOWSKI

on the kind of revelation that appeared to Abraham in a dream, or on my son's complicity; it was merely the egotistical desire to protect a future for myself and my wife, a longing that was searingly urgent, like hot coals beneath my feet.

If, during those five weeks, I had found the accomplice I was looking for in the hospital where the baby was kept, would I have succeeded in eliminating my son and extinguishing his brief memories of life?

I somehow managed to recover. Since then we have survived, and my son has now made it past his nineteenth birthday. Even so, no powerful detergent has allowed me to wash those disgraceful weeks out of my life, nor do I ever expect to do so. Given this history, as my son developed his intellectual power step by deliberate step, I was prepared for the day when he would say the following (I imagined that his voice would be soft, as it was at age five or six when, able to distinguish as many as a hundred different bird calls, he would murmur, for example, "Kingfisher, red kingfisher"): "Father, to tell the truth, since I was very small I've been having the same dream. In my dream, I've just been born, and you're trying hard to find a way to murder me."

MY wife happened to be out when Eeyore had his first major seizure, two years ago. It began not with screaming or spasms but, rather, with an unusual atmosphere that I can best describe as the obverse of those more familiar symptoms. We were in the living room; I lay reading on the couch as always, and my son was sprawled on the rug listening to Mozart. Eventually, instead of putting on a new record, he pushed the pile he had selected away from his body with both elbows, like an infant with no appetite weakly rejecting his food. This stuck in my consciousness like a small thorn. But I continued to read. Before long, I had a sense of interruption and suspension. I looked up. All expression had left my son's face as he lay there, propped up on his elbows. His open eyes were like stones. Saliva was drooling from between his slightly parted lips.

"Eeyore! Eeyore! What's wrong?" I called to him. But he was completely engaged with the trouble inside him. As if to say that this was no time to be responding to the exterior, not even to the voice of his father, he remained motionless, his head resting heavily in his hands, his face a void.

Continuing to call to him, I jumped up, and, in the brief moment it took me to move to his side, he began slapping the floor with his left hand and arm, not wildly but with deliberate force. Slap, slap, he struck the floor, and then his eyes rolled up and showed white.

"Eeyore! Eeyore! Are you all right? Does it hurt?" As I shouted meaningless questions I wrapped a handkerchief I took from my pocket around my left thumb and forced it between my son's teeth. He immediately bit grindingly down on the joint. I moaned as though for him, suffering silently. A minute or two later he stopped slapping the floor and slackened his clenched teeth. I lifted him as he rolled over onto his back, and when I laid him on the couch he fell deeply asleep, snoring with a volume that was menacing.

For several days after this seizure, my son was withdrawn, doleful, and silent, as though the knot inside his body had yet to untangle. He was lying on the couch watching the news on television one evening when, suddenly, at the newscaster's mention of the death of a certain elderly master in the world of Japanese classical music, he sat up with surprising agility and shouted emotionally, "Oh! He died! He's dead! He's completely dead!"

There was something in my son's poignant lament, full of grief, that was a shock to me. I was caught off guard; it was almost comic.

"What's wrong, Eeyore? Did you like him that much?" As I questioned him, I felt as if I might burst out laughing. I'm sure I was smiling.

But my son didn't respond; falling back onto the couch, he covered his face with both hands and went rigid. It was too late to take back my words, though I did lose my smile. I moved to the couch, continuing, "Eeyore, c'mon, is it that surprising that he died?" Kneeling at his side, I tried shaking my son by the shoulders, but he only stiffened his body more. I tried to pull at his hands, but they covered his face with the firmness of a steel lid that had been welded in place. All I could do was kneel there staring at his ten fingers; alone they revealed a sentient fineness that isolated them from the rest of his body.

It was completely impossible to reach my son. He remained closed inside himself and did not respond in any way to my inquiries. I had nothing to guide me toward an understanding of what could have produced that heart-piercing cry of bereavement. How in the world had he managed to create such strong feelings about death?

I was to be given an answer to this question soon enough. That same week, my son, still deep in the lassitude that had persisted after his seizure, was listening to an FM broadcast with the volume turned way up. This continued for hours, until everyone in the family lost patience. "Eeyore, could you please turn it down a little?" his younger sister finally said. Eeyore's sister was half his size and he made her cower with a wildly menacing gesture.

"Eeyore! You know better than that!" my wife said. "After Papa and I are dead, your brother and sister will have to look after you. If you behave this way no one will like you and how will you get along after we're dead?"

So that was it, I acknowledged to myself regretfully. In this way we had repeatedly introduced my son to the question of death. But this time his response to our refrain was something entirely new.

"It's all right! Because I'll die. I'll be dying soon. So it's all right!"

For an instant there was a pause, like an intake of breath—which meant that my wife had been as startled as I had at the conviction of his unexpected declaration, despite the subdued voice in which he had delivered it—then she continued, speaking now in a tone that was more conciliatory.

"Of course you're not going to die, Eeyore. What makes you think you're going to die? Who told you that?"

"I'll be dying right away. Because I had a seizure! It's all right. Because I'll be dying!"

I moved to my wife's side where she stood at the couch and looked down at my son: he was covering his face firmly with both hands, his dark eyebrows and the sharply raised bridge of his nose, which resembled his movie-actor uncle's, visible between his fingers. New words seemed to stick in our throats, as if we both felt how futile they would be. His voice had been so forceful, yet he was perfectly still, not a muscle moving.

Thirty minutes later, as my wife and I sat in silence, facing each other at the table in our dining room, my son shuffled past us on his way to the bathroom. He was still covering his face with both hands. His sister, feeling responsible for the situation earlier, was at his side, clinging to him as she spoke.

"Eeyore, be careful! If you cover your face while you walk you'll bump into things. You could trip and hit your head!" Eeyore's younger brother also fell into step and followed him to the bathroom. Through the unclosed door came the sound of long and copious urination. Finished, my son headed straight into his mother's bedroom across the hall.

"I think it's bad to talk that way," my daughter said, returning. "It makes Eeyore lonely to think of the future." Her face, as if covered in goose pimples, seemed pinched and small.

Forlornly, ashamed of ourselves, my wife and I were both recalling the words we had repeated endlessly until now—Eeyore, what will become of you after we die? What will you do? For my own part, I was also realizing that, inasmuch as I had never really considered how those crucial words might echo deep in my son's heart, I had also not yet arrived at a definition of what death meant to me, let alone what it meant to him.

As he recovered from the effects of the seizure and went back to his special class at middle school, my son seemed to regain his psychological well-being. Nevertheless, it was clear that a concept of death, whatever its nature, had taken root in him. Every morning, when he finished dressing himself for school, he went into the living room. Spreading his plump thighs and dropping his rear heavily to the floor, he sat down on the rug and opened the morning paper to read the obituaries. Encountering the name of a new illness, he would hold his breath as he deciphered the Chinese characters he had learned by showing them to my wife and me, and then recite with feeling, "Ah! There was lots of dying again this morning! Pernicious pneumonia. Age eighty-nine. Coronary infarction. Age sixty-nine. Bronchial pneumonia. Age eighty-three. Ah! This gentleman was the founder of fugu-fish-poisoning research. Lung cancer. Age eighty-six. Ah! There was plenty of dying again!"

He also became sensitive to stories of food poisoning on the evening news. Beginning in the rainy season, in June and into the summer, a number of incidents were reported. Each time he would rush to the television and repeat at the top of his lungs, for example, "Ah! An entire party at the Nippori Outdoor Market got food poisoning from their bento lunches. The bentos were of the tea-shop variety!"

When we took a trip, a week or two later, he wouldn't touch the box lunch at the train station which he usually looked forward to so eagerly. We urged him repeatedly to eat. Before long his eyes became severely crossed, and, covering his mouth with one hand, he thrust the other out in front of him defensively. This rejection was so urgent that strangers turned to eye us suspiciously, as if we were imposing some cruel punishment on our child. That summer, my son also stopped eating sushi, one of his favorites until then. Pigs' feet, which he'd always liked, became another of the dishes he refused to touch, after overeating gave him diarrhea. The result was that he lost twenty-two pounds in just under a year.

Because he was meticulous about taking his medicine, he suffered no more major seizures, but there were, over the next year, a number of episodes that seemed to be the precursors of a seizure. Each time this happened, staying home from school and spending the day on the couch, my son would mournfully announce a new physical symptom:

"Ah! There's not a sound coming from my heart! I think I'm dying!"

My wife and I would fashion a stethoscope from a rubber tube and hold it to my son's chest and one of his ears. Or we would provide some basic information about coronary seizure, choosing words he could accept, struggling somehow to ease his concern about death.

LAST autumn, my wife and I made plans to take the children to our cabin in the mountains of Izu. We had decided to leave on a Saturday, but a large typhoon was approaching and a weather report predicted that its eastward course would bring it to the Izu Peninsula the following morning—precisely when we would have been at the cabin. We abandoned the idea of the excursion and told the children. Eeyore listened and did not react, so I assumed that a trip to the cabin was of no particular importance to him.

However, that Saturday, at just the time when we would have been leaving the house, Eeyore stood at the front door in the stiff, heavy leather shoes he normally refused to wear, a large pack on his back and a mountain-climbing hat on his head, and announced, as though he were trying to convince himself, "Shall we get started? I'm on my way to the Izu house!" When the rest of us failed to appear with our luggage he continued waiting, suspiciously. At that point, my wife and his sister and brother tried to convince Eeyore that the trip to the mountains had been cancelled. My daughter used his interest in the weather map on television. "Eeyore, a typhoon's coming! I wonder what the low will be—pretty cold, I bet!" His brother shared knowledge, which he had probably acquired from a magazine article, about the Izu Peninsula's having floated on the Pacific until it collided with its current location and became attached. "If that's the case, the peninsula might float back out into the Pacific someday. And we might never get back."

My son's response to this persuasion was simple and apposite and for that reason formidable. "I have a winter sweater. I think we should get there before the Izu Peninsula floats away. They say a typhoon is coming!"

In the end, my wife threatened him with a scolding from me if I heard him being so unreasonable while I was trying to work in my study, but, far from panicking, he looked away from my wife and from his distressed brother and sister and, in a curious display of obstinacy, gazed at nothing at all with empty eyes. Then he said, "No, Papa is dead! He died, you know. I'm on my way to Izu by myself because Papa is dead. Goodbye, everyone. Farewell!"

When my wife told me this a few minutes later, I looked out the window. There were few trees in the garden, but among them the dogwood and the birch were swaying in the wind. Only the camellia, with its thick trunk and stiff foliage, was still; or, rather, if you looked closely even the camellia was moving, but on a different frequency than the young trees. Since morning it had been a little windy and had rained in fits and starts; it was as if fat drops of dew were hanging heavily in the air. In the distance the sky was pitch black and ominous; inside banks of dark clouds darker clouds boiled and billowed. Even so, the wind wasn't so strong you couldn't walk against it—which is what Eeyore would say—and the rain wasn't hard enough to require an umbrella. In fact, he had already walked to the bus stop that morning and made the trip to and from his school.

I put aside the essay I had been working on and stood up. I sensed my wife flinch—she was still turned away from me in silence—but I was not at that moment angry at Eeyore. I was merely perplexed. As I headed for the stairs, I still assumed that it wouldn't be hard to convince Eeyore that we should remain in Tokyo until the typhoon passed. But when I looked down at his large head, at the backpack on his back which was now as tall and as broad as any adult's, and saw an ancient doll strapped to his side as he stood planted fiercely in front of the door, I felt myself letting go of common sense with a shudder of abandon and began to prepare myself for a departure with Eeyore for the wind-whipped storm that awaited us in Izu.

The large doll he had lashed to his body, almost three feet tall with abundant black hair, ogling eyes, and an overbite, was Tiny Chiyo, a filthy, damaged doll that had been abandoned in the shed for four or five years. Eeyore looked like a warrior on his way to a final, desperate battle with his child at his side.

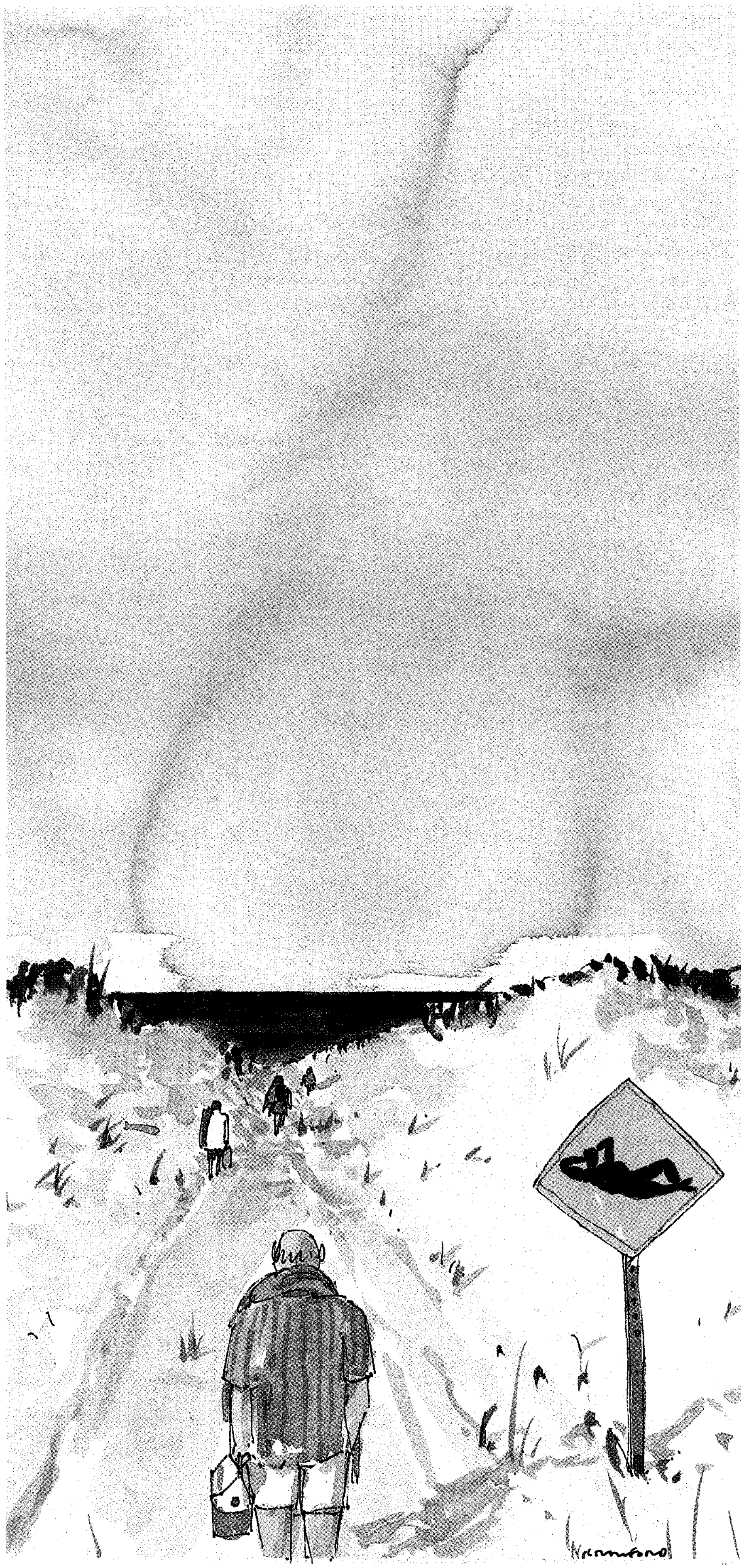
"When I told him none of us were going to Izu, he dragged out Tiny Chiyo." My daughter sounded embarrassed. Her younger brother also twisted away from the doll's open-shuttered eyes.

"I'm going with him," I said.

As I was packing my suitcase in the living room, Eeyore's brother approached in silence with his own things. Apparently his impulse accurately reflected my wife's own anxiety, which she now expressed: "That's a good idea—better that the three of you should go than just Papa and Eeyore!"

"No. Eeyore and I will go alone!" I said, aware that my loud voice was a hurtful blow to Eeyore's brother. I was asserting myself violently: The rest of the family, those who wish to continue existing in this world, are excused. Eeyore and I are free to behave as crazily as we want.

Eeyore's brother and sister, as if ashamed of themselves, though they had no reason to feel that way, retreated to their rooms. Without another word to my wife, Eeyore and I set out from the



house like knights departing for the Crusades, all eyes on him as we went, the doll still lashed to his body.

From Seijo Gakuen to Odawara we rode standing, jammed in among the commuters who filled the train. As people stared, Eeyore declined to remove not only Tiny Chiyo but even his backpack; he looked stubbornly downward at the floor, his head bowed, behaving as if he were travelling by himself; and I couldn't even bring myself to hoist his pack into the luggage net above our heads. We stood with our backs to one another as if we were strangers. Eeyore's body odor was curiously strong, and I could tell even while turned away that he had not alighted at a station and was still standing at my side.

At Odawara we transferred to the National Railroad, and as far as Atami the train seemed normally crowded for the hour; when we changed to the Ito line after buying box lunches for supper, there were very few passengers. The sea was already dark, and the mountainside was also in heavy shadow, but there were instants when light glinted faintly off the trees as they bent to the wind. As we crossed an iron bridge I glimpsed a swollen river.

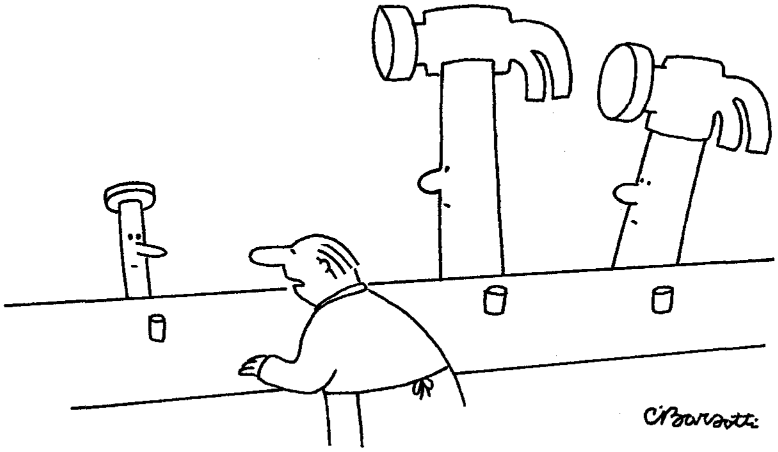
When we reached Ito we learned that the track ahead was impassable. Eeyore was continuing to behave as though he were travelling alone, but as this included listening carefully to the announcements there was no need to explain anything to him. We came out of the station, Eeyore following two or three steps behind me, and I made a deal with one of the taxis waiting in what was now a pouring rain to take us to our mountain cabin.

"Checking up on your place? Shall I stop for batteries for my flashlight?" the driver asked, trying hard not to stare at Eeyore. "If it gets really bad I'm turning around. I can't let you off and not get back myself! They say the typhoon'll hit Izu right between the eyes."

As we drove, the storm increased in violence, but the driver managed somehow to deliver us to our cabin. He even lit the way for us with his headlights. By the time we reached the front door, thirty feet away, we were soaking wet. The path at our feet remained in darkness; what the driver's lights caught and lit so brilliantly that it hurt the eyes was the deep ocean of leaf on the frenzied branches of the mountain peach tree, which seemed about to go up in flames as the wind whipped it against the trunk of a cypress tree. Struggling with the door against the buffeting wind, I managed to get Eeyore inside, then went around to the rear of the house for an armful of dead branches to use as firewood. As I came back, the wood I was carrying caught on the branch of a tree, which snapped back and struck me across the face, knocking my glasses off and leaving me with a bloody nose.

But once I had closed the door behind me I experienced a certain peacefulness that was very different from the painful state of mind I had been in until then. For one thing, Eeyore had grown alert as soon as he got inside and, with the electricity off, seemed to be using the flashlight to move around upstairs from the dining room to the living room. I got towels from the bathroom and brought them up along with a mattress from my bedroom which was plenty large enough for both of us. I had Eeyore get undressed and dry himself while I went back downstairs for bedding; guessing my intention to build a fire and sleep in front of the fireplace, he positioned and straightened the mattress, propping Tiny Chiyo on the floor alongside it.

I placed a bundle of the wet branches in the fireplace and lit some torn magazine pages on top of the wood. As I hadn't opened the valve in the propane-gas shed at the edge of the property, we couldn't boil water. I gave Eeyore his box lunch from the train station and a cup of water, poured *sake* from a five-litre bottle in the kitchen into my own cup, and began drinking as I tended the fire. Eeyore, his large body hunched over in the darkness, squinted into the lunchbox to inspect its contents as he ate them. He ate in silence, taking a long time to finish, then lay down in the very center of the quilt on top of the mattress, placing Tiny Chiyo at his side, and fell asleep, snoring loudly, as he did after a seizure. I was left alone in front of the struggling fire.



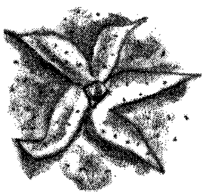
"Take my advice, pal. Drink up and get out of here."

The wind and heavy raindrops rattled the wooden shutters. At some point I heard a cracking, as though a large tree had been sheared off at the trunk. Eeyore's snores changed to a sound like moaning as he slept. Lying on his back on the quilt, his legs straight out, he was like a mummy in its tomb. Next to him, its spring-loaded eyes also closed, Tiny Chiyo was a smaller mummy who had been buried with his master.

I read by the light of the fire without the help of glasses. I grew drowsy. The sum total of my work as a writer seemed shallow and simplistic. Moreover, I felt that time was running out and that I had not accomplished a single thing I should truly have been doing. I had declared my desire to define everything in and of this world for my son's sake, but hadn't managed to do so. What if Eeyore were a college sophomore today, his brain undamaged, and came to me with a question: "Father, as honestly as you can, please tell me the definition of death you've managed to derive from all your years of life." Obviously if I were posed this question by a son with a healthy mind, I couldn't very well sit there lost in thought while he peered at me.

I thought of William Blake, of the god Tharmas in "The Four Zoas." At the beginning of this epic poem, a manifestation of the confusion of the world, Tharmas and his lover Enion must separate, and their song of grief at the moment of separation haunts me. There is a ning, their coughs, their split lips, and yellow eyes; their clothes, as crisp and bright and hard as the bone-fibered feathers of a bird.” Greer introduced Hardwick to Billie Holiday, for whom he occasionally acted as a publicist. “She was fat the first time we saw her, large, brilliantly beautiful, fat,” Hardwick later wrote. “She seemed for this moment that never again returned to be almost a matron, someone real and sensible.... What a strange, betraying apparition that was, madness, because never was any woman less a wife or mother.... Here was a woman who had never been a Christian.”

HARDWICK began writing in earnest after she left Columbia, concentrating on longer fictional works. “I was never going to get a job unless it was in Omaha,” she told me, laughing, “and I wasn’t going there.” While still in graduate school, she had published a number of short stories, on the strength of which John Woodburn, of Harcourt, Brace, gave her an advance on a novel. “If you published a story then, even in *The New Mexico Quarterly*, the publishers would call,” Hardwick explained. She went home to Kentucky, wrote her first novel, “The Ghostly Lover,” and returned to New York. She was invited to call by the “curious, sly, and prying” Philip Rahv, one of *Partisan Review’s* founding editors: “I weighed about ten pounds then, skinny, smoking, and he was quite surprised that I had read everything.” He asked her what she thought of Diana Trilling, *The Nation’s* book critic, and she replied, “Not much.” Soon afterward, Rahv commissioned Hardwick to review fiction for *P.R.*, which also published James Agee, Delmore Schwartz, Mary McCarthy, and James Baldwin at the beginning of their careers.



During this period, Hardwick’s mother occasionally visited her in New York (“I took her to the Latin Quarter,” Hardwick told me, “where we had baked Alaska”), but the daughter was drawing farther and farther away from the life she had been brought up to lead. Already, at twenty-nine, she was “a Commie and ex-Commie” who wrote novels and satirical short stories, a modern single woman in a hotel room in Manhattan surrounded by “love and alcohol and the clothes on the floor.” In “Sleepless Nights,” she gently mocked those “friends from long ago now living in the family house alone, with the silver and the pictures, a few new lamps and a new roof—set up at last, preparing to die.” Even when Hardwick got married—to Lowell, at the age of thirty-three—stability was not a large part of the equation.

IN 1946, Lowell had published “Lord Weary’s Castle,” a collection of poems about which Selden Rodman wrote in the *Times Book Review*, “One would have to go back as far as 1914, the year that saw the publication of Robert Frost’s ‘North of Boston’ or to T. S. Eliot’s ‘The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock,’ to find a poet whose first public speech has had the invention and authority of Robert Lowell’s.” Although Lowell was an admirer of English modernism, as it was exemplified by Eliot and W. H. Auden, he would soon bring confessional poetry to the fore: his poems, frequently autobiographical, were characterized by a pitiless self-awareness. (Lowell was a major influence on Sylvia Plath, who studied with him in the nineteen-fifties.) Born to Charlotte Winslow and Robert Lowell, themselves members of the illustrious literary and academic Boston-based Lowell clan, Robert (or Cal, as he was called by friends, short for both Caligula and Caliban) was, from his school days, “dark, menacing, belligerent; always bigger, stronger, shaggier than his contemporaries—always ready to take his own unpopularity for granted,” as Ian Hamilton has written in his valuable biography of the poet.

Lowell’s first marriage, to the novelist Jean Stafford, had not ended amicably, and he was already suffering from severe manic-depression. During Lowell’s relatively brief engagement to Hardwick, Hamilton reports, his father wrote to him, “I think that it is much too soon to marry anybody—just after you have been discharged from a mental hospital, after shock treatment.” He had “nothing personal” to say against Elizabeth Hardwick, but, he went on, “I do feel that both you and she should clearly understand, that if she does marry you, that *she* is responsible for

DUKE
Safe, serious weight loss through lifestyle change. Personalized care from Duke physicians and health professionals.
Diet and Fitness Center
Duke University Medical Center
Durham, North Carolina 27701
HTTP://dmi–www.mc.duke.edu/dfc/home.html
800-362-8446

BOOKS ON TAPE® #1
World’s Largest Selection
ROBIN COOK TOXIN
• Bestsellers on cassette
• 4,500 titles all full-length
• Call for more information
(800) 88-BOOKS
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

Burt’s Bees™
Famous for earth-friendly natural personal care products. We look different and we are different. Call for a
FREE SAMPLE TODAY
1-800-849-7112
Visit us on the web at www.burtsbees.com
BURT’S BEES™
Burt ↓

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK NOW
Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly, juvenile and religious works, etc. New authors welcomed. Send for free 32-page illustrated booklet E-108
Vantage Press, 516 W 34 St., New York, NY 10001

BIKE RIDERS TOURS
small groups, gracious inns and wonderful dining.
bicycling vacations in new england, canada & europe.
free catalog: 1-800-473-7040 • www.bikeriderstours.com

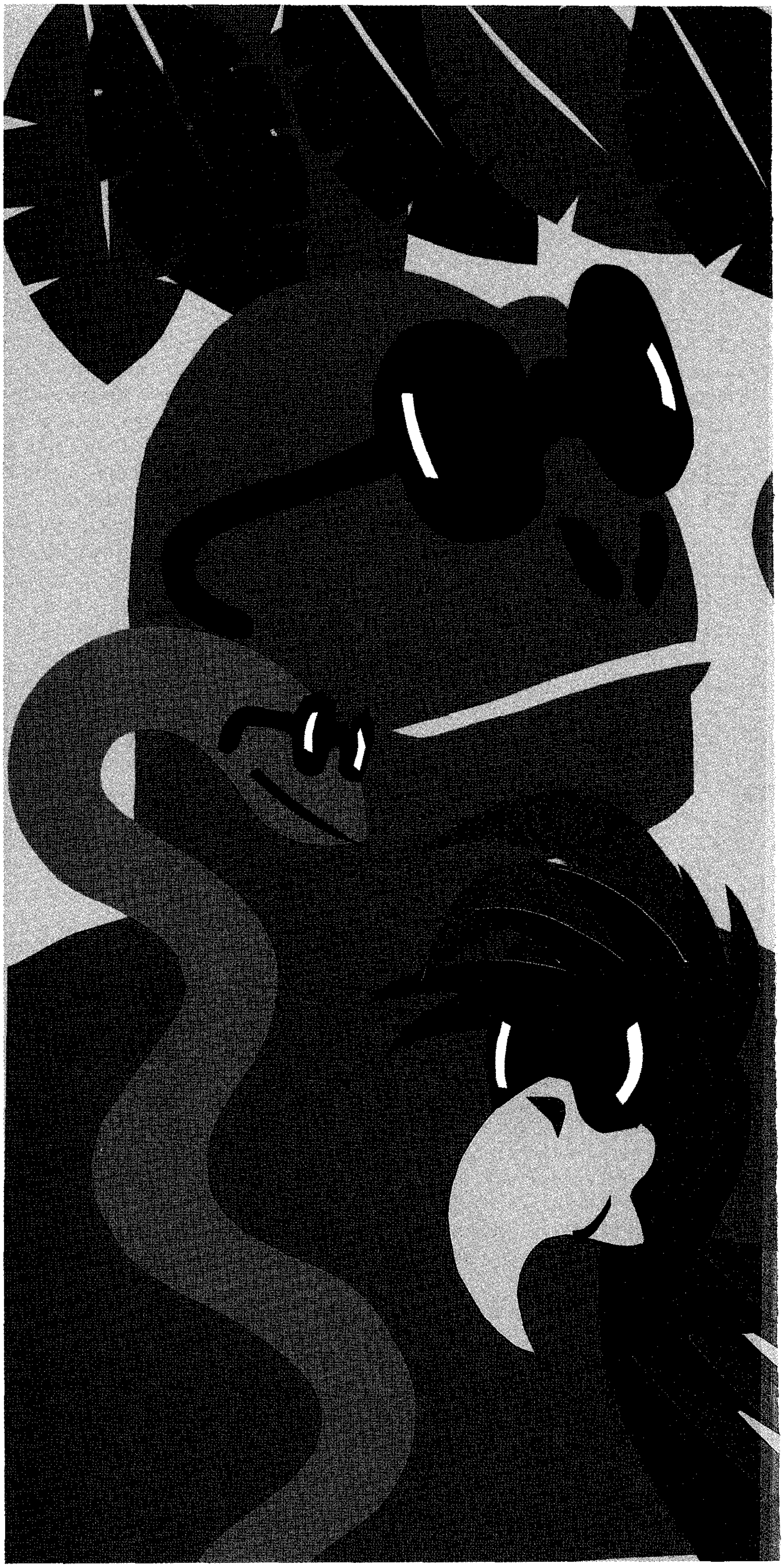
NEW AUTHORS
PUBLISH YOUR WORK
All subjects considered:
Fiction, Biography, Poetry, Religion, Childrens
AUTHORS WORLDWIDE INVITED
Write, or send your manuscript to:
MINERVA PRESS
2 OLD BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON SW7 3DQ, ENGLAND

you.” With Mary McCarthy and her third husband, Bowden Broadwater, in attendance, Hardwick and Lowell were married in Lowell’s parents’ house in Beverly Farms. Hardwick told Ian Hamilton, “He wanted to do it, and I wanted to do it. I don’t think it was a very happy occasion for anybody else.”

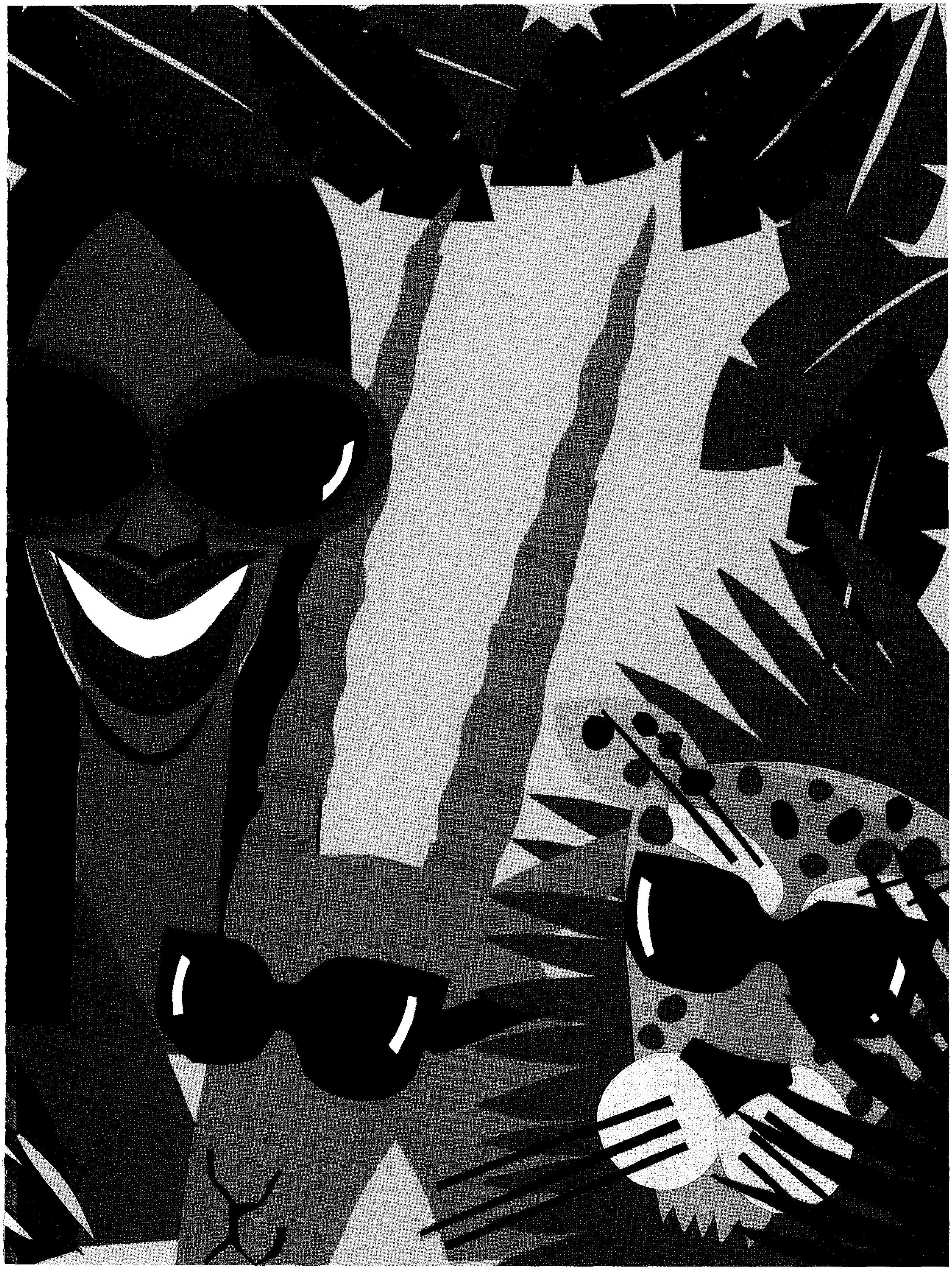
And for the next twenty-eight years Hardwick nursed and advised and supported Lowell through repeated breakdowns. He was committed to Payne-Whitney for depression shortly after their honeymoon. From the clinic, Lowell wrote to his new bride, “Dearest, dearest, dearest Lizzie. I think of you all the time, and worry so about all I have dumped on you. We are going to work it all out, dear, be as wonderful as you have been.” Recently, Hardwick told me, “As for having a crazy husband, I came to know well that not all crazy people are alike. Once he was in the hospital—unable to harm himself and others with the devastating strain and reckless behavior a manic attack puts upon the sufferer and those around him—I found I could hardly wait to go there for a visit. He was always on the phone to me, saying, ‘Bring me my Dante’ or ‘Bring me the Iliad.’ And there he would be, pacing up and down in felt slippers, assaulting the inmates with readings. They, zonked out, half asleep, had to endure an intimidating education by their fellow-inmate. It was all fantastical—surreal, I guess, to use that word more or less accurately. And then one day he was himself again and back home writing.”

She saw him through four major manic-depressive episodes during the first four years of their marriage. In 1957, their daughter, Harriet, was born. Throughout the marriage, Hardwick suffered through Lowell’s infidelities, which usually precipitated periods of breakdown. Describing to Hamilton the end of an affair that Lowell had had with a dancer in 1965, Hardwick recalled that the woman retaliated by “sending Lowell ‘a lot of bills with demanding notes,’ ” and that “he dropped them on the floor, and I picked them up and paid them.”

This gesture—heartbreaking in its propriety and dutifulness—also has a great deal to do with a by now arcane notion of fidelity: Hardwick had cho-



MODEL CITIZEN *Last summer, Naomi Campbell enlisted a few of her friends to moa* *“FashionKingdom: Naomi Conquers Africa,” a documentary by Douglas Keeve (“Unzipped*



reations by Gianni Versace in a benefit in South Africa for the Nelson Mandela Children's Fund. That show is the subject of air this month on VH1. A series of collages, including this one, was designed for the film by The New Yorker's Michael Roberts.

sen Lowell, and she accepted responsibility for that. (So strong is her dislike of self-pity and recrimination that in her essay on Edmund Wilson, which is included in "Sight-Readings," her new book, she criticizes Mary McCarthy's propensity for expressing such emotions: "Consider the oddity of the amount of repetitive energy put into denunciation of the past by one so pleasantly situated in life, so rich in experience, friendships, new loves, handsome surroundings.")

But Hardwick was far from being a martyr. "Of course I suffered a good deal in the alliance," she told me, "but I very much feel it was the best thing that ever happened to me. An extraordinarily original and brilliant and amazing presence, quite beyond any other I have known." And Lowell, unlike many brilliant and demanding husbands, respected his wife's mind and her work. In a *Paris Review* interview conducted by Darryl Pinckney and published in 1985, Hardwick states, "On the whole, Cal was encouraging. He liked women writers and I don't think he ever had a true interest in a woman who wasn't a writer—an odd turn-on indeed and one I've noticed not greatly shared. Women writers don't tend to be passive vessels or wives, saying 'Oh, that's good, dear.' "

"She was a safe harbor," Lowell's executor, the poet Frank Bidart, recalls. "I mean, she was in the midst of New York intellectual life, and she focussed all that for him." He continues, "Her dazzling array of reactions, opinions—that was the milieu he swam in." Together, Lowell and Hardwick offered other writers intellectual nourishment as well. In fact, the Lowells were such fixtures in their world that Donald Newlove, writing in *Esquire*, gave one of their dinner parties a bad review.

"IN general, I'd rather talk about other people," Hardwick told Pinckney during the *Paris Review* interview. "Gossip, or, as we gossips like to say, character analysis." But although she rarely writes in the first person, Hardwick's persona is often just as compelling to her readers as her subject matter, if not more so: she has given so much of herself to the essay form that she almost seems to inhabit it. In her first collection, "A View of My Own: Essays in Literature and Society," which appeared in 1962, one catches glimpses of her everywhere.

These pieces, many of which originally appeared in *Partisan Review*, cover everything from William James to Caryl Chessman, whose execution brings to mind the hanging of a black man in the author's home town when she was a child. She writes about Bernard Berenson's self-exile in Florence, where she and Lowell lived in 1950. She writes, too, of her dislike of staid Boston in the nineteen-fifties, when Lowell was teaching there: "Boston—wrinkled, spindly-legged, depleted of nearly all her spiritual and cutaneous oils, provincial, self-esteeming—has gone on spending and spending her inflated bills of pure reputation, decade after decade." (Some took her attack as that of a Southerner on the cold, distant ways of the Lowells. When I asked her what her in-laws thought of her, she said, "I don't remember much except their saying, 'She's a nice little thing.' And I would think, Oh, yes?")

Hardwick's various identities, as wife, mother, Southerner, and artist, had also coalesced into an unpredictable and challenging point of view on feminism and the subjection of women. In her review of Simone de Beauvoir's "The Second Sex," Hardwick muses:

> Are women "the equal" of men? This is an embarrassing subject.
>
> Women are certainly physically inferior to men and if this were not the case the whole history of the world would be different. . . . Any woman who has ever had her wrist twisted by a man recognizes a fact of nature as humbling as a cyclone to a frail tree branch. How can *anything* be more important than this?

While Hardwick was roundly criticized for certain points made in the essay, what is impressive thirty-five years later is her clear-eyed vision of the realities that feminism sometimes glosses over: men's continued desire for women; women's for men; and the consequences that such desire brings about for the working, thinking woman—a double life of dealing with babies and diapers and sneaking off to the odd lonely space to figure out what she makes of things. Didion recalls being fascinated by Hardwick and Mary McCarthy when she was a college student in California, precisely because their lives encompassed these things: "They had relationships. They had boyfriends. They had children. They had these familiar lives in the world and yet they owned their work."

IN 1963, Hardwick's work was extended to the editorial side of publishing when she helped found *The New York Review of Books*. The *Review* came into being when New York's newspapers went on strike for a hundred and fourteen days that winter. Hardwick, along with her friends the editors Barbara and Jason Epstein, and a *Harper's* editor named Robert Silvers, seized the opportunity afforded by the strike to start a publication of their own—"very much in the spirit of 'Hey, kids, let's put on a show,' " Barbara Epstein recalls. (She and Silvers still edit the magazine.) "In those days," Epstein says, "a book didn't exist if a review didn't exist in the *Times*." Even without financial remuneration—editors and writers at the *Review* were initially unpaid—it took Lowell's guaranteeing a bank loan to meet printing costs; ads were picked up from publishers who didn't have the *Times* to turn to. Edmund Wilson, Gore Vidal, and Hardwick, who were among the first contributors, were passionate in their belief that books and events could be discussed at length and in the writer's own voice.

Serious literary criticism had been a dream of Hardwick's for some time. In "The Decline of Book Reviewing," published in *Harper's* in 1959, she had written:

> The worst result of [the *Times'*] decline is that it acts as a sort of hidden dissuader, gently, blandly, respectfully denying whatever vivacious interest there might be in books or in literary matters generally. The flat praise and the faint dissension, the minimal style and the light little article, the absence of involvement, passion, character, eccentricity—the lack, at last, of the literary tone itself—have made the New York *Times* into a provincial literary journal.

From the beginning, the pieces that Hardwick published in *The New York Review of Books*—parodies, book reviews, social criticism—were considerably different from those she had published in *Partisan Review*. The essays have a freer, unbridled quality, and one senses that Epstein and Silvers encouraged the particularities of her voice. Hardwick also wrote startling theatre reviews and essays, and was the first woman to win the George Jean Nathan award for theatre criticism.

IN 1970, Robert Lowell was granted a visiting professorship at All Souls, Oxford. He went to England ahead of Hardwick, to find a place to live. Upon his arrival, at a party given for him at Faber & Faber, his English publisher, Lowell met up with a London acquaintance, Lady Caroline Blackwood, who had been married to the painter Lucian Freud, and they began an affair. Mary McCarthy, writing to her close friend Hannah Arendt, describes Blackwood as a "beautiful, odd girl, somewhat like a blonde Carmen, somewhat schizoid." This time, Lowell did not return to Hardwick. After several months, he wrote to his wife, "I cannot weigh the dear, troubled past, so many illnesses, which weren't due to you, in which you saved everything, our wondering, changing, growing years with Harriet, so many places, such rivers of talk and staring—I can't compare this memory with the future, unseen and beyond recollection with Caroline."

Lowell married Blackwood in 1972. She was not the "harbor" that Hardwick had been for him but, rather, a partner who was almost as unstable as he was. Frank Bidart recalls that Blackwood was ill-equipped to deal with Lowell's inevitable hospitalizations: "She would get tremendously upset, she would not want him to be released. The doctors would say he was fine, she wouldn't believe them. Once she actually left England so she would not be there for the doctors to release him to her care. And this increased her own drinking, and it got to be mayhem." Eventually, Lowell left Blackwood, and Hardwick agreed to let him come back. Bidart believes that Lowell was incredibly grateful. He says, "I think she really loved him. I've never doubted that. I don't think many people would have taken him back."

Especially after Lowell published his collection of poems "The Dolphin," in 1973. The book caused a scandal, not only because it detailed his life with Blackwood but because it included bits of Hardwick's letters to him during this period. It is brutally confessional, and ruthless in its use of the women in Lowell's life as elements of his private drama about guilt, redemption, and the impossibility of true union. In "Records" Lowell is presumably writing in Hardwick's voice:

> I got the letter
> this morning, the letter you wrote me
> Saturday.
> I thought my heart would break a
> thousand times,
> but I would rather have read it a
> thousand times
> than the detached unreal ones you
> wrote before.

When Lowell was compiling the poems that were to appear in the book, he sent the manuscript to the poet Elizabeth Bishop, an old and trusted friend. She wrote him in reply, saying about Hardwick, "You have *changed* her letters. That is 'infinite mischief,' I think. . . . Art just isn't worth that much." Hardwick herself told me, "I was much distressed about the use of my letters in this antic caper. Actually, I don't think they were my exact letters, but they were made to seem so—that was the intention—but to me they seem to have been under the reign of Lowell's famous habit of revision. The poems from my letters seem to me quite silly, and perhaps I should be glad they are not in the mode of fury of some of my communications at the time."

Lowell's deep emotional commitment to Hardwick never diminished. In 1977, after he left Blackwood and returned to Hardwick, they spent the summer in Castine, Maine, in a house that had been left to Hardwick by a relative of Lowell's. That fall, he returned to England to collect some of his things. In a cab on the way home from Kennedy Airport, he suffered a fatal heart attack.

THREE years before Lowell's death, Hardwick had published the most thematic of her four collections of essays—"Seduction & Betrayal: Women and Literature"—and it was to have a profound effect on feminist literary criticism. She took on many of the literary women who were soon to become standard subjects of academic investigation—Dorothy Wordsworth, Jane Carlyle, Virginia Woolf, Zelda Fitzgerald, Sylvia Plath—while simultaneously avoiding the sentimental view of woman as heroine or victim.

In "Bloomsbury and Virginia Woolf," for example, Hardwick wrote what few of us have yet dared to say:

> Bloomsbury is . . . like one of those ponds on a private estate from which all of the trout have been scooped out for the season. It is not a natural place for fish, but rather a water stocked for the fisherman so that he may not cast his line in vain. . . . To see the word "Ottoline" on a page, in a letter, gives me the sense of continual defeat, as if I had gone to a party and found an enemy attending the bar.

And on Woolf's work:

> The novels are beautiful; the language is rich and pure, and you are always, with her, aware of genius, of gifts extraordinary and original. Our emotions are moved, at least

Victoria Roberts

"You can unfasten your seatbelt now, Howard, and move about the cabin at will."

> some of our emotions are moved, often powerfully. And yet in a sense her novels aren't interesting. This is the paradox of her work, part of the risk of setting a goal in fiction, of having an idea about it, an abstract idea.

Always, with Hardwick, the human impulse in writing outweighs the abstract. No other critic writing about Sylvia Plath has so well captured Plath's deracination: "Her lack of conventional sentiment, her destructive contempt for her family, the failings in her marriage, the drifting, rootless rage, the peculiar homelessness, the fascination with sensation and the drug of death, the determination to try everything, knowing it would not really stop the suffering—no one went as far as she did in this."

Beginning in the nineteen-sixties, Hardwick taught creative writing, first at Barnard College and then also at Columbia, where she became an almost cultlike figure. "We wanted to know how she lived, what she ate, and what she did when she wasn't with us," recalls the novelist Sigrid Nuñez, who took Hardwick's graduate-level fiction workshop. Hardwick's former students, who also include the novelists Mary Gordon, Nancy Lemann, and Susan Minot, recall that she was not prone to coddling. Minot says, "I remember once she began a discussion in class by reading the first sentence of someone's story in that kind of trembling voice of hers, and saying, 'It's like the curtain rising on an unpromising play.' "

Hardwick enjoyed teaching; she finds it annoying that so many writers complain about their teaching responsibilities. "There's nothing to it," she told me. "You just go in and do your rap. The thing you get bored with is that you have so few ideas." She also doesn't believe that universities have any business teaching contemporary fiction. When she was a graduate student at Columbia, she was reading Milton and the Romantic poets and "The Faerie Queene"—books that she wouldn't necessarily have read on her own. "That's the joy of it, I think. That's the education. But why should you teach Toni Morrison? She's just out. If an English major can't pick up a new novel . . ." She trailed off, disapproving.

IN 1979, Hardwick published what remains her most widely read book, the gorgeous "Sleepless Nights." In it, she explored a hybrid genre: fiction written in the form of a meditative essay. Hardwick told me that she loved writing "Sleepless Nights" because it allowed her not only to fictionalize aspects of her own life but also to quote writers she loved and weave them into the fabric of her story.

Elizabeth, the narrator, is a reader who has always been consumed by literature. She says of her life, "It certainly hasn't the drama of: I saw the old, white-bearded frigate master on the dock and signed up for the journey. But after all, 'I' am a woman." What follows is a string of impressionistic reminiscences—of a gentlemanly pervert in Kentucky, a self-absorbed lover in New York, a formidable washerwoman in Maine, a philandering doctor in Amsterdam.

The primary relationship in the book is that of the protagonist to us, and yet Hardwick constructs the book so that Elizabeth nevertheless remains at a distance, her irony intact. This is no "tell all"; she is merely lending herself to us for a while. At times, these intimate glimpses are almost unbearable as she flirts with the reader's curiosity; at the end of one chapter, she casually adds,"Goodbye? I have left out my abortion, left out running from the pale, frightened doctors and their sallow, furious wives in the grimy, curtained offices on West End Avenue." Even so, the voluptuous shapes and textures of her sentences continue to seduce us.

HARDWICK retired from teaching in the mid-eighties, but she continued to write, and her next collection of essays, "Bartleby in Manhattan" (1986), was as wide-ranging as "Seduction and Betrayal" had been focussed. It includes a 1965 piece on Selma, Alabama, in which she describes the ruined landscape of her youth: "What a sad countryside it is, the home of the pain of the Confederacy, the birthplace of the White Citizens Council. The khaki-colored earth, the tense air, the vanquished feeding on their permanent Civil War." She also analyzes the provincial girl named Marina who eventually became the wife of Lee Harvey Oswald:

> History, or events, exposed her to us in a series of frames: first, shabby, reserved, a proletarian with a tooth missing in front; in the end, on the day the Report was made public, a "famous" person, with eyelids darkened over in "Cleopatra" fashion, hair teased high, the gap in the smile filled, a people's capitalist, a success. In [Oswald] she seems to have seen her chance to live in fact what she was in spirit. . . . And Marina, modern girl, demanded her right to sexual satisfaction, we are told; it was what she had expected, like a washing machine.

In the years following the publication of "Bartleby," Hardwick became increasingly preoccupied with issues surrounding private and public life: she wrote about J.F.K.'s peccadilloes and O. J. Simpson's hubris; she became addicted to Court TV. In "Sight-Readings," literary and biographical questions are examined with equal relish. She is no less fascinated by the lives of others, and yet she has considerable reservations about the perils of attempting to commit them to paper. In her essay on Joan Givner's biography of Katherine Anne Porter, she writes, "Biographers, the quick in pursuit of the dead, research, organize, fill in, contradict, and make in this way a sort of completed picture puzzle with all the scramble turned into a blue eye, and the parts of the right leg fitted together." Hardwick goes on to refer to biography as "consistent fiction," and laments the difficulties of disproving it:

> Our power of documentation has a monstrous life of its own, a greater vivacity than any lived existence. It makes form out of particles and finds attitude in a remembered drunken remark as easily as in a long contemplation of experience—more easily, in fact. It creates out of paper a heavy, obdurate permanency. Threats to its permanency will come only by way of other bits of paper, a footnote coup d'état.

UNTIL someone has the temerity to write a biography of Elizabeth Hardwick, we will have to rely on her work for its powerful evocation of the life of her mind, and on hearsay from friends and acquaintances for the details of the life itself. And until someone has the wit to compile an "Elizabeth Hardwick Reader," we will have to rely on past issues of magazines and periodicals and the largesse of secondhand bookstores.

In a piece published in 1982, Hardwick herself described perfectly the fate of the restless, contemporary essayist: "Essays lie all over the land, stored up like the unused wheat of a decade ago in the silos of old magazines and modest collections. In the midst of this clumsy abundance, there are rare lovers of the form, the great lovers being some few who practice it as the romance this dedication can be." For Hardwick, one of the most imaginative and indefatigable lovers of the form, this romance has never ended. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

A PATCHWORK PLANET, by Anne Tyler (Knopf; $24). At the end of this novel, Barnaby Gaitlin sees a quilt sewn by one of the old people he makes his living doing chores for: a vision of Earth clumsily rendered in "mismatched squares of cloth." Certainly he feels mismatched as the black sheep of his smooth, rich, disapproving Baltimore family, until he meets virtuous Sophia. But can he become good by annexing goodness? Does he need to? For some readers, the story may indeed be too quiltlike—cozy and cute. But unlike the patchwork it depicts, it is a wonder of construction: everything fits; it's seamless.

MENDEL'S DWARF, by Simon Mawer (Harmony; $23). Dr. Benedict Lambert is a molecular geneticist in London; a descendant of Gregor Mendel; an ambitious, frustrated fellow; and a dwarf. His search for his genetic makeup runs alongside the story of his forebear's experiments with heredity, his flirtation with a local frau, and the total uninterest that greeted his stupendous discoveries. In Benedict's life, the work is celebrated, but the married woman he longs for is elusive. She's a little elusive for the reader, too, but that only slightly impairs this furious, tender, and wittily erudite book.

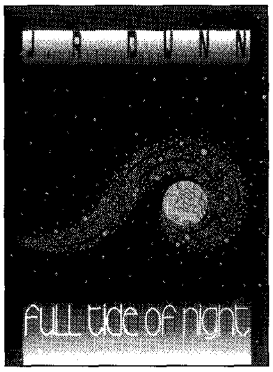
PORTRAIT OF DR. GACHET, by Cynthia Saltzman (Viking; $25.95). In van Gogh's portrait of his physician, the painter sought to convey the "heartbroken expression" of his time; Saltzman has taken up where he left off, charting the portrait's progress through our century. From the Nazis who confiscated it as an example of "degenerate art," to the Japanese tycoon who bought it for over eighty million dollars, only to keep it hidden in a Tokyo warehouse, the list of the painting's owners is a who's who of modernity, and touches upon the rise and fall of empires and individuals alike.

THE RIGHT WOMEN, by Elinor Burkett (Scribner; $23). The author, a liberal feminist, was perplexed by the fact that two-thirds of American women refuse to call themselves feminists, and that many are actively opposed to some aspect of the feminist program. Deciding that these dissenters from her creed couldn't all be pawns of patriarchy, she spent two years interviewing women all over the country, and the result is this exceptionally intelligent, humane book.

THE OVERSPENT AMERICAN, by Juliet B. Schor (Basic; $25). Schor, the author of "The Overworked American," now examines how we spend the money we earn. Most of us, she finds, are unhappily chasing ever-greater material rewards, while those who are truly happy are the downshifters—those who, often by necessity, have reduced their consumption. Happiness lies in sharing; for example, a block of neighbors should pool their money and buy a single lawn tractor. Schor seems blind to the possibility that forcibly converted downshifters may simply be making the best of it; nor does she envision what will happen to neighborly coöperation come Saturday morning, when everybody wants that lawn tractor.

(Advt.)

Time, memory, and the darker aspects of human nature are subjects that have intrigued writers since the creation of written language. And betrayal is an engine that has driven countless narratives, fictional and otherwise.

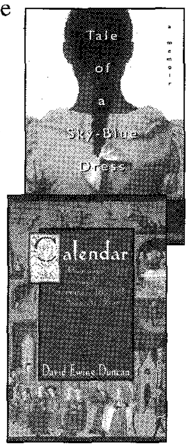


J.R. Dunn's novel ***FULL TIDE OF NIGHT*** encompasses all of the above. The author has taken his inspiration from John Webster's immortal revenge tragedy *The Duchess of Malfi*, but has transplanted its murderous passions and twisted stratagems to the far future. Here is a cautionary tale of an exile from Earth who has saved her race from extinction only to confront the possibility of her own demise at the hands of ungrateful offspring and scheming former compatriots a century later on a distant, icebound world. Dunn explores the fragility of trust and the ruthlessness of ambition with striking poignancy and power, as he offers a profound glimpse into the changeless contradictions that shape—for good and ill—the human soul.

Award-winning poet **Thylias Moss** lyrically chronicles a devastating betrayal in her first prose work, ***TALE OF A SKY BLUE DRESS***. In it she recalls a girlhood sharply divided into evil day and tender night, when she experienced unwavering love and affection from her doting, working-class parents while suffering abuse at the brutal whims of the teenage babysitter entrusted with her care. Despite the subject matter, Moss' book is a hymn to the triumph of light over dark. With its message of survival and redemption, it celebrates a young woman's eventual retrieval of her life from the grip of tyranny.

Time itself suffered an upheaval of sorts in 1582 when ten entire days were "lost" as a result of the changeover from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar. **David Ewing Duncan** details the causes and consequences of this remarkable paradox in ***CALENDAR***, a fascinating nonfictional journey that spans 13,000 years of developing civilization—from the first crude attempts to record the passing of days to the creation of the modern atomic clock, which measures time too precisely.

We'll talk again.



AVON BOOKS
The Hearst Corporation

http://www.AvonBooks.com

Stuttering and Your Child: questions and answers
For a 64-page book, send $1.00 for postage and handling to:
1-800-992-9392
STUTTERING FOUNDATION OF AMERICA
Box 11749 • Memphis, TN 38111-0749

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.
It weighs only 22 pounds. You can buy more than a canoe.
606-986-2336

ITALY
BROCHURE: (403) 438-5712
Spectacular Walking Trips
Delicious Culinary Tours
www.italian-connection.com

World's Largest Inventory
China, Crystal, Flatware & Collectibles
• 100,000 Patterns • 4 Million Pieces
• Discontinued & Active • Buy & Sell
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.®
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept. YO

MUSICAL EVENTS

THE ART OF NOISE

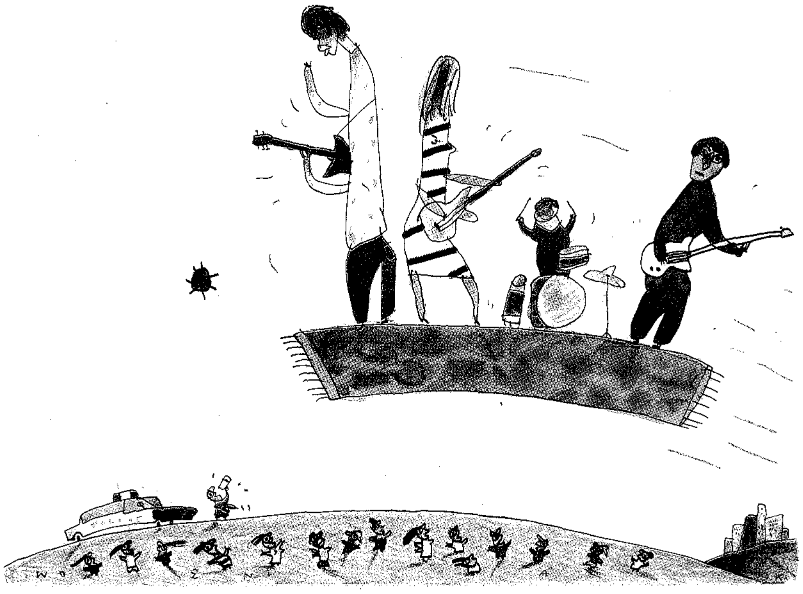
Crossing borders with Cecil Taylor and Sonic Youth.

BY ALEX ROSS

PICTURE music as a map, and musical genres as continents—classical music as Europe, jazz as America, rock as Asia, or what have you. Each genre has its distinct culture of playing and listening. Between the genres are the cold oceans of taste, which can be cruel to musicians who try to cross over. There are always brave souls willing to make the attempt: Aretha Franklin sings "Nessun dorma" at the Grammys; Paul McCartney writes a symphony; violinists perform on British TV in punk regalia or lingerie. Such exploits get the kind of giddy attention that used to greet early aeronautical feats like Charles Lindbergh's solo flight and the maiden voyage of the Hindenburg.

There is another route between genres. It's the avant-garde zone—a kind of icy northern passage that you can traverse on foot. Practitioners of free jazz, underground rock, and avant-garde classical music are, in fact, closer to one another than they are to their less radical colleagues. Listeners, too, can make unexpected connections in this territory. I certainly did. When I was growing up, I had no interest in anything but classical music; then, as I explored the wilder, more dissonant regions of the twentieth-century repertory, I was thrilled to find that similar-sounding kinds of music were being produced on the other side of the record store. It was easy to go from the orchestral hurly-burly of Xenakis and Penderecki to the free jazz of Cecil Taylor and the dissonant rock of Sonic Youth. For lack of a better term, call it the art of noise. New York, in many senses, is the capital of noise, and this past month—with the avant-garde-friendly Texaco Jazz Festival and a spate of performances by Sonic Youth—it's been noisier than usual.

"Noise" is a tricky word that quickly slides into the pejorative. Often, it's the word we use to describe a new kind of music that we don't understand. Variations on the put-down "That's just noise" were heard at the première of Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring," during Bob Dylan's first tours with a band, and on street corners when kids started blasting rap. But "noise" can also accurately describe an acoustical phenomenon, and it needn't be negative. Human ears are attracted to certain euphonious chords based on the overtone series; when musicians pile on too many extraneous tones, the ear "maxes out." This is the reason that free jazz, experimental rock, and experimental classical music seem to be speaking the same language: from the perspective of the panicking ear, they are. It's a question not of volume but of density. There is, however, pleasure to be had in the kind of harmonic density that shatters into noise. The pleasure comes in the control of chaos, in the movement back and forth across the border of what is comprehensible.



Sonic Youth appropriates classical intellectuality with sly bemusement.

CECIL TAYLOR is a master of this kind of music—perhaps *the* master. He's been playing for more than forty years and has built up a huge catalogue of recordings, yet he remains well off the grid of pop culture. When you first see him, you have the impression of a crazy man pounding a piano to pieces. His fast, rich cascade of tones immediately saturates the ears. But once you get over the dynamism of his hands and fingers, you feel the dynamism of his mind. At the beginning of one of his improvisations, a short run of notes spatters across the lower or middle range of the piano. It's seldom couched in traditional jazz scales: it may be a rising-and-falling chromatic pattern, or an angular figure running around a minor triad, or some more abstract sequence of intervals. The development of these ideas shows a voracious intelligence; they are thrown into different octaves, turned upside down, smashed apart, mutated into song. At a show at Tribeca Hall during the Texaco festival, Taylor showed himself in an unusually lyrical mood: his Hammerklavier sound suddenly faded in the latter part of the set. Some young jazz types left in apparent boredom. But it was in that long, soft epilogue that you could hear the symmetrical, luminous beauty of his melodies most clearly.

Taylor is viewed with suspicion by many people in the jazz world, perhaps

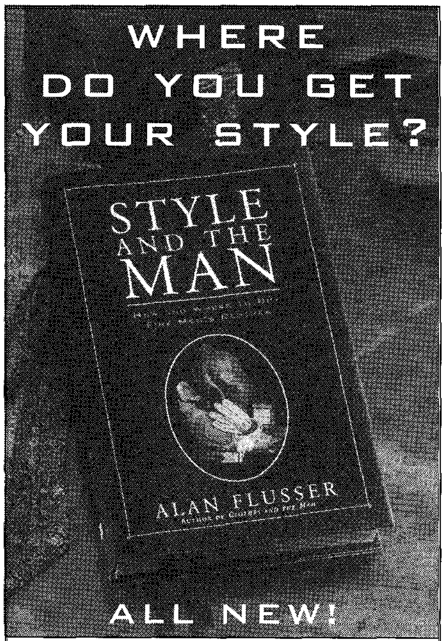
JACEK WOZNIAK

with good reason: he comes off more as a self-willed improvising composer than as a jazz democrat. Still, pianists like Matthew Shipp and Marilyn Crispell have followed his lead in importing twentieth-century classical harmonies to jazz. The radical saxophonist John Zorn has made a move in the opposite direction, building up a catalogue of works for classical chamber groups and orchestra. Roscoe Mitchell and Anthony Braxton are two other jazz people who have blurred the line between improvisation and formal composition. They have replicated, to an eerie degree, the fragmented, free-floating, atonal sound world of serialism, which is ordinarily produced through laborious mathematical procedures. And because of the relative spontaneity of the approach, jazz atonality sounds rather more sensuous to the ear. This, of course, is not what Arnold Schoenberg had in mind when he introduced the twelve-tone system. He said that it would insure the supremacy of German music for another hundred years; he did not think that it would generate cool chords for jazz.

CAN rock also go free and atonal? This possibility opened up in the late sixties. The Beatles cited Stockhausen as a model and hired an orchestra to play ad libitum on "A Day in the Life." The Byrds modelled their hyped-up guitar work in "Eight Miles High" on space-age Coltrane. The Velvet Underground also aimed for a Coltrane-ish firestorm of overlapping lines; against mushroom clouds of guitar they placed surreally beautiful fragments of pop. Even stranger things followed: the "free-form freakouts" of the Red Crayola, the ambient universe of Brian Eno. Many seekers of avant-rock gravitated to New York; they rumbled behind punk in the seventies, and pooled resources at the end of the decade in a movement called No Wave, whose finest moment was a deafening symphony for electric guitars organized by Glenn Branca. It was then that the core members of Sonic Youth—Thurston Moore, Lee Ranaldo, and Kim Gordon—came together. Steve Shelley joined as the drummer in 1985. It's a measure of the band's oblique relationship with rock-and-roll-as-usual that the band has been stable and prolific for nearly twenty years.

Sonic Youth's guitars don't twist and shout—they chime and blend. The strings are retuned to unusual pitch collections, melodies are honed to roughly hummable fragments, harmonies slide out of synch and linger over one another in dreamy clusters. More often than not the songs fall into an A-B-A structure in which the B section is pure chaos. That pattern isn't a Sonic Youth invention; Led Zeppelin, a band of closet sophisticates, had foisted it on a mass public with "Whole Lotta Love." But Sonic Youth gives its noise an arty sheen. There's no drug frenzy or stadium swell; instead, there's a bemused, straight-faced exhibition of extremities. Moore and Ranaldo sometimes lay their guitars down on the stage and poke at them with blunt instruments. (That technique originated with the sixties experimental collective AMM, whose 1966 work "After Rapidly Circling the Plaza" is the "Tristan und Isolde," the "Blonde on Blonde," of noise.) Gordon, with her electric bass slung over her dress, adds a hint of rock glamour, although her voice—at once fierce and fatigued—drips with downtown disaffection.

The no longer youthful members of Sonic Youth have forsworn the old rock-and-roll mission to broadcast breaking news about youth culture. Instead, they have more of a jazz mentality: they invite you to check in from time to time on an act that stays aggressively in place. It wasn't always so. Not long ago they were being acclaimed as prophets of grunge. They'd signed with Geffen Records in 1990 and had persuaded the label to sign their opening act, Nirvana. Their records from that period were jittery, marred by self-conscious attempts at punk-pop hits. Sonic Youth is back on track with a new record, "A Thousand Leaves," which is loose, spacious, psychedelic. The group even shows a hint of classical hauteur on a recent series of independently released EPs, which are designed to look like fifties-era avant-garde artifacts. These disks carry the legend "Musical Perspectives"; they're printed in Dutch, French, and Esperanto, and have songs entitled "Anagrama," "Improvisation Ajoutée," and "Stil." Classical intellectuality is being mocked and also slyly appropriated. Having survived almost two decades on the downtown tundra, Sonic Youth has earned its right to the luxury of pretension. ◆



ELEVEN YEARS AFTER his *Clothes and the Man* revolutionized men's fashion awareness, renowned designer-author Alan Flusser is back to help you...
SELECT THE ULTIMATE WARDROBE for your own lifestyle from the maze of contemporary men's fashion, and
FIND THE BEST CLOTHES your money can buy, following the author's detailed guide to his own 200 favorite stores worldwide.
YOU'LL DISCOVER...

- What common mistake most men make when they enter a store ;
- Where Prince Charles gets his custom-tailored suits... Donald Trump his ready mades...Mick Jagger his sunglasses... Tom Cruise "le style noir";
- Which legendary stores have slipped;
- Who makes the driving gloves favored by Italy's power drivers...the world's best razor;
- How to match clothing style and structure to your physique;
- What the difference is between a $350 and a $1,500 suit — and how to be certain you're getting it...and much more.

FOR ALL THE ANSWERS, order *Style and the Man* today. Enter the doors of the world's finest men's shops, knowing just what you're looking for and how much you'll have to spend. **TO ORDER,** send check or money order for $19.95* (discounted from the cover price of $24) plus $3.25 S&H, to:

The Condé Nast Collection
Box 10214, Dept. 795096-179
Des Moines, IA 50336

OR, CALL TOLL-FREE
1·800·426·9922
(FOR CREDIT CARD ORDERS ONLY)
GOLD-EDGED HARDCOVER • 5 ½" x 8 ¼ • 400 PAGES • RIBBON MARKER • 100 PHOTOS & DRAWINGS

EXCLUSIVE DISCOUNT

*PLEASE ADD SALES TAX IN CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH. ALLOW UP TO 4 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

ADVERTISEMENT

R.S.V.P.

reader service value program

AN INVITATION TO RESPOND DIRECTLY TO
THE NEW YORKER'S ADVERTISERS

automotive

AUDI A4 1.8T. Drive it while you are still lying about where you have been. Not your age. For more information, visit us at http://www.audiusa.com.

financial services

DEAN WITTER INTERCAPITAL. Dean Witter InterCapital mutual funds come with an extra dividend—sound advice. For more information, call 1-800-THE-DEAN or visit http://www.deanwitter.com.

furnishings & accessories

BEVERLY BREMER SILVER SHOP. Matching service—sterling silver, new and obsolete flatware and hollowware–all at less than half price. Mint condition. For inventory of your pattern, please call 1-800-270-4009 or 1-404-261-4009.

on-line services

E-NEWS. Look for *The New Yorker* at The Electronic Newsstand on the World Wide Web and browse what's new from our advertisers. http://www.enews.com/magazines/new_yorker.

travel

AT LARGE TRAVEL NEWSLETTER. Produced by the Marketing Department of *The New Yorker*. Each issue includes the latest news on travel, special promotions and packages, and profiles of exciting destinations. One-year subscription (three issues) for $10 plus a fourth issue for free. To order, call 1-800-759-9838.

FAMILY TRAVEL GUIDE TO NEW YORK. Take your kids on one of the best adventure rides in the world—a trip to New York City! This 16-page New York travel planner is packed full of family-friendly attractions.

LANA'I, HAWAII. Two spectacular resorts, endless activities, championship golf and the new Lana'i Pine Sporting Clays. Call 1-800-321-4666 or visit http://www.lanai-resorts.com.

ANSWERS TO 8 X 10 CRYPTIC NO. 49

ACROSS

1	A + WOL (rev.)
4	MEET (rev.)
8	MAKING DO (hidden)
9	PRONTO (anag.)
11	STEP (rev.)
12	TRADER (*red* + *art* rev.)
14	S(I)MILE
16	(h)OBOE(s)
19	NO D + ICE
20	P(ORT SA)ID (*Astro* in *dip* rev.)
21	STYX (*sticks* hom.)
22	TIDE (*tied* hom.)

DOWN

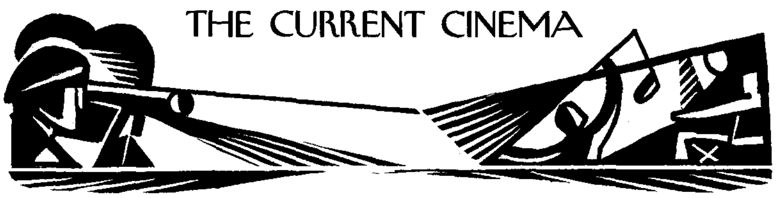
1	A + M.P.'S
2	W(AR C)RY
3	L(IN)ED
5	E + GO T + RIP
6	EDGE (hidden)
7	TOUPEE (*two pay* hom.)
10	MA(SON)RY
12	TRO(O)PS (*sport* rev.)
13	PLA(C)ID
15	MI(D)ST
17	B + OOT (*too* rev.)
18	CEDE (*seed* hom.)

IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS, WITH ISSUE DATE NOTED, TO THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES, 20 WEST 43RD ST., NEW YORK, NY 10036.

980713

© 1998 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

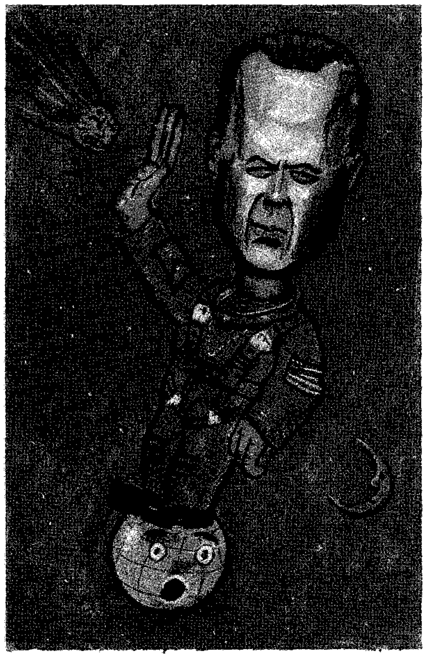


IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

Doom and dazzle in "Armageddon."

BY DAPHNE MERKIN

SUMMERTIME, and the viewing is easy: it's the season for sweating and watching people get blown up. There must be something about contemplating the end of the world which acts as a tonic for wilted spirits—like air-conditioning for the brain. The male brain, at least. I should state up front that I'm not the disaster-movie type. I played with dolls until puberty, I love character-driven films, and the spectre of narrowly averted global destruction is not nearly as gripping to my imagination as the spectre of narrowly averted marital implosion. But nothing stays the same, does it? Now there's "Deep Impact," a disaster flick with a distinctly feminine touch, and though I went to see "Armageddon" only under protest, I found myself . . . well, half liking it.



Bruce Willis confronts the rock of ages.

It's been sixty-five million years since an asteroid hurtled this way, killing off the dinosaurs that roamed the earth back then. "It happened before. It will happen again," intones a deep millennial voice (which belongs, wittily enough, to Charlton Heston). "It's just a question of when." Apparently, the time is nigh: another doozy of a rock—this one "the size of Texas"—is speeding toward our fair planet, and unless it's nuked within eighteen days we'll all be saying good night, world. Ten minutes later, we've been given a glimpse of the devastation in store for us, as a bunch of meteorites that have broken off from the asteroid take out chunks of Manhattan, including Grand Central Station. Buildings crumble like sand castles, cars go up in flames, and citizens scream as they're flung to their deaths. (I was already exhausted, and the movie had just begun.) Of course, there are always people who fail to see what's in front of them; a Japanese tourist mistakes the spewing mayhem for a traffic jam and plaintively tells her taxi-driver, "I want to go shopping," before exiting the cab with a Barneys bag. Hereafter, the movie's tone—an odd mixture of special effects, God Bless America-ism, and comic relief—is set, and it's propelled by a cast that includes a surprising number of indie actors. NASA's executive director, Dan Truman (Billy Bob Thornton), devises a plan to send a crew to the asteroid in order to drill a hole and blast it from the inside. Enter Bruce Willis, as Harry S. Stamper, "the world's best deep-core driller"—a maverick with a heart of patriotic mush. Harry recruits his regular crew of roughnecks for the job; they're less the Right Stuff than the Dirty Dozen, but they come through like troupers after he has talked tough to them: "The United States government just asked us to save the world. Anybody want to say no?" The team includes A.J. (Ben Affleck), a hot rod who's in love with Grace (Liv Tyler),

AHMET GÖRGÜN

Harry's babe of a daughter; Rockhound (Steve Buscemi), who prefers hanging out with strippers to exerting his geological smarts and is a bit leery about the whole noble enterprise; Oscar (Owen Wilson), who looks like a California surfer and indulges in metaphysical babble about danger and fear; and Chick (Will Patton), the quiet backbone of the group, who hopes to win the respect of his ex-wife and young son by saving his country. One of the funniest moments occurs when Harry presents the group's requests to Truman and his disbelieving superior, General Kimsey (Keith David): one of the men asks for a "full week's Emperor's Package to Caesar's Palace"; another wants to "stay in the Lincoln Bedroom of the White House for the summer"; and "none of them want to pay taxes again, ever."

With these merry pranksters on board, the director, Michael Bay ("The Rock"), and the producer, Jerry Bruckheimer ("Con Air"), really begin strutting their stuff. The men have ten days to learn how to make like John Glenn and his descendants—how to adapt to the rapid acceleration of the flight and how to walk in space, so they don't "freak out on the asteroid." Bruckheimer procured the coöperation of the Air Force and NASA (which helps explain the film's compliant, almost jingoistic tone), and he had access to restricted areas, like the Johnson Space Center's Neutral Buoyancy Lab. The training scenes are fascinating, in a "Rocky" meets "Star Trek" sort of way, and the sheer velocity of technical information that whizzes around is impressive; I strained to catch phrases like "titanium alloy" and "zero-barrier simulation," feeling as though I had momentarily caught up with all those techies who tyrannize us former humanities majors.

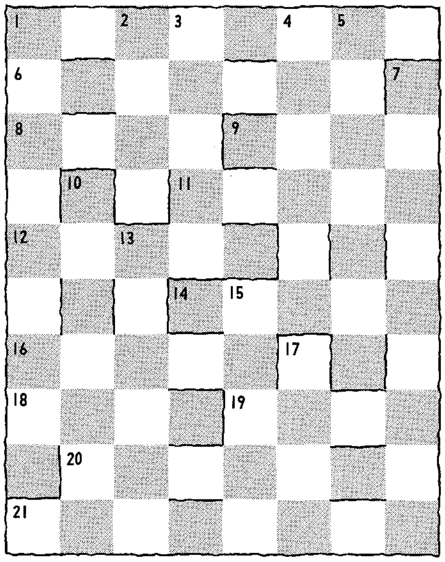
I had more trouble with the new John Wayne version of Bruce Willis. Willis, with his imperturbable gaze and incessant little smirk, doesn't strike me as a natural choice for even a scruffy hero like Harry, who "doesn't know how to fail." Willis's specialty seems to be a uniquely macho form of failure: he's the kind of guy who makes other guys feel better, because, despite his incipient baldness, he's in undeniably great shape and he's paid millions just to blink into the camera and he has (or had) Demi Moore. But Willis in a cumbrous, silvery spaceman suit, prepared to sacrifice himself on behalf of God and country, making deathbed speeches to his "little girl" before flicking the switch that will blow up the asteroid? I don't think so.

Let it not be said that I was bored, although the movie does go on too long. (I defy anyone to explain what, exactly, transpires in the last forty minutes, from a purely thermonuclear angle. You know that Affleck will survive, even though he should have died ten times over, if only because Grace is waiting for him—and because the actor, with his Paul Newmanish sexy maturity, is bound for stardom. But apart from that, what in heaven is going on?) Bay likes to keep the camera jumping, and he has so much to keep track of that it often feels as if several screens were going at once: buzzing command centers, deafening shuttle launches, snatched romantic moments between Affleck and Tyler, not to mention those brilliantly orchestrated detonations (after New York City comes Shanghai, and then even Paris is burning). The visual spectacle is indeed awe-inspiring, leaving some to murmur knowingly about C.G.I.s (computer-generated images) and others, like myself, to marvel at how it's done and to wonder why this kind of application can't go toward curing cancer.

O.K., so I'm not a convert. That's not to say I didn't enjoy the late entrance of Lev, the hapless Russian cosmonaut (Peter Stormare), who has been alone on his refuelling station for eighteen months and acts as if he's running a potato stand—muttering about American components that are made in Taiwan and failing to communicate vital information. Nor is it to say that I wasn't amused by the script, which, when it's not being sappy, is often quite witty. (It should be, given the number of writers who worked on it, including Paul Attanasio and Robert Towne.) Buscemi has the best lines: as he's being tightly strapped into his seat in the shuttle by a female technician, he comments, "It must be a comfort to know if the space program goes under, you can always get a job at Helga's House of Pain." In fact, if I were asked to save the world, I'd want Buscemi along for the ride; I'd be assured of a few good laughs while the interplanetary debris fell around our heads. ♦

8 x 10 CRYPTIC

NO. 50 BY MONIKA ZOOK



ACROSS

1 Pines sheltering evil Greek (8)
6 More disreputable crackpot is heard (7)
8 Story's end read aloud (4)
9 Blacken a plantation's name (4)
11 Way of locating boy with a rat's face (5)
12 After hug, pace and talk pompously (5)
14 Sondheim's ultimate song?! (5)
16 Boone: "Not any boomerangs available" (2,3)
18 Cruel-sounding manner (4)
19 After the start, follow the course of run (4)
20 New corsets for ushers (7)
21 Surprise: Morrison's sitting in tree (8)

DOWN

1 A street party in Rome's park (9)
2 Sound of precipitation heard (4)
3 Edits novel that is in Latin (2,3)
4 Sparser tipper (6)
5 Car tire fixed, or not fixed? (7)
7 Moroccan town swamp has landscaping tool buried in it (9)
10 Many a pal seems sad about working (7)
13 Swear for group back in A.T. & T. (6)
15 Blacksmith's clothing article worn by expert (5)
17 Indian garb of inferior quality announced (4)

• •

The solution to puzzle No. 49 appears on page 78. For a free copy of "The New Yorker's Guide to Solving Cryptic Crosswords," please send your fax number or a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Solvers' Guide," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. For an electronic version, send an E-mail to puzzleguide@newyorker.com.

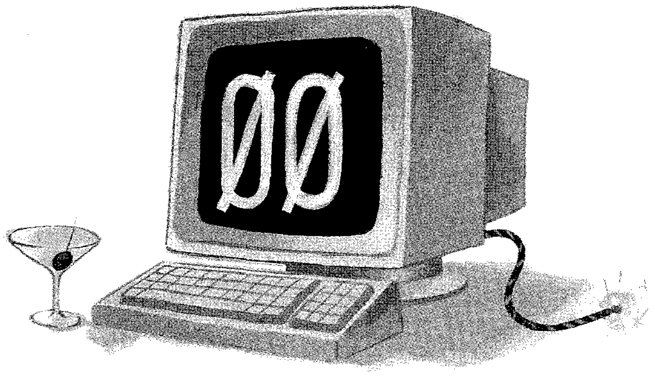
SHOUTS & MURMURS

HOW TO PROFIT FROM THE COMING Y2K GLITCH

BY BRUCE McCALL

Many of the most dire Y2K scenarios are predicated on the assumption that the glitch will KO the country's electric utilities, turning out not only your lights but everything from the pumps at the gas station to the Slurpee machine at the 7-Eleven.—*Time, June 15, 1998.*

WHO knew that a "tough love" regimen of computer slapping, and treating floppy disks like drink coasters, would not only offer new hope in the fight against the Y2K glitch but would allow its French Lick, Indiana, husband-and-wife creators to buy the the Baffin Island timeshare they've always dreamed of?



Could Nostradamus himself have ever predicted that selling mail-order lead-lined "computer cozies" designed to contain the damage when everyone's CPU goes haywire would turn a laid-off Pennsylvania university chancellor into *Avarice* magazine's "Profiteer of the Year"?

They could be you! You could be them! Come again? You don't understand the first thing about the techno-bug that's fomenting worldwide panic a year and a half in advance of Zero-Zero Hour. Bingo! Your mind's all the more free to focus on the thousand and one ways the Y2K glitch can put you on E-Z Street!

Why not do what a Louisiana aviatrix did—turn door-to-door voodoo into money magic? "I charge ten dollars, in advance, to lift the software curse," she burbles. "And after deducting the cost of poultry parts and an old Flit gun I'm clearing over a hundred a day, easy!" Or how about the Istanbul, Michigan, pre-med student who paid for his off-campus duplex by marketing Sek-Paks—packets of extra seconds, to be injected into computers just before Zero-Zero Hour—which will outfox the Y2K glitch by creating a "hyper-time bump"?

Why don't you know what these people know—that as midnight approaches on New Year's Eve, 1999, the world will be grabbing at straws to avoid having its computers and every megabyte in them go up in a puff of acrid smoke? Now you do.

Consider Electro-Liniment 2000, a miracle salve perfected by an Idaho homemaker in her own pantry—before, that is, she moved into a mansion in London's swank Belgravia district and started hostessing private bashes for the Stones. "Rub it on your monitor's screen," say the instructions, "and millions of invisible Keodytes™ start reaching deep, deep, deep into your computer's electronic 'brain.' " Result: "silicon amnesia"—thwarting the Y2K glitch by forgetting it's there.

Still unsure? Don't fail to overlook the thousands of secure government jobs the glitch will create. Think: Millions of blankets will have to be paradropped over Silicon Valley and Wall Street in the aftermath of Y2K Day. Who'll get to earn overtime for collecting them all afterward? Has imminent info-meltdown brought your bank to the brink of chaos? Your-Name-Here Trust Co., with its board-certified abacus-instructor teams, to the rescue!

"I'm personally going with simple stickers and fridge magnets saying 'Turn Off Computer Before Midnight, 1999,' " reports freelancer Yram Senoj (not her real name). Meanwhile, hubby Bruno plans to double their nest egg by telemarketing the Boom-R-Ang Software Saver, which will reverse the incoming electric current with a patented Jack-in-the-Box action, knocking Y2K out cold for up to twenty-six hours—for longer-lasting relief than Sudafed or Motrin.

"Ironically, I worked it out on the computer," says part-time Oxford don Cecil. "If it's as the experts say, and computers are all going to suddenly shift back to the year 1900 when the year 2000 hits, there will be a crying need for early-twentieth-century wall calendars. I'm already into my sixteenth printing!"

By now you get the bold idea: All you need is a bold idea! But there's no time to waste. Word just in from Tex R., in Hawaii: he's sewn up the Y2K rights for all of New Mexico. And, according to the Drudge Report, spooky-looking computocrat Bill Gates may start kidnapping senior citizens, tots—your own loved ones—any day now, forcing them to work around the clock in secret labs under his futuristic Seattle "think pad" to find a solution to the glitch, so that he can make all the money, leaving nada for you. And, come on now, doesn't he already have enough?

If you agree that it's time somebody else shared the wealth, rush your $199 today and receive a free computer talisman as a bonus, a lucky charm that harnesses the power of the ancients and is fully compatible with all hardware platforms. Offer expires 11:59 P.M., December 31, 1999. ♦

ZOHAR LAZAR

Yuca To Yummy In Four Days.

Explore New World Cuisine with The Chefs Who Discovered It, at the Disney Institute.

Papaya. Boniato. Malanga. Chayote. These are just some of the tropical ingredients you'll become fluent in during this four-day event showcasing New World Cuisine. Attend cooking demonstrations with celebrity chefs. Work "hands-on" in the culinary studios of *Disney Institute.* Attend gourmet dinners, participate in wine tastings, and much, much more. To reserve your package, or for more information, call (800) 496-6337, ext. MG70, or your Travel Agent, today. And take your culinary skills from ordinary to exotic in just four days.

Event, elements and other terms are subject to change without notice.

Disney Institute Culinary Adventure: New World Cuisine

September 24 - 27 and September 27 - 30, 1998

Norman Van Aken
Norman's New World Cuisine
Coral Gables, Florida

Allen Susser
Chef Allen's
Aventura, Florida

Disney Institute

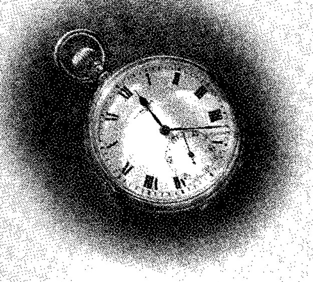
You won't believe what you can do

www.disneyinstitute.com

Mark Militello
Mark's Las Olas
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

Douglas Rodriguez
Patria
New York, New York

© Disney/KF040061



the things you've

You know that feeling, when you can rely on your family, or put your trust in an old friend. That confident,

come to rely on the most

assured feeling of knowing they will be there for you. This unique feeling comes standard with every Camry,

are the things you

along with a comfortable interior, advanced safety design features and quality workmanship. It is a feeling

think about the least.

that comes from reliability and, once you own a Camry, it is one you will never forget.

CAMRY
#1 SELLING CAR IN AMERICA

TOYOTA | everyday

1800-GO-TOYOTA ✦ www.toyota.com

©1998 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Buckle Up! Do it for those who love you. Based on calendar year 1997 unit sales.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED